



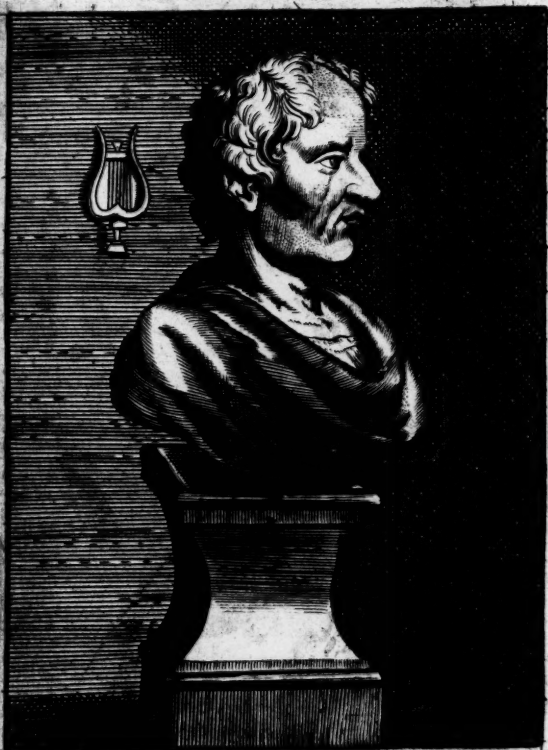
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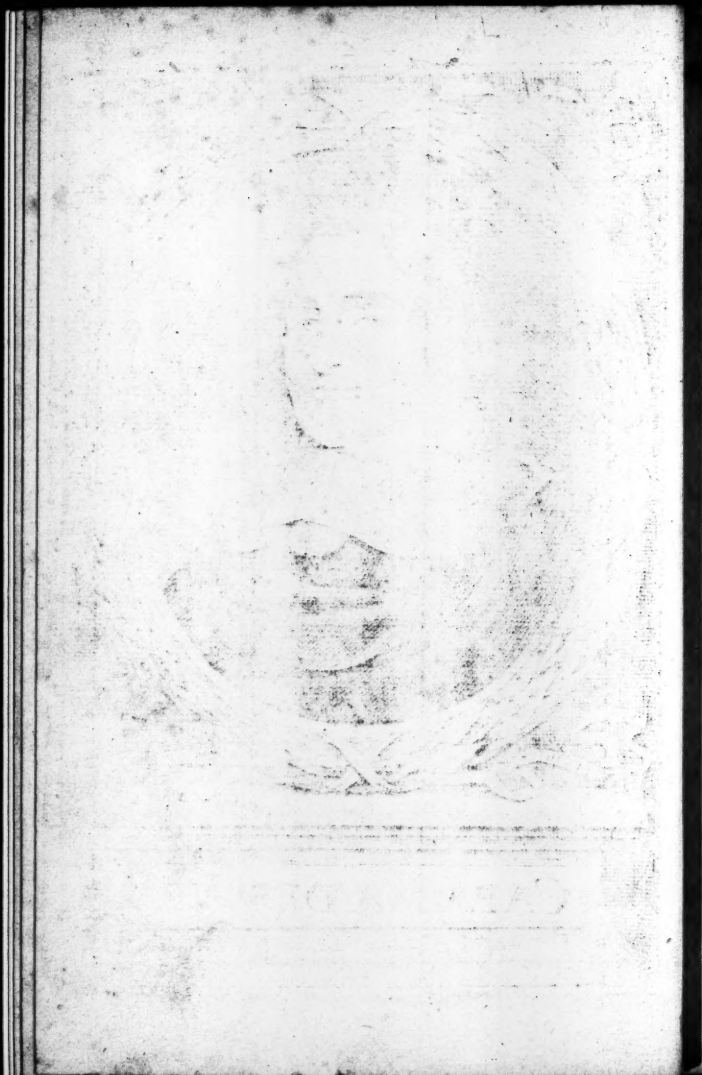


*The Poems of Horace Translated in to
English, By Severall Persons*

W. Dole. F.



CARMINA DESVNT



THE
P O E M S
O F
H O R A C E,

Consisting of
Odes, Satyres, and Epistles,
Rendred in
ENGLISH and PARAPHRASED
B Y
S E V E R A L P E R S O N S.

The second Edition with Alterations.

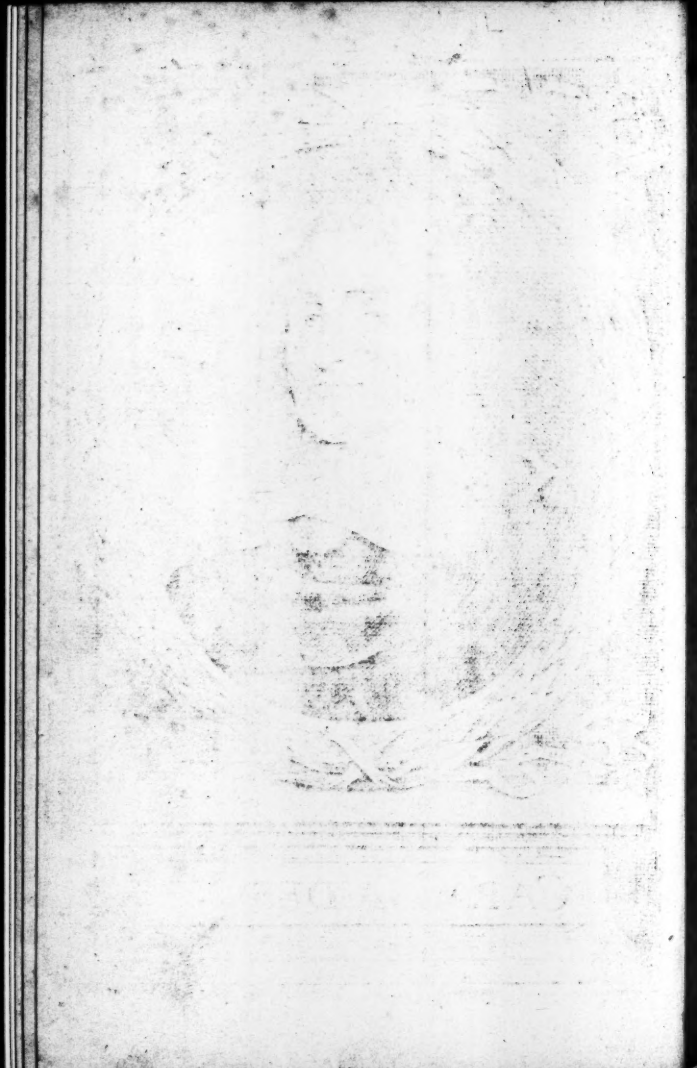
H O R. S A T. 3. Lib. I.

*Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Postulat; ignoscat verrucas illius —*

He that desires his Wens should not offend
His Friend, must wink at th' pimples of his Friend.

L O N D O N :

Printed by A.C. for H. Brome at the Gun at the
West-end of St. Pauls, M. DC. LXXI.



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THE
POEMS

OF

HORACE

Translated by
George Truett and
John G. Truett
English and Latin
of
George Truett

Published by
The University of
Chicago Press
Chicago, Ill.
1913



To his honored Friend and Patron

Sir VVilliam Backhouse

BARONET.

SIR,

Here present, or rather
pay, what I have often
promised you, and what
you have a right to; The Poems
of HORACE in the English
Tongue: To the Translation
A 3 whereof

The Epistle

whereof my pleasant retirement and conveniencies at your delightful Habitation, have liberally contributed.

And now according to the Custom of my Predecessors, having spoiled some paper with writing a bad Book, I am to waste more in a worse Preface, lest I suffer under the imputation of being a heretick in Book-writing.

However, I will be so kind to you and my self, as to spare so much time and paper as might be employed in celebrating your Greatness, Virtues, and generous Inclinations towards me, being Themes for a higher Pen than I dare

Dedictory.

dare pretend to, and only tell you how you came to be disturbed with these undertakings.

~~T~~was not because I understand this Author better than others do, nor because I thought I did. But the same temptation which induced our Grandame Eve to eat fruit, prevail'd with me to read Horace; meerly because forbidden.

But the frequent Quotation of him by all sorts of ingenious men, and the Hault-goust which the wit and truth of his excellent sayings gave, made me languish till I had broken through all the difficulties which

The Epistle

my imbecillity contended with, and thrown my self on this audacious adventure.

In the prosecution whereof I never blush'd to ask the advice or take the assistance of any person whom I thought able to contribute either. And among the rest, of that indefatigable and eminently learned person with whom, by your indulgence and his own condescension I had the honour and happiness to grow acquainted, whom I found so skill'd in all the difficulties of this Poet, that he was to me more than all the Voluminous Commentators.

Sir,

Dedicatory.

Sir, For my speedier dispatch and your advantage, I made bold to take in all such parts of HORACE, as have been Englished by the Lord Embassador Fanshaw; and what were omitted by him, I supplied with such as have been done by Sir Thomas Hawkins, or Dr. Holiday, or both, for they are both the same; and whether of the two is the Author, remains to me undiscovered: What were not touched by these, I gathered out of Mr. Cowleys and other Printed Books; and such as were not Translated by others, my self and several friends of mine

The Epistle

mine at my request have attempted: De Arte Poetica being long since Englished by that great Master thereof B. Johnson, I have borrowed to crown the rest.

So that you will easily find, that as this Book consists of several mens endeavours, so those several men went several ways; but all studied to shun a nice Pedantical Translation, which Horace could not abide. By reading all which you are certain of two Pleasures, Liberty of censuring, and variety of matter.

And I have this felicity, that
if

Dedicatory.

if any dislike what is done, it will not be safe for them to traduce it publicly, lest they should reproach some of the Undertakers to their faces; for we are considerable for number and quality, consisting of many persons; and those either Right Honourable, Right Worshipful, Reverend, or (which is as good) Well-beloved; and if I for my part have herein played the Fool, 'tis in very good Company.

Such as it is I expose it to publick perusal, with this becoming Confidence, that the excellence of the Author will
make

The Epistle

make amends for the imperfections of the Translators; and having this in my prospect, that HORACE may chance to find as good fortune as his dear friend VIRGIL had, who being plundered of all his Ornaments by the old Translators, was restored to others with double lustre by those Standard-bearers of Wit and Judgment, Denham and Waller. To which end I humbly commend this rude Essay, to those Persons whose Learning, Wit, and Leisure shall enable to do him such right as he deserves. And for a president,
desire

Dedicatory.

desire them to compare these lines
of Phaer,

His end had Priams destinies, all this chance him Fortune
sent,

When he the fire in Troy had seen, his Walls and Castles
rent,

That sometimes over People proud, and Lands had raign'd
with fame

Of Asia, Emperours great, now skort on shore he lies with
shame,

His head besides his shoulders laid, his corps no more
of name.

with this done by Sir John Den-
ham,

Thus fell the King who yet surviv'd the State,

With such a signal and peculiar fate,

Under so vast a ruine, not a grave,

Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have:

He

The Epistle

*He whom such Titles swell'd, such power made proud,
To whom the Scepters of all Asia bow'd ;
On the cold earth lies this neglected King,
A headless Carcass, and a nameless thing.*

*By which they may perceive
how highly Translations may be
improved. And if any Gentle-
men will be so industrious and
kind, as to amend, or but to find
out the faults in this Essay (which
may easily be done) or furnish the
Stationer with any better against
the next Impression, they will be
so far from disobliging me, that I
invite them to it, conceiving it a
work by which they may gratifie
and oblige Posterity : And should
rejoyce to see these rude and
im-*

Dedictory.

imperfect draughts, like the Athenian ship so often and thoroughly amended, that there shall not an old plank remain therein: That so these Poems which were so acceptable to Augustus in their native dress, might be so polish'd in our language, that they may be look'd on by a more indulgent and greater Prince than he was.

Perhaps it may be expected that I should have embellished (as they call it) this Address with Witty Passages and Rhetorical flowers; but indeed Sir, they are grown quite out of fashion, and I am heartily glad that thereby I am freed from a task which I was so unfit for.

And

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*And now Sir, having tired
you with this flat Narrative, to
make you amends, I will make no
Address to the Gentle Reader;
only I declare to him and all the
VVorld, that I profess my self,
and am what your Goodness has
made me,*

Honored Mecaenas,

Your very much obliged Servant;

Alex. Brome.

THE
L I F E
O F
HORACE.

Q*uintus Horatius Flaccus*
was born at *Venusium*,
formerly one of the best
Cities in *Italy*, now called *Veno-*
so; of mean parentage; his Father
was one whom the Romans cal-
led *Libertinus*, viz. the Son of a
Slave who had been made free;
and by Profession he was a *Præ-*
co, or a *Coactor*, whose Employ-
ment was to gather in Debts for
(a) *Usurers.*

The Life of Horace.

Usurers. Of his *Mother* we find no mention; only 'tis agreed by all the *Dutch Commentators* that he had one. He was born two years before *Catalines Conspiracy*, viz; the 6th of the *Ides of December*; *Cotta* and *Torquatus* being *Consuls*. His Education was at *Rome*, where his Father finding him very pregnant, kept him at *School* under *Orbilius* a *whipping School-Master*; his Father also, being a very prudent man, had a severe and watchful eye over him, and instructed him in *Virtue*. Having attained to a good measure of *Grammar* learning at *Rome*,

he

The Life of Horace.

he was sent to *Athens* (then the most famous University in the World) and there studied *Philosophy*; in which, if he adhered to any Sect, it was to the *Epicureans*. At first he was no great Zealot in Religion, but rather jeered than adored any of the *Heathen Gods*; of which nevertheless he afterwards repented and made an *Ode* professedly to testifie his *Recantation*. In the Civil War betwixt *Augustus* and *Brutus* and *Cassius*, he being the familiar Friend of *Brutus*, took his part in the battel at *Philippi*; in which he was a *Tribune*, which is equivalent to

The Life of Horace.

a *Colonel* here : but whether he fought or not, does not appear; only by his being so great a *Commander* and so *ingenious* a person, 'tis probable that the *Muses* might inspire him with *Wit* enough to keep himself out of *danger* : Some have *traded* him for *running away*, which if true is *excusable* ; for *Valour* and *Wit* are two *spirits* which possess only *some* men, and that but at *some times* : So that the same *Commanders* who have proved *Cowards* in a just and honourable *War*, have afterwards in a *Tavern* dared to *challenge* such as call'd them so ;
and

The Life of Horace.

and by the *law* a Souldier is no more bound to *fight* when he is out of his *humor*, then an Oration to speak when he is out of his *wits* : Nor is it prudent for a man of *Wit* and *Learning* to have his *brains* beaten out by one that has none. *Augustus* having won the Battel, it appeared that *Horace* had taken the wrong side, for which his great friend *Mecænas*, a very rich Nobleman of *Rome*, and in great esteem with *Augustus*, obtained a pardon : And *Augustus*, like a good-natured *Prince*, not only *pardoned*, but *rewarded* him for being against him, and

(a3)

(if

The Life of Horace.

(if it had then bin in fashion there) would have *Knighted* him. Now being become a *Courtier*, and not *old* or *bold* enough to *begg*; and *Augustus*, so newly after a *VVar*, not *rich* enough to *give*; he (like others of his Order) wanted *Money*, and that put him upon making *Verses*, which he performed to *admiration*, and was the first that introduced the *Lyrick Poetry* among the *Romans*: By which, and his great *ingenuity* and *sweetness* of *Conversation*, he grew so much in favour with *Mecænas*, that he by his good will, would never have him out
of

The Life of Horace.

of his Company; and to encourage him in his Studies, and enable him to live without cares, bestowed on him a competent Estate among the *Sabines*, where he had a *Country-house*, to which he often retired, from the noise and bustle of *Rome*, to write and contemplate, and in which he took great delight and recreation. By *Mecænas* he was prefer'd to a familiar acquaintance with *Augustus*, who offer'd to make him his *Secretary of State*: But *Horace* (like other great *VVits*) hated business. *Augustus* also considering what immortality *Poets* confer on
14
(a 4) *Princes*

The Life of Horace.

Princes and other great men, wrote a Letter himself, inviting him to come and live with him as his *companion*. And having read some of the *Satyres*, and found not himself *concern'd* or his name *mentioned* therein, he complain'd of it, and asked him, *Whether he thought it would be a disparagement to him to have it recorded to posterity, that Horace was a familiar friend to Augustus?* As to his *Stature*, he was short and very fat, blear-ey'd, gray-headed in his youth, and bald in the forehead. And for his *morals*, he was a very good man, pious and grateful to his Father,

The Life of Horace.

Father, whom being grown old and poor, he relieved and kept at his Country-house: much a *Gentleman* in his nature and demeanour; very merry and *facetious* in company, soon angry and as soon *pleased*: As to his Diet, he was that which we by a grand mistake call an *Epicure*, for he loved and understood how to eat and drink well; and though he was very *temperate* and *frugal* generally, yet at a *Treat*, if he lik'd his Company, he would give nature a *loose*, and come up to *Ohe*! He had that good-natured *Vice* (if it be one) which constantly adheres to
great

The Life of Horace.

great *Wits*, and is much indulged by high *imagination*: an inclination to *women*, which he is the less to be *condemned* for, because he was a *Bachelor*, and in his time and *Country* it was not esteemed a crime. He was well acquainted with, and highly valued by, all the eminent *wits*, and persons of quality in his time. By frequent *Company-keeping*, and strict observation, he informed himself of all the *vices* and *humours* of *Rome*, which he re-proved and *chastised* in a way of *raillery*, whereby men
were

The Life of Horace.

were jeer'd out of their ill manners, and not offended: So considerable was he for his parts, and so eminent for his writings, that he deservedly won the applauses of divers of the greatest Scholars in their times, as *Tibullus*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Petronius*, *Perfius*, *Quintilian*, *Alex. Severus*, *St. Augustine*, *Scaliger*, and *Bishop Jewel*, who have all written in his *Commendation*, and are known to be neither *Fools* nor *Flatterers*. How long he lived, is not agreed on; some say 50, some 55, some 59, others 70 years: but

The Life of Horace.

but when he finish'd his second Book of *Epistles* he was 44 years old. And he dyed soon after *Mecænas*, namely (as the best Authors report) 5 Kal. Decem. *Censorinus* and *Galus* being Consuls, which was five years before the birth of *Christ*, having made *Augustus* his heir, to whom he left his *Library*, which was a good one; and a years provision, which he always designed to keep before-hand: and being a great contemner of wealth, and a derider of covetous men, he never aim'd at more. Being dead he was buried next to *Mecænas*

The Life of Horace.

Mecænas himself, in the *Es-*
quilæ; an honour which good
Poets deserve, and which great
Princes have in all times taken
care to confer upon them.

To the Reader.

TO take away all exception against this second Edition, 'twas thought necessary, by a friend to the dead Collector of these Translations, to let thee know that there is nothing either added to, or taken from the Former, more, or less than (if he had liv'd) himself intended, as may appear by his Epistle Dedicatory; where he invites new Adventurers, and conceives it a work by which they might gratifie and oblige Posterity: In order to that his Design, Mr. Brome left behind him several Copies, to be put in the place of many there printed; from his desires, and example, encouragement was taken to substitute others, in the room of some former Versions throughout the whole Book: And 'tis hoped that the same modesty, which oblig'd the Authors of them to conceal their names then, will also now hinder them from thinking themselves aggriev'd: As for them that have usurpt their Odes, they have this to say for themselves, that having a tolerable Opinion of their own performances (as all Poets have) they judg'd it reasonable, that they also should have their turn in the Press; and run the same Risque of censure with their predecessors: intending by this experiment to inform themselves how the world stands affected toward their Muses: if favourably, ten to one
but

but you hear of them again ; if otherwise, they hope they shall have wit enough hereafter to forbear rhyming, and keep safe on the shore, rather than run the hazard of a second shipwrack. Now should it after all this so happen, that offence be taken where none is intended, The Stationer says he should be very sorry, but could not tell how to help it : And is contented (if his Customers will have it so) that the Barber's Basin be no longer a Barber's Basin, but the Helmet of the doughty Mambrino.

but in the heart of them again; if otherwise, they
 hope they shall have not enough hereafter to forbear
 to write, and keep safe on the shelves rather than
 run the hazard of a second shipment. Now should
 it after all this happen, that some be taken
 before some is intended, this I cannot say but
 should be very sorry, but could not tell how to help
 it: that is contained for his Country, will have it
 that the Printer's Bill be no longer a Burden
 than the Publisher's of the Society's Manu-
 script.



ODES.

BOOK I.

ODE I. By Sir R. Fanshawe.

To MÆCENAS.

*That several Men affect several Things: That himself
is delighted with the Study of Lyrick Verses.*

MÆCENAS, *Thuscan* Kings descent,
My Bulwark and sweet Ornament.
There are that love their Charets spoak
With rais'd *Olympick* dust should smoak;
And with hor Wheels the Goal close shaven,
And noble Palm, lifts Men to Heaven.
One, if the fickle Peoples blast
Redoubled Honours on him cast:
Another that delights to reare
With Plough the Fields his Fathers were;
If in his private Barns He store
Whatever fruitful *Africk* bore;
The wealth of *Cræsus* cannot gain
With trembling Keel to plough the Main;

B

Frighted

Frighted with rough *Icarian* Seas,
 The Merchant praises Home and Ease:
 But His bruis'd Vessel repairs straight,
 Impatient of a mean Estate.
 There is that neither scorns to taste
 Old *Massique*, nor half-days to waste
 Under a shady Poplar spread,
 Or at a Bubling Fountains Head.
 Some Drums and Trumpets love, and War;
 Which Mothers do as much abhor.
 The Huntsman in the cold doth rome,
 Forgetting his poor Wife at home,
 Whether his Hounds a Stag have rowz'd,
 Or *Marsian* Boar his Nets have towz'd.
 Me Ivy (Meed of learned Heads)
 Ranks with the gods: Me chill Groves, Treads
 Of Saryrs with loose Nymphs, have show'd
 A way out of the common Road;
 Whilest kind *Euterpe* wets my Flute,
 Whilest *Polyhymne* strings my Lute;
 Then write Me in the *Lyrick* Role,
 My lofty Head shall knock the Pole.

A Paraphrase upon the first Ode, by S. W. Esq;

To *MÆCENAS*.

MÆCENAS, sprung from Royal blood,
 My greatest Patron, just and good!
 There are, who in th' *Olympick* Games
 Raise the light dust, but more their names:
 When the fleet Race, and noble prize,
 E're death, the *Victor* deifies.

Some

Some in *applause*, that empty aire,
Place both their honour, and their care;
While others with a different minde
Would choose more solid *wealth* to finde,
And rich in what the *Earth* does yield,
To the whole *Sea* prefers one *field*;
The *Sea*! not tempt them, or its store,
No not the *World*, to leave the *shore*.

The *Merchant* when he sees the Skyes
Cover'd with storms, and *Tempests* rise,
Thinks none so happy live or well,
As those that on the *Main-land* dwell;
He praises what he flights at home:
But when from a bad *Voyage* come,
Above the *Earth* he loves the *Main*,
And longs to be at *Sea* again.

The *Fuddlecapp*, whose God's the *Vine*,
Lacks not the *Sun* if he have *Wine*;
By th' *Sun* he only finds a way
To some cool *Spring*, to spend the day.

Shrill Flutes and Trumpets *Souldiers* love,
And scorn those fears that *Women* move.
The *Huntsman*, in the open Plains
Regardless of the *Air* remains;
A *Deer* makes him forget his *Wife*,
And a fierce *Boar* despise his life.

But me the learned *Laurel* give,
The Gods themselves by *Poets* live.
Give me a Grove, whose gloomy shade
For *Nymphs* and frisking *Pawns* was made,
Where from the *Vulgar* hid, I'll be,
The *Muses* waiting all on me;
Here one my *Harp* and *Lute* shall string,
Another there shall stand and sing.

Some

B a

This

This one thing great *Macenas* do,
 Inroll me in the *Lyrick* Count
 A *Lyrick* Poet, and I'll mount
 Above the skies, almost as high as you.

O D E II. By Sir R. F.

To *AUGUSTUS CÆSAR*.

*That all the Gods are angry with the Romans for the
 killing of Julius Cæsar: That the only hope of the
 Empire is placed in Augustus.*

ENough of Hail and cruel Snow
 Hath *Jove* now showr'd on us below ;
 Enough with thundring Steeples down
 Frighted the Town.
 Frighted the World, lest *Pyrrha's* Raig
 Which of new monsters did complain,
 Should come again, when *Proteus* Flocks
 Did climb the Rocks:
 And Fish in tops of Elm-Trees hung,
 Where Birds once built their Nests, and sung,
 And the all-covering Sea did bear
 The trembling Dear.
 We, Yellow *Tyber* did behold
 Back from the *Tyrrhene* Ocean rowl'd,
 Against the Fane of *Vesta* power,
 And *Numa's* Tower ;
 Whilest the Uxorious River swears
 He'll be reveng'd for *Ilia's* Tears;
 And over both his Banks doth rove
 Unbid of *Jove*.

Our Children through our faults but few,
 Shall hear that we their Fathers flew
 Our Countrymen: Who might as well

The *Persians* quell.

What God shall we invoke to stay
 The falling Empire? with what Lay
 Shall holy Nuns tire *Vesta's* Pray'r-

Resisting Ear?

To whom will *Jove* the charge commend
 Of Purging us? at length descend
 Prophetick *Phœbus*, whose white Neck

A Cloud doth deck.

Or *Venus* in whose smiling Rayes
 Youth with a thousand *Cupid's* playes:
 Or *Mars*, if thou at length canst pity

Thy long-plagu'd City.

Alas, we long have sported thee,
 To whom 'tis sport bright Casks to see,
 And grim Aspects of Moorish Foot

With Blood and Soot;

Or winged *Hermes*, if 'tis you
 Whom in *Augustus* form we view,
 With this revenging th' other Flood

Of *Julius* Blood;

Return to Heaven late we pray,
 And long with us the *Romans* stay:
 Nor let disdain of that Offence

Snatch thee from hence.

Love here Victorious Triumphs rather;
 Love here the Name of Prince and Father:
 Nor let the *Medes* unpunish'd ride,

Thou being our Guide.

A Paraphrase on the Second Ode by S. W.

To AUGUSTUS.

STorms long enough at length have blown!
Jove hail, fire, has darted down,
 Has his own *Temples* overthrown,

And threatned all the Town;
 Threatned the *World*, which now did fear
 Another *Deluge* to be near;

When *Proteus* all his herds did drive
 Upon the hills to live.

When highest trees with *Fish* were fill'd,
 Those trees where birds were wont to build;
 And *Stags* that could the wind out-flye

Must take the Sea, or dye.

We *Tiber* saw, when Seas withstood
 His streams, and checkt with Seas his flood,
 More heady, and unruly grown,

Not wash, but bear all down;

And swelling at his *Ilias* wrong
 No more his banks did glide along,
 But chose new *Channels* and a *Sea*,

To be reveng'd would be.

How our own *swords* those wounds did make
 Which might have made the *Persian* quake,
 These *Civil Wars*, next age shall tell,

And fear what us befell.

When th' *Empire* thus begins to fall,
 On what God shall poor *Romans* call?
 In vain we hope our god will hear

When *Vesta* stops her ear.

To whom will *Jove* Commission give
 To purge us, or our Plagues reprieve?
 Descend *Apollo* cloth'd with light,
 Thy beams must make us bright.

Or else thou fairest *Queen* of Love,
 More needed here then thou'art above,
 About whose neck the *Grass* flye,
 And languish in thine eye.

Or *Mars*, if he hath any pity
 For his despis'd and ruin'd City;
 Though *Mars* has been so long at *Rome*.
 We need not wish he'd come,

Or you bright *Hermes*, proud to be
Augustus, more than *Mercury*,
 Since in that shape you choose to breath,
 And expiate *Casars* death.

Let it be long ere you return
 To heav'n, in love your *Romans* burn
 For their old crimes, desire your stay,
 Never to go away.

Do you their Lives and Wars command,
 The *Prince* and *Father* of your Land,
 Nor let our Enemies o're us ride,
 While *Cesar* is our Guide.

O D E III. By Sir R. F.

He prays a prosperous Voyage to Virgil, Embarked for Athens: and takes occasion from thence to inveigh against the Boldness of Man.

Ship, that to us sweet *Virgil* ow'st
 (With thee intrusted) safe
 Convey him to the Attick Coast;
 And save my better half:
 So *Helene's* Brothers (stellifi'd)
 And *Venus* guide thy Sails:
 And the Wind's Father, having ti'd
 All up, but Vernal Gales.
 Of Oak a Bosom had that man,
 And trebble-sheath'd with Brass,
 Who first the horrid Ocean
 With brittle Barque did pass;
 Nor fear'd the hollow Storms, that rore;
 The *Hyades*, that weep;
 Nor the South-wind, which Lords it o're
 The *Adriatick* Deep.
 What face of Death could him dismay,
 That saw the Minstrel's fell;
 And wracking Rocks, and swelling Sea,
 With Eyes that did not swell?
 In vain, the Providence of God
 The Earth and Sea did part,
 If yet the watry Pathes are trod
 By a forbidden Art.
 But Men (that will have all, or none)
 Still things forbid desire:
Japetus bold Son stole down
 The Elemental Fire:

Whence

Whence Leannels over-spread the World,
 And Fevers (a new Race)
 Which creeping Death on Mortals hurl'd ;
 And bad him mend his pace.
Dadale the empty Air did cut
 With wings not giv'n to men ;
 And *Hercules* the Gates unshut
 Of *Pluto's* dismal Den,
 Nothing is hard to sinful Man :
 At Heav'n it self we fly ;
 Nor suffer *Jove* (do what he can)
 To lay his Thunder by.

O D E IV. By Sir R. F.

To L. SEXTIUS a Consular Man.

*Propoſeth the arrival of the Spring ; and the common
 condition of Death, as inducements to Pleaſures.*

SHarp winter's thaw'd with ſpring and weſtern gales,
 And Ships drawn up the Engine hales :
 The Clown the Fire, the Beaſts their Stalls forgo :
 The Fields have caſt their Coats of Snow.
 Fair *Venus* now by Moon-ſhine leads a Dance,
 The Graces after comely prance.
 With them the Nymphs the Earth alternate bear,
 Whileſt *Vulcan* at his Forge doth ſweat.
 Now ſhould we be with laſting Myrtle Crown'd,
 Or Flowers late Priſners in the Ground.
 Now ſhould we ſacrifice a Lambkins Blood
 To *Fannus* in a ſacred Wood.
 Death knocks as boldly at the Rich mans door,
 As at the Cottage of the Poor,

Rich

Rich *Sextius* : and the shortness of our days
 Fits not with long and rugged ways,
 Swift night will intercept thee, and the Sprights,
 They chat so of in Winter Nights,
 And *Pluto's* haunted Inn. Thou canst not there
 Call for the Musick and good Cheer :
 Nor in soft *Chloris* gaze away thy sight,
 Her Sexes Envy, Our delight.

O D E V. By Sir R. F.

To PYRRHA.

*That those Men are miserable who are intangled in her
 Love : That he is escaped out of it as from Shipwrack
 by Swimming.*

WHAT Stripling now thee discomposes,
 In Woodbine Rooms, on Beds of Roses,
 For whom thy Auburn hair
 Is spread, unpainted fair ?
 How will he one day curse thy Oaths,
 And Heav'n that witness'd your Betroaths !
 How will the poor Cuckold,
 That deems thee perfect Gold,
 Bearing no stamp but his, be maz'd
 To see a sudden Tempest rais'd !
 He dreams not of the Windes,
 And thinks all Gold that shines.
 For me my Voracious Table shewes
 That I have hung up my wet Clothes
 Upon the Temple wall
 Of Seas great Admiral.

A Paraphrase on the fifth Ode, by Dr. C.

TO whom now *Pyrrha* art thou kind?
 To what Heart-ravisht Lover
 Dost thou thy golden-locks unbind,
 Thy hidden sweets discover,
 And with large bounty open set
 All the bright stores of thy rich Cabinet?

Ah simple youth, how oft will he
 Of thy chang'd faith complain?
 And his own fortunes find to be
 So airy and so vain,
 Of so Camelon-like an hue,
 That still their colour changes with it too.

How oft alas, will he admire
 The blackness of the skies?
 Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
 And see the billows rise,
 Poor unexperienc'd he,
 Who ne're before alas had been at Sea!

He enjoys thy calm Sun-shine now,
 And no treath stirring hears;
 In the clear heaven of thy brow,
 No smallest cloud appears;
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
 And trusts the faithless *April* of thy *May*.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy he,
 T' whom thou untied dost shine,

But

But there's no danger now for me,
 Since or'e *Lorettoes* shrine,
 In witness of the shipwrack past,
 My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

O D E VI. By C. C. Esq;

To AGRIPPA.

Argument.

*Though Varius in Herotick stile
 Agrippa's Martial Acts compile;
 Yet Horace his low-pitched Muse
 More humble Subjects best pursues.*

V *Arius* in living Annals may
 To the admiring Universe
 Voice out in high *Mæonian* Verse
 Thy courage and thy conquests won,
 And what thy Troops by Land and Sea,
 Have through thy noble conduct done.
 Our Muse *Agrippa* that does fly
 An humbler pitch, attempts not these,
 T' express *Pelides* rage; nor fly
Ulysses tedious Voyages:
 Nor dips her Plume in those red Tydes
 Flow from the bloody Parricides
 Of *Pelops* cruel Family:
 We nothing to such heighrs pretend,
 Since Modesty,
 And our weak Muse, who does aspire
 No further than the jolly *Lyre*,
 Forbids that we
 Should in our vain attempts offend,

And

And darken with our humble Layes
 Thine, and great *Cæsars* God-like praise.
 Who to his worth can *Mars* display
 When clad in Arms, whose dreadful ray,
 Puts out the day?
 Or brave *Meriones* set forth,
 When soyl'd in *Trojan* dust, or raise
 Fit Trophies to *Tydidēs* worth,
 Who to th' immortal gods was made
 A Rival by *Minerva's* aid?
 We sing of Feasting, and Delights,
 Stout Drinking, and the harmless Fights
 Of her young Men and blushing Maids,
 Who when the Foe invades
 Make a faint show
 To guard what they 're content should go.
 These are the Subjects of our Song
 In Nights that else would seem too long,
 Did we not wisely prove
 The sweets of Jollity and Love.

O D E VII. By Sir T. H.

To MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

*Some praise one City, some another, but Horace preferreth
 Tibur before all, where Plancus was born, whom he
 exhorteth to wash Care away with Wine.*

SOME *Rhodes*, some *Myt'lens*, *Ephesus* doth please,
 Or Walls of *Corinth* with its two-fold Seas:
 Some *Thebes*, some *Delian De'phos* worth defend,
 Other *Thessalian Tempe's* Air commend.

There

There are, who make their sole, and fix'd Design,
 To mention *Pallas* City in each line,
 And rather strive her Olive branch to grace,
 Than any pull'd off from another place :
 Yea some to honour *Juno* loud proclaim
 Horse-racing *Argos*, and *Mycenas* fame.
 Me, not the patient *Sparta's* pompous sights,
 Nor fat *Larissa* field so much delights,
 As do *Albunea's* Echo-giving Groves,
 And *Anien's* headlong Stream that by it roves ;
 Or than *Tiburnus* woods, and Orchard-grounds,
 Moistned with gliding brook which it arrounds.
 As the South wind, the Heav'ns from dark Clouds
 And doth not generate perpetual showers ; (scours,
 So (*Plancus*) with good Wine, be it thy strife,
 To wash down sadness, and the toils of life :
 Whether thou to thy glittering Tents art ty'd,
 Or dost in *Tiber's* shady Bowers abide.
 When *Tenecer* fled, Father, and *Salamine*,
 He, (it is said) his Temples dew'd with wine,
 And brows encircled with a Poplar wreath,
 Did 'mongst his pensive friends these accents breath :
 What way Fortune (more kind than Sires) shall show,
 We, Friends, and dear Companions, will go.
Tenecer, your Guide, *Tenecer* Encourager,
 Despair not any thing, admit no fear :
 For we shall raise a second *Salamine*,
 (Says wise *Apollo*) in another Clime :
 Brave Spirits, who with me have suffer'd sorrow,
 Drink cares away ; wee'l set up sails to morrow.

ODE VIII. By Sir R. F.

TO LYDIA.

He notes obscurely a certain Young Man, whom he calls Sybaris, as undone with Love, and melted with Pleasures.

L *Ydia*, in Heavens Name
 Why melts young *Sybaris* in thy Flame?
 Why doth he bed-rid lie
 That can indure th' intemperate Skie?
 Why rides he not and twits
 The *French* great Horse with wringled bits?
 Why shuns he *Tybur's* Flood,
 And wrestlers Oyl like *Vipers* Blood?
 Nor hath his Flesh made soft
 With bruising Arms; having so oft
 Been prais'd for shooting far
 And clean delivery of the Bar?
 For shame, why lies he hid
 As at *Troy's* siege *Achilles* did,
 For fear lest Mans Array
 Should him to Manly Deeds betray?

ODE

ODE

O D E IX. By Sir R. F.

TO THALIARCHUS.

*That being Winter, it is time for Men to give themselves
to Pleasure.*

THou seest the Hills candied with Snow
Which groaning Woods scarce undergo,
And a stiff Ice those Veins
Congeals which Branch the Plains.
Dissolve the Frost with Logs pil'd up
To th' Mantle-tree; let the great Cup
Out of a larger Sluice
Pour the reviving Juice.
Trust *Jove* with other things; when he
The fighting Winds takes up at Sea,
Nor speared Cypress shakes,
Nor aged Elm-tree quakes.
Upon to Morrow reckon nor,
Then if it comes 'tis clearly got:
Nor being young despise
Or Dancings, or Loves Joyes.
Till testy Age gray Hairs shall snow
Upon thy Head, lose Masque, nor Show:
Soft whispers now delight
At a set hour by Night:
And Maids that ggle to discover
Where they are hidden to a Lover;
And Bracelets or some toy
Snatcht from the willing Coy.

O D E X. By R. N. Paraphras'd.

TO MERCURY.

In praise of Mercury.

I.
THou sweet-tongu'd God, the son of *Jove* and *May*!
 Who didst the Rabble teach
 A more refined speech;
 And shewd'st the active Youth the Hug to play.
 Of thee I'll sing,
 Who dost with nimble wing
 Convey the Messages 'twixt *Jov*;
 And all the other Gods above.

2.
 Of thee, who did'st at first the Lyre invent,
 And did'st the Thief so subtly play,
 Stealing what're thou couldst away,
 And yet intend no hurt but merriment.
 Of thee, who did'st *Apollo's* herd restore,
 That were or stoln, or stray'd not so before,
 Which made him fret;
 And utter many a threat,
 Yet being not able to Revenge, did laugh it o're.

3.
 Of thee I'll sing, who *Priam* did'st convey
 Through th' armed croud
 Of *Greeks* with Conquest proud,
 Leaving in flames his falling *Troy*.
 Thou dost all souls conduct to their last home,
 The Virtuous to *Elysium*:
 The Vicious to that place, where torments dwell;
 Offices both to Gods above, and Devils in Hell.

O D E XI. By Sir T. H.

T O L E U C O N O E.

He exhorteth Leuconoe, that care omitted, she seek to please her self, taking argument from the shortness of life, and speed of death.

STRIVE not (*Leuconoe*) to know what end
 The Gods above to thee or me will send:
 Nor with Astrologers consult at all,
 That thou may'st better know what can befall:
 Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
 Be th's, which *Tyrrhen* waves 'gainst rocks do cast;
 Be wise, drink free, and in so short a space,
 Do not protracted hopes of life embrace,
 Whilest we are talking, envious Time doth slide:
 This day's thine own, the next may be deny'd.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode, by S. W.

T O L E U C O N O E.

NE're strive *Leuconoe*, ne're strive to know
 What Fates decreed for thee and me, nor go
 To an *Astrologer*; 'tis half the cure,
 When Ill, to think it will not long endure:
 Whether *Jove* will another Winter give,
 Or whether 'tis your last that now you live;
 Be wise, and since you have not long to stay,
 Fool not with tedious hopes your life away.
 Time, while we speak on't flies; now banish sorrow,
 Live well to day, and never trust to morrow,

Ode XII. By Sir T. H.

To AUGUSTUS.

The Gods, Demy-Gods, and some worthy men honoured, he descendeth into the divine praises of Augustus.

WHat man, or *Hero*, (*Clio*) wilt thou praise
 What shrillest Pipe, or *Lyra's* softer layes?
 What God? whose name in sportive strain,
 Echo will chaunt thee back again?

Either in shady *Heliconian* Bowers,
 High *Pindus*, or cold craggy *Hemus* Towers;
 Whence leavy Groves by heaps confus'd,
 To wait on tuneful *Orpheus* us'd;

Orpheus well skill'd from mothers artful lay,
 Swift rivers glide, and speedy winds to stay,
 And with his harps melodious song
 Attentive Oakes to draw along,

What shall I sing before the constant praise
 Of Father *Jove*, who Gods, and Mortals sways?
 Yea, Land, Sea, World extended wide
 With various seasons doth divide?

From whom there nothing springs, greater than he:
 Like nothing lives, nor can a second be:
 Yet shall next honours *Pallas* grace,
 Though seated in a lower place.

Nor will I, warlike *Bacchus*, let thee goe,
Nor *Dian*, savage beasts eternal foe:
 Phœbus shall likewise have a part,
Dreadful with unavoyded dart.

With *Hercules* I *Leda's* sons must name;
Horse-service this, Foot-fight gives th' other Fame:
 Whose brighter star, when first in sky,
The wakeful Sailer doth descry.

Down from the rocks imperuous waters flow;
The winds surcease, the clouds dispelled go:
 And threatening waves (so the Twins will)
Upon the Oceans brow are still.

These mentioned first, shall *Romulus* obtain
The next record, or *Numa's* peaceful raign?
 Shall I the power of *Tarquins* State,
Or *Cato's* manly death relate?

Stout *Regulus*, the *Scavri*, *Paulus*, free
Of his great soul in *Canna's* victory;
 Or shall my grateful tongue rehearse
Fabritius, in resplendent verse?

Who with the valiant *Curius*, rough in guise
And hair uncomb'd, did with *Camillus* rise
To high advancement, homely bred
In their poor Grand-Sires lands, and Shed.

Marcellus Fame is like a spreading Tree,
Which groweth still, although insensibly:
 Each eye the *Julian* Star admires,
As *Cynthia* 'mongst the lesser fires,

Great Father, and Protector of Man-kind
 From *Saturn* sprung, to thee the Fates assign'd
 The care of mighty *Cesar*; Reign,
 And *Cesar* second place obtain.

He whether in full triumph lead along
 The vanquish'd *Parthians*, who near *Latium* throng,
 Or *Seres*, and swart *Indians* came,
 That East-ward tremble at his name:

He less, but Just, the spacious world shall guide;
 Heav'n-shaking, thou in thund'ring Chariot ride,
 And thy offended lightning cast
 On Groves, which harbour the unchast.

O D E XIII. By Sir R. F.

To LYDIA.

He complains that Telephus is preferred before him.

THE Arms that Wax-like bend,
 And every henge when you commend,
 On which the Head doth turn
 Of *Telephus*, ah, how I burn!
 Madness my mind doth rap,
 My Colour goes; and the warm sap
 Wheeling through either Eye,
 Shows with what lingring Flames I fry.
 I fry; when thy white hue
 Is in a Tavern-brawl dy'd blew,
 Or when the sharp-set Youth
 Thy melting Kiss grinds with his Tooth.

Believe't, his love's not sound
 That can such healing kisses wound;
 Kisses which *Venus* hath
 Made supple in a Nectar bath.
 O their felicity
 Whom a firm cord of love doth ty,
 Unbroke with wicked strife,
 And twisted with their threds of Life!

O D E XIV. By Sir T. H.

To the Commonwealth preparing afresh for Civil war

O Ship, what do'st? fresh storms again
 Will drive thee back into the Main;
 Bravely recover Port, and Shore.
 See'st not th'art destitute of Oar?
 Swift South-west winds invade thy mast,
 Thy sail-yard cracks with every blast?
 And cables scarce thy keel assure,
 Those surly billows to endure?
 Thy sails are torn, and thou a thrall,
 No gods haste to invoke at all.
 Though Pontique Pine (woods noble race)
 Thou boast thy barren name and place:
 The fearful Sailer (dangers tride)
 Doth not to painted ships confide:
 Take heed unless thou hast a mind
 To be a sport unto the wind.
 (Oh my desire and greatest care;
 Earst horror to my heart.) Beware,
 And flie in time those shelfie Seas,
 Which run betwixt bright Cyclades.

O D E XV.

The Prophecy of Nereus concerning the destruction of Troy.

When in *Idæan* ships the treacherous swain,
 With *Hellen* his *Greek* mistress crost the main;
Nereus, that ill events he might preface,
 Becalm'd with lazy rest the swift winds rage.
 Thou her tak'st home with thee in an ill hower,
 Whom *Greece* shall fetch again with armed power,
 Conspiring to dissolve thy married state,
 And *Priam's* antient Kingdom ruinate.
 Alas! what toil for horse, for men what pain,
 What direful funerals of *Trojans* slain.
 See, *Pallas*, helm and target doth provide,
 And will on her incensed Chariot ride.
 In vain grown insolent with *Venus* grace,
 Shalt thou thine hair dishevel, sleek thy face:
 In vain shalt thou, on harps effeminate string,
 Soft tuned notes t' attentive women sing:
 In vain, thou in thy chamber shalt decline
 Sharp spears, and head of *Cnossian* javeline,
 Loud noise, and *Ajax*, nimble to pursue,
 Yet dust at last shall soil thy beauties hue.
 Do'st thou not *Nestor*, nor *Ulysses'* mind,
 Who for thy countries ruine art design'd?
 On the undaunted *Salaminius* flies;
 Thee *Sthenelus* provokes, who bears the prize
 Of arms, or horse to manage with command:
 'Gainst thee likewise shall *Meriones* stand:
 Fell *Diomedes* stronger than his fire,
 For thee, with des'prate fury shall enquire;

VWhom as an hart that doth neglect his food,
 Spying far off the wolf thirsty of blood,
 Thou faintly shalt, and almost breathless flie,
 Breaking thy vow to *Hellen* cowardly.
Achilles wrathful Fleet the hour shall slack
 Of *Phrygian* Matrons fall, and *Ilium's* wrack;
 But *Grecian* fire in time determinate,
 Shall *Trojan* buildings burn, and dissipate.

O D E XVI. By Sir T. H.

To a Friend.

*He recants: For he asketh pardon of a Adaid, whom he
 had wounded with Iambicks, transferring the fault
 upon anger, the unbridled force whereof he describeth.*

DAughter, than thy fair mother much more fair,
 On my Iambicks fraught with spiteful air,
 Do thou prescribe what doom thy self shall please,
 Either of flames, or Adriatique seas.
 Not *Dindymenian*, nor the *Pythian* Priest,
 Are with such fury by their Gods possest;
 Not *Bacchus*, nor the *Corybantes* so,
 VWhen on shrill brass they iterate their blow,
 As baneful anger, which not *Norique* arms,
 Nor the ship-wracking stormy Ocean charms:
 Not furious fire, nor *Jove* himself on high,
 VWhen he with dreadful thunder rends the skie.
 'Tis said, *Prometheus* resolv'd to make
 Man out of clay, did several parcels take
 D'stincted cunningly from every beast,
 And put fierce lions wrath into our breast.

Ang

Anger *Thyestes* into ruine cast,
 And unto Cities ever was the last
 Cause, why they fell, and that proud foes were seen
 VVith hostile share to plough where walls had been.
 Bridle thy self. Me likewise heat of blood
 Enrag'd in youth, and with distemper'd mood
 Into Iambicks hurri'd: Now I seek
 To change my rougher language into meek;
 So wrongs recanted, thou more friendly be,
 And love reciprocal return to me.

O D E XVII. By R. N.

The Conveniencies of his Country Farm.

SO sweetly seated is my Country Farm,
 That neither summers scorching heat
 Nor winters stormy cold doth threat
 My self, nor yet my thriving flocks with harm.

But there my wanton Kids securely may
 VVithout their dams through Copſes stray,
 VVhom neither feeding serpents bite,
 Nor folded do the hungry wolves affright.

There when the Goatherds trembling fingers touch
 The holes of his loud pipe, the sound
 From th' echoing Rocks doth so rebound,
 'Tis made both twice as sweet, and twice as much:

4.

The Gods whom I adore, are my defence,
 And they although so far above,
 Yet bend so low to fall in love
 Both with my Poetry and Innocence.

5.

Hence flow their Blessings on me more and more.
 Without my wealth, within my Peace
 At once they largely do increase
 Giving content, whilst adding to my store.

6

From noise and business there thou maist retire,
 And underneath some private shade,
 Where no disturbance can invade,
 Chaunt out these songs of Love unto thy Lyre.

7

Here mayst thou sit and never fear
 Thy jealous Husbands coming near
 And call the Jade or Whore,
 Or pull thee by the head or thy cloaths tear,

8

Or there, if thou 'rt inclin'd to mirth or so,
 Thou and an honest friend or two
 May drink and laugh, and never hear
 The noise and quarrels which in Taverns are.

• ODE 18.

ODE: XVIII. By Sir R. P.

TO QUINTILIUS VARUS.

That with moderate drinking of wine, the mind is exhilarated : with immoderate, quarrels begotten.

OF all the trees, plant me the sacred Vine
 In *Tyber's* mellow fields, and let it climb
Cathyllus walls: for *Jove* doth cares propound
 To sober heads, which in full cups are drown'd:
 Of want, or war who cries out after wine?
 Thee father *Bacchus*, thee fair *Erycine*,
 Who doth not sing? but through intemp'rate use,
 Left * *Liber's* gifts you turn into abuse,
 Think of the *Centaur's* braul, fought in their Cans,
 With *Lapithes*: and to *Sithonians* * Other
 Heavy *Evons*, when their heated blood names of
 Makes little difference betwixt what's good, *Bacchus*.
 And what is not. No, gentle *Rassareu*
 I will not force thee; nor betray to view
 Thy vine-clad parts: suppress thy *Thracian* hollow,
 And dismal dymn: which blind self-love doth follow,
 And Glory-puffing heads with empty worth,
 And a Glafs-bosome pouring secrets forth.

ODE 19

O D E XIX. By R. T.

Of GLYCERA.

How he is besotted with Love of her.

TO her again I must ; 'tistrue I swore
 But two daies since I'de never see her more :
 Yet drink, and having nothing else to do,
 VVould make an Anchorite to woe.

Heroick Muse farewell, for now my pen
 Is dictating a clean contrary theme;
 Turn it to thee, it turns to her agen:
 VVhen I should show how the brave *Parthians* fight
 Charging the *Scythians* in their flight,
 I think my self one of the *Scythians* dying
 By the keen dart of her that shoots me flying.

He that sees *Glycera* and not desires,
 May sport as well with everlasting Fires ;
 For my part I to' Eternity cou'd gaze
 Upon the grateful anger in her Face,
 VVhich we behold through frowns, just like the Sun
 Through Clouds which else we dare not look upon.

Boy make a fire, perfume the room, and get
 Me wine and all things for a Noble treat ;
 Get the best Musick nature can invent,
 Such as of old made sullen stones relent :
 He that will Deities incens'd appease
 Must to their shrines bring Hecatombs of these.

Ode 20.

ODE XX. By R. N.

TO MÆCENAS.

Whom he invites to a small Treat.

I Pray Sir with me to my Chamber go,
 For there I have in store
 Some half a score
 Bottles of Claret-wine or more,
 And they of mine own bottling too:
 Pray go, wee'l drink but moderate I vow.

Me thought I lately taken was
 With that late general applause;
 How overjoy'd the multitude
 About the Theatre did croud,
 And cry'd up you and your great Acts aloud!

But come, pray let's no longer tarry,
 I must confess I've no Canary,
 Nor Malago nor Sherry;
 Such wines for me are much too dear,
 Welcome shall be your greatest Chear;
 Come go, and we'll be merry.

ODE XXI. By Sir T. H.

Of *Diana* and *Apollo*.

He exhorteth youths and virgins to sing forth their Praises.

YOU tender virgins, sound *Diana's* name,
(Boys) be your song youthful *Apollo's* Fame,
Latona likewise touch,
By *Jove* affected much.

(Maids) mention her, who loved rivers so,
And woods which on cold *Algidus* do grow,
On *Erymant* are spread;
Or *Cragus* verdant head.

(Boys) with your notes delightful *Tempe* grace,
And *Delos* chaunt, *Apollo's* native place;
His shoulders, quiver-dight,
And harp of heavenly might.

He, with our prayers mov'd, shall banish far,
Sharp hunger, pestilence, and direful war
From Prince and people, to
Persian, and *British* foe.

ODE XXII. By Sir T. H.

To ARISTILUS.

Integrity of life is every where safe, which he proveth by his own example.

Who lives upright, and pure of heart,
(O *Fuscus*) neither needs the dart,
Nor bow, nor quiver, fraught with store
Of shafts envenom'd by the *Moor*.

Whether o're *Lybia's* parched sands,
Or *Caucasus* that houseless stands,
He takes his journey; or those places
Through which the fam'd *Hydaspes* traces.

For (careless) through the *Sabin* grove,
Whilest chaunting *Lalage*, I rove,
Not well observing limits due,
A wolf (from me unarmed) flew.

A monster such as all exceeds,
Which in huge woods fierce *Dannia* feeds:
Or those that *Juba's* Kingdom hath,
The Desert-nurse of Lions' wrath.

Place me in coldest *Champaigns*, where
No *Summer*-warmth the trees do cheer:
Let me in that dull Climate rest
Which clouds and sullen *Jove* infest,

Yea,

Yea, place me underneath the Carre
 Of too near *Phæbus*: seated farre
 From dwellings: *Lalage* Move,
 Whose smiles, whose words so sweetly move:

A Paraphrase on the same Ode, By S. W.

TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

THe just man needs nor Sword nor Bow,
 Those arms *his* fear, not safety show,
 Who better has for his defence
 Strong guards of innocence,

For if along rough shores he coast,
Tempests and *Seas* on him are lost.
 Or if he *Caucasus* pass by,
Tygers their rage deny,

A *Wolf* that crost me in my grove,
 As I walkt musing on my love
 Beyond my bounds, and no arms had,
 Was of my love afraid.

Away he fled, though *Dannia* yields
 No greater monster in her fields:
 Though *Africa* which Lions breeds,
 None half so cruel feeds,

Put me where never *Summer* breeze
 Kist the dull earth, or lifeless trees,
 In that skirt of the world, where show'rs
 Do number out the hours.

Or place me in the *Torrid Zone*,
 Where never house or man was known;
 If there my *Lalage* but smile
 And sing, P'le love the while.

W.

O D E XXIII. By R. T.

TO CHLOE.

That she hath no reason to be so coy.

1

SO flies the tim'rous Fawn (her mother gone)
 From flying shadows of her own;
 Every blast and twig that moves is made
 By her vain fears, an Ambuscade.

2

Her heart beats quicker than her feet can fly,
 Although no foes she can descry
 Unless the winds that bustle by,
 Or leaves which with the winds do play,
 Or Newts that tremble more than they,
 Hurrying through thorns to make their way.

3

Come, come, my dearest turn again,
 All this Coyness is in vain;
 Alas! I do not ravenously pursue
 What opportunity might prompt us to;
 But with a zealous passion to discover
 That it is time thy servitude were over,
 And thou enjoy'st the freedom of a Lover;
 Virgins may justly challenge it at twelve,
 Thy Mother at that age did so her self.

D

ODE

O D E XXIV. By Sir T. H.

To VIRGIL.

Who immoderately bewailed the death of Quintilius.

MElpomene, whom Jove our Father daigns
 Shrill voice apply'd to harps melodious strains,
 Tell in sad notes how far the bound extend
 Of love, and shame unto so dear a friend;
 Shall then in endless sleep *Quintilius* lie?
 As equal unto whom, pure Modesty,
 And Justice'sister, Faith sincere and plain,
 Nor naked Verity shall ever gain?
 Of many worthy men bemoan'd he fell,
 But (*Virgil*) no mans grief can thine excel.
 Thou (loving) dost (alas) the gods in vain
Quintilius; not so lent thee, ask again.
 What if more sweet, than *Thracian Orpheus* wyre,
 You trees perswade to hearken to your lyre?
 Yet can you not return of life command
 To shadow vain, which once with dreadful wand,
 God *Mercury*, unwilling Fate t'unlock,
 Hath forc'd to dwell among the *Stygian* flock.
 'Tis hard, I grant; "But patience makes that light,
 "Which to correct, or change, exceeds our might.

The same by Sir R. F.

TO VIRGIL.

Who lamented immoderately the death of Quintilian;

WHat shame, or stint in mourning ore
So dear a Head? Weep not but rore
Melpomene, to whom thy Sire
Gave a shrill voice, and twanging lyre.
But does *Quintilian* sleep his last?
Whose Fellow, Modesty, and fast
Faith, with her Sister Justice joyn'd
And naked truth, when will they find?
Bewail'd by all good men, he's gone:
But then Thee *Virgil*, more by none:
Thou beg'st back (ah! pious in vain)
Thee, not so lent, *Quintilian*.
If sweeter than the *Thracian* Bard,
Thou could'st strike tunes by dull Trees heard,
The blood would never more be made
To flow into the empty shade,
Which *Hermes* with his horrid wand
(Inflexible to countermand
Th' inevitable doom of Death)
Once drove to the black Flock beneath:
'Tis hard: But patience makes that less,
Which all the world cannot redress,

ODE XXV. Paraphras'd by R. N.

To *LYDIA*.*Insulting over her being grown old.*

WHy how now *Lydia*? what's the matter
 The Dammees don't so often clatter
 About thy borded windows, nor
 Croud so thick about thy door
 As they did use before?
 Faith, you are now too old to be a Whore.
 Your trade grows less and less I see,
 And must I still so lust for thee,
 When thou canst only dream of Leachery!
 Pox on't, go and be hang'd you damn'd old Jade:
 Since thou'rt no longer fit for Trade,
 Retire to some dark Cell,
 And with thy presence make that Hell:
 There thou wilt cry and rore,
 Not that thou'st sin'd so much before,
 But 'cause thou'rt able now to sin no more.
 Your dancing days are done, your youthful knocks
 Have now at last brought forth the pox:
 Go and repent, shew some Remorse
 For thy damn'd Lust,
 Which was at first
 Not to be satisfied by any Horse.
 Our Gallants now that wear the Muff
 Delight in younger stuff:
 But if you'll trade, you must contented be
 With some old Citizens dry Leachery.

O D E XXVI. By Sir T. M.

To his Muse concerning *Ælius Lamia*.

It is not fit for the lovers of the Muses to be subject to cares and sadness. The Poet commendeth his Lamia to the Pimplean Muse.

I, who the Muses love, sadness, and fear
Will to rough winds commit, that they may bear
Them to the Cretique Sea, careless, who sways,
And whom the far-North dweller most obeys:
Or what doth great *Tyridates* affright.
O my Pimplean Muse (my hearts delight;)
O thou who near pure Fountains fittest down,
Wreath od'rous flowers for *Lamia*, wreath a crown,
Little without thee worketh my applause:
'Tis now become thine, and thy Sister's cause,
Him with unused strains to celebrate,
And with thy *Lesbian* lyre to consecrate.

O D E XXVII. By Sir R. F.

To his Companions.

To his Companions feasting together, that they should not quarrel in their drink, and fight with the Cups themselves, after the manner of the Barbarians.

With Goblets made for Mirth, to fight,
'Tis barbarous: leave that *Thracian* rite,
Nor mix the bashful blushing God
Of Wine, with quarrels and with blood.

A Cand-stick, and Quarr-pot, how far,
They differ from the Cymitar?

Your wicked noise Companions cease,
And on your elbows lean in peace.

Would you have me to share th' austere
Falernian liquor : Let me hear

Megella's brother, by what eyes,

Of what blest wound and shaft he dies;

No! then will I not drink : whatever

Venus tames thee, she toasts thy Liver

With fire thou hast no cause to cover,

Still finding an ingenious Lover.

Come, thou may'st lay it whatsoere

It is, securely in my Ear.

Ah wretch! in what a Whirl-pool tane?

Boy worthy of a better flame,

What Witch with her *Theſſalian* Rod

Can looſe thee from thoſe charms? What God?

Scarce *Pegasus* himſelf can thee

From this three-shap'd *Chimera* free.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, by Dr. P.

What Quarrel in your drink, my friends? y^e abuſe
Glaſſes, and Wine, made for a better uſe.

'Tis a *Dutch* trick. Fie, let your brawling ceaſe, Peace.

And from your Wine and Olives learn both mirth and

Your ſwords drawn in a Tavern, whiſt the hand

That holds them ſhakes, and he that fights can't ſtand;

Sheath 'um for shame, embrace, kifs, so away,
 Sit down, and ply the business of the day.
 But I'll not drink, unless *T. S.* declares
 Who is his *Mistress*, and whose wounds he wears.
 Whence comes the glance, from what sweet-killing-Eye,
 That sinks his Hope so low, and mounts his Muse so high!
 Wilt thou not tell? Drawer, what's to pay?
 If you're refus'd, He neither drink nor stay:
 Or let me go, or outw'it; she must be
 Worth more than I: whose *Fate* it was to conquer thee:
 Speak for thyself. She! forbid it Heaven above!
 Unhappy youth! unhappy in thy love;
 Oh how I feel thy *External* pain!
 Thou never shalt get loose, thou never canst obtain;
 Let's talk no more of love, my friends, let's drink again.

O D E XXVIII. By Sir *T. H.*

Architas, a Philosopher, and Geometrician, is presented, answering to a certain Mariner, that all men must die, and intreating him, that he would not suffer his body to lie on the shore unburied.

THE poor gift of a little dust, confines,
 And neer unto the *Matine* shore enshrines
 Thee, now (*Architas*) who could'ft measure well
 The Sea, the Earth, and Sands, which none can tell.

Nor could it any help, or profit be,
 Death being ready still to seize on thee;
 Those airy mansions to have sought from hence,
 And oft survey'd the Heavens circumference.
 The sire of *Pelops*, who with *gods* did feast,
 And aged *Tython*, shrunk at Deaths arrest:
 And *Minos*, to *Joves* counsels call'd, was slain;
 And *Panthis* dy'd, sent down to Hell again;
 Though by the shield pull'd down, he proving well
 That his First-birth in *Trojan* ages fell,
 Affirm'd, that Death nought kill'd, but nerves and skin:
 (No man in natures power was better seen:)
 But we into one self-same night do fall,
 And must the paths of Death tread once for all.
 The Furies some to games of *Mars* apply,
 The greedy sailer drench'd in sails doth lie.
 In death both young and old, by heaps do joyn;
 Nor any head escapes sad *Proserpine*.
 Me, the South-wind, crooked *Orion's* Mate
 O're-whelm'd in *Illyrian* waves of late:
 But (gentle Friend) be pleas'd now I am dead,
 In loose sands to interre my bones, and head.
 Which done (so thou be safe) may th'*Eastern*-wind,
 Which stirs *Hesperian* billows, be assign'd
 To bluster lowdly in *Venusium* woods;
 And may on every side, thy traffiqu'd goods
 In plenty flow to thee from *Joves* just hand,
 And *Neptune*, who *Tarentum* doth command;
 But if this fault of thine shall seem but slight,
 (Which may upon thy harmless issue light)
 I wish due punishment and proud neglect,
 May on thy funeral *Obsequies* reflect:
 Nor shall my prayers be poured forth in vain,
 Nor vows have strength to set thee free again;

Yet if thou haste, no longer stay I crave,
But thrice to throw the dust upon my Grave.

O D E XXIX. By Sir T. A.

T O I C C I U S.

*It is a strange thing, that Iccius the Philosopher intermit-
ting his Studies, should become a man at Arms, and
of the love of money.*

Iccius, thou now the *Arabs* dost envy
Their golden treasure, and to wars dost hie,
Gainst the *Sabea*n Kings unvanquished,
And nets prepar'st to snare the horrid *Mede*.
What Captive Damsel her beloved slain
Shall serve thee now? What youth of noble strain
Shall now anointed, on thy Cup attend,
Prompt from his fathers Bow swift shafts to send?
Who can deny but falling *Rivers* may
Run up steep hills, and *Tyber* backward stray:
When thou *Panctius* books on all sides sought,
And house of *Socrates*, where arts were taught,
Do'st into Steely *Spanish* arms translate,
With promise to thy self of better state.

O D E XXX. By R. T. Paraphras'd.

To VENUS.

Whom he desires to assist him in his woin:

TO Glis'ra on th' old Pilgrimage I'm going;
But nere was man so gravel'd in his woin:
Good *Venus* send thy servant fairer weather;
Or else remove thy self, and Temple thither,
That (should my youth, or Language once more fail)
Thy presence may infallibly prevail.

O D E XXXI. By Sir R. F.

To A P O L L O.

*He asks not riches of Apollo, but that he may have a
sound mind in a sound body.*

WHat does the Poet *Phæbus* pray,
In his new Fane? what does he say,
Pouring sweet liquor from the cup?
Not give me fat *Sardinia's* crop,
Not hot *Calabria's* goodly Kye:
Not Gold, and *Indian* Ivory:
Not Fields which quiet *Liris* laves,
— And eats into with silent waves.
Proyne, They that have them, *Massick* Vines:
In golden Goblets carowse Wines,
The wealthy Merchant, which he bought
Wish Merchandise from *Syria* brought,

The

The Minion of the Gods: as he
 That in one year the *Atlantick* Sea
 Three or four times, unpunish'd past,
 Mine Olives, Endive my repast,
 And Mallows light. *Latona's* Son,
 In *Minde and Bodies* health my own
 T'enjoy; old *Age* from dotage free,
 And solac'd with the *Lnre*, give me.

The same by Sir T. H.

W^Hat doth thy Poet ask (*Phœbus* divine)
 What craves he, when he pours the bowles of
 Not the rich corn of fat *Sardinia*, (Wine?
 Nor fruitful Flocks of burnt *Calabria*,
 Nor Gold, nor *Indian* Ivory; nor the grounds,
 Which silent *Lyræ* with soft streams arrounds.
 Let those whom fortune so much store assigns,
 Prune with *Calenian* hook their fertile vines:
 Let the rich Merchant to the Gods so dear,
 (For so I term him right, who every year,
 Three, or four times, visits the *Atlantique* Seas
 From shipwrack free:) Let him his palate please;
 And in gilt bowls drink wines of highest price,
 Bought with the sale of *Syrian* Merchandise.
 Loose Mallows, Succory, and Olive-plant
 Serve me for food. O (great *Apollo*) grant
 To me in health, and free from life's annoy,
 Things native, and soon gotten to enjoy;
 And with a mind compos'd old Age attain,
 Not loathsome, nor depriv'd of *Lyrick* strain.

O D E XXXII. Paraphras'd by R. T.

To his Lyre.

1

IF in my lov'd retirement, when
 My nobler thoughts were free
 From the impertinence of busie men,
 I have addrest to thee;
 What I sang then shall live; shall keep its fire,
 Until the universal one expire,
 And o're posterity I'll reign
 Monarch of Poets in the Lyrique strain.

2

'Tis true *Alcæus* long before
 Found out the Mine, but left the Ore,
 Rough, and untry'd to be
 Fin'd, and wrought out by me,
 Though happier far than me in this;
 His even genius never mov'd amiss;
 But in the Field, or in the Fleet,
 In the Charge, or the Retreat,
 In the heat of Action could improve
 Every tender hint of Love,
 And with an equal pow'r create
 Not only laws for verse, but Fate.

3

Ah Dear Companion! Thou that canst controul
 Diseases of the Body, of the Soul!
 Thou that in happy times of old;
 Hast had an interest above
 Amongst the Counsellors of *Jove*;
 And here, wrought greater Miracles than gold!

Thee

Thee I'll incessantly invoke with pray'rs,
 Grant me a settled spirit in my Ayrs,
 And let my wavering fancy feel
 An inspiration, constant as my zeal.

O D E XXXIII. Paraphras'd by R. N.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

*He would not have his Friend trouble himself because
 his Mistress prefers another before him.*

¹
AWay, away fond fool, what dost thou sigh
 Because thy Mistress thee forsakes,
 And in thy room another takes?
 Is this the cause of all thy whining Poetry?

²
 Pox on't forbear, for it is ten to one
 That he whom now she loves will be
 Slighted ere long as much as thee,
 And 'tis no more then what a thousand else have done.

³
 Were it my case I swear, the wolf and lamb
 Should sooner down together lye,
 Then ere it should be said that I
 Once courted her again, let her go and be damn'd.

⁴
 Love is a Witch 'tis true which oft times doth
 Persons of different humours tye
 Together most unequally,
 To the great discontent and slavery of both.

5

But yet I'll have the Lass that's fair and free,
 'Twixt whose imbracing Arms I may
 Wanton as doth the Rivers play
 Between their Banks, 'tis such a one is fit for me.

O D E XXXIV. By Sir R. F.

To himself.

*Repenting that having followed the Epicureans, he had
 been little studious in worshipping the Gods.*

I, That have seldom worshipt Heaven,
 As to a mad Sect too much giv'n,
 My former ways am forc'd to balk,
 And after the old light to walk.
 For Cloud-dividing, lightning-Jove,
 Through a clear Firmament late drove
 His thundring Horses, and swift wheels :
 With which supporting *Atlas* reels :
 With which Earth, Seas, the Stygian Lake,
 And Hell, with all her Furies quake.
 It shook me too. God pulls the Proud
 From his high Seat, and from their Cloud
 Draws the obscure : Levels the hills,
 And with their Earth the vallies fills :
 'Tis all he does, he does it all :
 Yet this, blind Mortals Fortune call,

A Paraphrase on the same by R. N.

I.

YOU that so seldom to the Temples go,
And only but for fashion when you do,
Or else to scoffe at, and despise
Those who are more devout then you,
Whose own mad humors, Lusts and Luxuries
Are the sole Deities

To which your selves, and all you have you sacrifice:
A time will come, when you shall find that way
The best, from which you did so wildly stray;
When sudden fear shall force you to adore
That God whom you so slighted and contemn'd before.

2.

That God, who when he to bold sinners speaks,
His voice like to a Clap of thunder breaks,
Rattles aloud, and through the melting skies
With vengeance swift and terrible as lightning flies;
Whilst the astonisht earth, and frighted Seas

Tremble at such loud words as these,
And smoeak and horrid shrieks from Hell arise;
And you, presumptuous you, then standing near

Its dreadful Brink all pale with fear,
By his just hand expecting to be cast
Into those flames, which shall for ever last:

'Tis he, who in his Justice tumbles down
Headlong into the deepest Hell

Those who with Pride high as huge Mountains swell,
And with exalted glories dote the Humble Crown.

O D E XXXV. By Sir T. H.

To Fortune.

*He beseecheth her, that she would preserve Cæsar going
into Britany.*

O Goddess, which beloved *Antium* sways,
Still ready with thy powerful Arm to raise
Men, from the low degree of wretched thralls,
Or turn proud Triumphs into Funerals;
The poor and rustick Clown with humble plea,
Solicites thee: The Lady of the Sea
He lowdly invokes, who ere doth sweep
In *Asian* vessel the *Carpathian* Deep.
The *Dacian* rough, the wandring *Seythian*,
Kingdoms and Cities the fierce *Latian*:
Thee Mothers of *Barbarian* Kings do fear,
And Tyrants which bright Purple wear.
Let not a standing Pillar be o'rethrown
By thy offended foot: Nor be it known,
That troops of Warlike people now at rest,
Take Arms again, and Empire's peace infect.
Still, sharp Necessity before thee goes,
Holden in Brazen hand, (as pledge of woes)
Tormenting beams, and wracks: and more to daunt,
Sharp hooks, and molten lead do never want.
Thee, Hope, and simple Faith in white attire,
Much honour, and thy company desire;
How e're thou do'st another habit take,
And made a Foe to Great Men, them forsake.
But the false Multitude, and perjur'd Whore
Retireth back: yea friends, when vessels store

Is to the dregs drunk up, away do flie,
 Shunning the yoke of mutual poverty ;
 Preserve thou *Cæsar* safe, we thee implore,
 Bound to the worlds remotest *Britain* shore,
 And those new Troops of youth, whose dreadful fight,
 The East and ruddy Ocean doth affright.
 Fie on our broils, vile Acts, and Brothers fall.
 Bad age ! what mischief do we shun at all ?
 What youth, his hand for fear of Gods contains ?
 Or who from sacred Altar's spoil refrains ?
 Ah ! rather let's dull swords new forge, and whet
 Against th' *Arabian* and the *Massaget*.

O D E XXXVI. Paraphras'd by R. N.

T O P O M P O N I U S N U M I D A .

He welcomes him home from Spain.

B Left be those Powers above, those Deities
 That have again
 Brought back our Friend from *Spain*,
 Come, come, and let us sacrifice ;
 Down with the Calf, come incense bring
 And let it burn
 While we our Thanks to Gods return
 For his Arrival, let's rejoice and sing.

See how his kind salutes he doth disperse
 'Mongst those with whom he did converse ;
 Though none
 But *Lamia* alone
 He doth so often kiss, and so much own.

These

Their Age and breeding were the same,
And they in nothing differ but the Name.

Come, faith we'l make this day a Holy-day,
Ho there! some Bottles bring,
We'll Drink, and Dance, and Sing
Our Friends good health — about w't, flie away:
What? baulk your Glasse! Those that refuse, Pox ret 'um
I'll see it pledg'd though 'twere a mile to th' bottom.
Methinks we look as brisk as Flowers in *May*.

Now for a handsome Girl, on whom
Our sparkling eyes may gaze,
Whilst she
Close as the Ivy about the Tree,
With circling Arms our new-come friend imbrace,
And give him thousand Kisses for his welcome home.

O D E XXXVII. By Sir T. H.

To his Companions.

*Whom he exhorteth to be merry upon the News of the
Astiaque victory.*

NOW let us drink, now dance (Companions) now
Let's *Salian* banquets to the Gods allow.
It might before this time be thought a sin,
To broach old *Cacube* wines, whilst the mad Queen
Prepar'd the ruine, and disastrous fall,
Both of the Empire and the Capitol,
With her scabb'd Troop of men effeminate,
Proud with vast hopes, and drunk with prosp'rous state.

Bu

But the scarce safety of one ship from fire
 Less'ned her fury, whilst great *Cæsars* ire
 To real fears enforc'd her to resign
 Her mind enrag'd with *Mareotique* Wine,
 He press'd with swift vessels to enchain
 This monster, flying *Italy* amain :
 As Hawk the fearful Dove, or Hunter swift
 Pursues the Hare th'row *Aman's* snowie drift :
 Whilst she, that she might die the nobler way,
 Did neither as a Woman fear the ray
 Of brandish'd sword, nor labour'd to flie,
 With speedy flight in secret nooks to lie :
 But with an eye serene, and courage bold,
 Durst her dejected Palaces behold,
 Handle the hissing Adder and the Snake,
 And in her body their black poyson take ;
 Made the more fierce by death determined,
 She (Noble Spirit) scorn'd to be led
 In hostile vessels, as a private thrall,
 To fill proud triumphs with her wretched fall.

O D E XXXVIII. Paraphrased by R. N.

To his Servant.

Boy, take away my Gown, I hate those shows
 Which usually at Halls are made
 'Mongst the Furr'd Brethren of the Trade,
 When a whole Market's ranlackt for a Rose,
 For Mr. Warden's Worships nose.

Es

Alrabi;

2.

Sirrah, some Bottles to yon' Arbour bring;
That which is shaded with the Vine,
And pluck some Burrage for the Wine:
That gives a flavor — Come, *Long live the King*;
About with'r, while a Ketch we sing.

The end of the First Book.

O D E S.

King ;



ODES.

BOOK II.

ODE I. By Sir R. F.

To C. ASINIUS POLLIO.

He exhorts him to intermit a while his writing of Tragedies, until he have finish'd his History of the Civil War of Rome ; Then extols that work.

THE Civil War from the first seeds,
The Causes of it, Vices, Tides
Of various Chance, and our prime Lords
Fatal Alliance, and the Sword's

Sheath'd, but not yet hung up, and oyl'd,
The Quarrel's fully reconcil'd :

Thou writ'st a work of hazard great,
And walk'st on Embers in deceit-
Full Ashes rak't. Let thy severe
Tragical Muse a while forbear

The Stage: This publick Task then done,
Thy Buskins high again put on,
Afflicted Clients grand support
And light to the consulting Court:
Whom thy *Dalmatick* triumph crown'd
With deathless Bayes. Hark how the sound
Of thy brac'd Drums, awakes old fears,
Thy Trumpetstingle in our ears:
How clattering arms make the Horse shog,
And from the Horse-man's face the blood,
Now, now amidst the Common Heard
See the great Generals fight, besmear'd
With glorious dust: and quell'd the whole
World, but unconquer'd *Cato's* soul!
Juno, and whatsoever Gods,
To *Africk* Friends, yielded to th' odds
Of *Rome*; the Victors Grandson's made
A Sacrifice to *Jugurth's* shade.
What Field, manur'd with *Dannian* blood
Shews not in Graves, our impious Feud,
And the loud crack of *Latiums* fall,
Heard to the *Babylonian* wall?
What lake, what river'signorant
Of the sad war? what Sea with paint
Of *Latine* slaughter, is not red?
What land's not peopled with our dead?
But wanton Muse, lest leaving Toyes,
Thou should'st turn Odes to Elegies,
Let us in *Dioncian* Cell
Seek matter for a lighter Quill.

ODE II. By Sir R. F.

TO C. SALUSTIUS CRISPUS.

*First, he praises P. for his liberality to his Brothers: Then
shows, that he who can repress his appetite, and despise
money, is only a King, only happy.*

S Alust, thou enemy of gold,
Metals, which th' earth hath hoarded, Mould,
Until with moderate exercise

Their colour rise.

No Age the name of *Pontius* smothers,

For being a Father to his Brothers:

Surviving Fame on towering wings

His bounty sings:

He that restrains his covetous soul,

Rules more, then if he should controul

Both Land and Sea; and add a *West-*

Indies to th' *East*:

The cruel Drop sic grows, self-nurst,

The thirst nor quench't, till the cause first

Be purg'd the veins, and the faint humour

Which made the tumour.

Vertue, that reves what Fortune gave,

Calls crown'd *Phraates* his Wealth's slave,

And to the Common People reaches

More proper speeches.

Giving a Scepter, and sure Throne,

And unshar'd Palms to him alone,

That (unconcerned) could behold

Mountains of Gold.

ODE III. By Sir R. F.

TO DELLIUS.

*That the mind should not be cast down with adversity, nor
pufft up with prosperity: But that we should live mer-
rily, since the condition of dying is equal to all.*

Keepe still an equal mind, not sunk
With storms of adverse chance, not drunk
With sweet Prosperity,
O *Dellius* that must dy,
Whether thou live still melancholy,
Or stretcht in a retired valley;
Make all thy hours merry
With bowls of choicest Sherry.
Where the white Poplar and tall Pine,
Their hospitable shadow joyn,
And a soft purling brook,
With wrigling stream doth crook;
Bid hither Wines and Oyntments bring,
And the too short sweets of the Spring,
Whilst wealth and youth combine,
And the Fates give thee Line.
Thou must forgo thy purchas'd seats,
Ev'n that which golden *Tyber* wets,
Thou must; and a glad Heir
Shall revel with thy care.
If thou be rich, born of the Race
Of ancient *Inachus*, or base
Liest in the street; all's one,
Impartial death spares none.

All go one way : shak'd is the pot,
 And first or last comes forth thy lot,
 The Pass by which thou'rt sent
 T' Eternal banishment.

O D E IV. By Sir R. F.

TO XANTHIA PHOCEUS.

That he need not be asham'd of being in love with a Serving-maid : for that the same had befalln many a Great Man.

TO love a Serving-Maid's no shame;
 The white *Briseis* did enflame
 Her Lord *Achilles*, and yet none
 Was prouder known:

Scout *Telamonian Ajax* prov'd
 His Captives Slave ; *Atrides* lov'd
 In midst of all his Victories,
 A Girl his prize :
 When the *Barbarian* side went down,
 And *Hector's* death rendred the Town
 Of *Troy*, more easie to be carryed

By *Grecians* wearied.
 Know'st thou from whom fair *Phyllis* springs ?
 Thou may'st be son in law to Kings ;
 She mourns, as one depos'd by Fate
 From regal state.

Believe't she was not poorly born :
Phocæus, such Faith, so brave a scorn
 Of tempting riches, could not come
 From a base womb.

Her

Her face, round arms, and every lim
 I praise unsmit. Suspect not him,
 On whose *loves* wild-fire Age doth throw
 Its cooling Snow.

O D E V. By R. N. Paraphras'd.

Upon L A L A G E.

*He adviseth his Friend to forbear Courting his Mistress,
 because she is yet too Childish.*

THy Miss, alas, is yet too young,
 She's ignorant what 'tis to Wed :
 She knows not yet what does belong
 To those encounters of the Marriage Bed.

Let her alone awhile, for she
 'll not yet indure to hear thee speak ;
 She must among her School-mates be
 To gather flowers, and play at Barly-break.

She'll quickly ripen, and then all
 Her Childish tricks will be forgot :
 Like fruit in Autumn she will fall ;
 'Twill, be thine own fault, if thou hast her not.

Patience a while, and she'll wooe thee,
 Fortune will all things bring to pass ;
 As thou growest older, so will she.
 I'll pass my word that thou shalt have the Lais.

She'll

5

She'll bolder grow I warr'nt thee Boy,
And yet (ne'r fear't) she will be none
Of those that seem so nice and coy,
Meerly to drill their whining Lovers on:

6

Faith she's a pretty Girl, I swear,
She hath a skin so pure and white
As new falln snow, and doth appear
Bright as the Moon, even in the clearest night.

7

Some Men may talk of this or that,
Of that same Boy that was so fair,
You'd take him for I know not what,
For beauty he could nothing be to her.

O D E VI. By Sir T. H.

To SEPTIMIUS.

*He wisheth Tybur and Tarentum may be the seat of his
old age, whose sweetness he praiseth.*

SEptimius, ready bent, with me
Rude Cantabers, or Gades to see,
And those inhospitable Quick-sands, where
The Moorish seas high billows rear.
Tyber, which th' Argives built (O may)
That be the place of my last day:
May it my limit be, of ease
From journeys, warfare, and rough seas.
But if the Sister-Fates deny,
Ile to rich fleec'd Galesus hie,

She'll

And

And thence down to *Tarentum* stray,
 Earst subject to *Phalantus* sway.
 That tract of land best pleaseth me,
 Where not *Hymetta's* full fraught Bee
 Yields better honey, and where grow
 Olives, that equal *Venafro*;
 Where the middle air yields gentle frost,
 And a long Spring-tide warms the coast,
 And *Aulon* fertile in rich vines,
 Envieth not *Falernian* wines.
 That place, with all those fruitful hills,
 Me with desire of thee full fills :
 There let thy due-paid tears descend
 O're the warm ashes of thy friend.

O D E VII. By *A. B.*

To POMPEIUS VARUS.

Congratulating his Return into his own Country.

MY dear Comrade and chiefeſt friend,
 How often have we two
 (As inconsiderate Souldiers do)
 Ventur'd our lives together, when
 We fought to ſerve Ambitious men,
 Who for Dominion did contend,
 And had no other Law but Might,
 That could determine which had right.

What

What blessed Star has brought thee home
To pleasant *Italy*,
Made thee a Citizen again of *Rome*,
Where thou thy Gods mayst see,
And thy dear friends, and chiefly me;
Whom thy Arrival does revive,
Concern'd to live now thou'rt alive?

Many a Summers day have we
In frolicks past away,
Our heads with Garlands crown'd,
While we to raise our souls,
With over-flowing bowls
Of spritely Wine, drank swiftly round.

O *Varus* that *Philippic* fight!
When *Cesar* won the day!
And our whole Army put to flight:
Down we our Arms did cast,
And basely ran away so fast,
As if we were in hast:
While those that would not run nor yield,
Were by th'insulting Conquerors kill'd:
And so met grinning Honour in the field.

Mounted upon the wings of fear;
Which me did through their Army bear,
I flew like lightning through the air:
And being got out of harms way
I had the grace to stay.
While thou no sooner wert got free,
But th'itch of fighting hurried thee
Into the Camp as formerly;

What

The

The waves of War made thee their wrack,
First spued thee out, then suck'd thee baek.

Now offer Sacrifice to *Jove*,
And thank those blessed Powers above;
And then thy aged Limbs, which are
Tir'd with a continued War,
 Repose in Safety here
 In my sweet Groves of Laurel, where
 No Danger lies or Fear.
Spare not the Bottles, for they did attend
Thy Coming, my ingenious Friend;
My self and all my House is thine,
We'll fill our Goblets with rare Wine.

Of Cares and Business we'll nere think;
But laugh, and sing, and dance, and drink,
And make our Cheeks with Ointments shine;
 Old Stories we'll with Joy repeat,
 But all past Miseries forget,
 And fear no more to come.

Chaplets of Myrtle and sweet Flowers
Shall crown their cheerful Brow.

Boy, bring the Dice that we may throw,
Who shall a Brimmer first begin;
The Dice and Wine we'll mingle so,
Till both of us are in and in.

We'll have our Frolicks and our Freaks,
And though we're *Romans* drink like *Greeks*,
 That man's no Company for me,
 That wo' n't sometimes unbend
 His thoughtful Brows; I love to be
Transported, when I treat my Friend.

The same Ode Paraphras'd by R. T.

1.

WHO ever thought to see
 This Civil Fury at an end?
 And my most constant Friend
 Made Denizen again and free?
 The equal Sharer in my Mirth and Fear,
 When many a fullen sluggish day
 With sparkling Wine w' have spur'd away,
 When many a fatal Arrow's flight
 We saw, (uncertain where 'twould light.)
 And Death himself to aggravate our fright
 Fac'd us in all the Vizors he could wear.

2.

When we together from *Philippi* fled,
Philippi most unfortunate!
 Where just we leav'd the number of the dead,
 And thou went'st back to court thy Fate:
 I with some paltry Scars
 (Thanks to my lucky Stars)
 Had fairly quit my Shield;
 And did not emulate the Praise of those,
 Whom I left scrambling with our Foes
 For grinning Honour in the Field.

3.

Suspend thy toilsome Arms,
 And in this Brimmer drown'd
 Ev'ry inharmonious Sound,
 By the Magick of those Charms
 Let us forget we ever felt a VVound:

It boots thee to deceive the Ghost
Of thy dead Mother, and still boast
Of Heav'n with their eternabodes,
And deathless Gods.

Venus but laughs at what is done,
Her easie nymphs, and cruel son,
On bloody whetstone grinding ever
His burning quiver.

New suitors daily are inrol'd,
New servants come, nor do the old
Forfake their impious Mistress dore,
Which they forswore.

Thee Mothers for their Fillies dread,
Thee gripple Sires, and Wives new wed,
Lest thy bewitching breath should fray
Their Lords away.

O D E IX. By Sir T. H.

T O V A L G I U S.

*That now at length he would desist to deplore his deceased
Myſte.*

THE swelling Clouds not always powres
On rugged Fields, impetuous showres :
Nor Caspian Sea (*Valgius* below'd)
With boystrous storms is ever mov'd :
Nor on *Armenia's* bordring shore,
Dull Ificles stand alwaies hore :
Or garden-groves with North-winds riv'd,
Or are Ash-trees of leaves depriv'd.

You still in mournful sort complain,
 That death hath your dear *Myske* slain;
 Your love sets not, if *Vesper* rise,
 Nor when from *Phœbus*, *Hesper* flies:
 But thrice-ag'd *Nestor* did not still,
 Tears, for *Antilochus* distill:
 Nor Parents, nor sad Sisters, ever
 To wail young *Troilus* persevere.
 Cease then at length thy soft complaint,
 And in our songs, now let us paint
 Great *Cæsars* Trophies, and command,
 And how conjoyn'd to conquer land.
 The *Median* stream, and *Nyphate* strong,
 In lesser channels run along,
 And *Gelons* to less limits ty'd,
 In far more straightned Fields do ride.

O D E X. By Sir R. F.

T O L I C I N I U S.

That Mediocrity, and Equality of the Mind, in both Fortunes, are to be retained.

THe safest way of life, is neither
 To tempt the Deeps, nor whilest foul weather
 You fearfully avoid, too near

The shore to steer.

He that affects the *Golden Mean*,
 Will neither want a house that's clean,
 Nor swell unto the place of showers,
 His envy'd Towers.

It may be well, if now 'tis ill :
 Sometimes *Apollo* with his quill,
 Wakes his dull Harp, and doth not ever
 Make use of's Quiver:
 In boystrous Fortune ply thy Oar,
 And tug it stoutly to the shore ;
 Contract in too auspicious Gales
 Thy swelling sails.

Winds oft'nest tear the lofty *Pine*,
While its low growth defends the *Vine*;
Huge *Piles* in greatest ruins fall,
And *Thunder* levels all:
F 2

A *gallant brest* hopes well at worst,
 A change will come, though't be long first;
 And when 'tis come, he fears the best,
 And dare not think of rest.

This Heav'n will teach us every year,
Winter has *Summer* in the rear,
 And when the *Ebbe* doth run most low,
 The *Tide* ere long will flow.

Though 'tis bad now, 'twill soon be spent,
Apollo's bow's not alwaies bent,
 But sometimes he'll the *Muse* bid sing,
 And touch a better string:

When Fates are cross, then *courage* show,
 Be wise when *gales* more *prosperous* blow;
 Strike sail, and put not too far out,
 The wind may turn about.

ODE XI. By Sir T. H.

TO QUINTUS HIRPINUS.

Cares laid aside, let us live merrily.

W^Hat the *Cantabrian* Rout, or *Scythian* think,
 Divided from us by rough *Adria's* brink,
 (*Quintus Hirpinus*) do not thou inquire
 Nor for life's use, which little doth desire,
 Be too solicitous. Sseek youth apace
 Hast's hence away, and with it beauties grace,

Dry.

Dry-aged hoariness which furrows deep
 Dispelling amorous fires, and gentle sleep.
 The *Summer* Flow'rs keep not their Native grace,
 Nor shines the bright Moon, with a constant face.
 Why dost thou vex thy mind, subordinate
 Unto the counsels of Eternal Fate?
 Why under this high Plane, or Pine-trees shade
 In discomposed manner, careless laid
 Anoint not we, and then to drink prepare?
 Free *Bacchus* dissipates consuming care.
 But (oh) what Boy *Falernian* wine's hot rage,
 Will soon for me, with Fountain streams assuage?
 Or, who will *Lyde* wish from close retire
 Hither to come? Boy, with her Ivory lire
 Bid her make haste, and like *Laonian* maids
 Tie her neglected hair in careless braids.

O D E XII. *Paraphras'd* by R. N.

TO MÆCENAS.

HE that in verse would to the world declare
 The deeds of Souldiers, and the rage of War;
 Would *Hannibals* Noble Attempts relate,
 And tell his Countries and his own sad Fate,
 Must run them in a brave Heroick vein
 Not sing them in a gentle Lyrick strain.
 The March and Charge don't the soft Harp become,
 But the loud Trumpet, and the rattling Drum:
 He that the toils of *Hercules* would shew,
 How here the cruel *Lapethites* he slew
 And there the monstrous *Centaur*s overthrew,

How he subdu'd those Giants, that durst make
 Wars 'gainst the Gods, and cause ev'n *Jove* to shake,
 Must cause it in a Verse and style to run
 Great, like the Man, and Actions he hath done.
 Thus must the mighty *Cæsars* Triumphs be
 In numbers told, that look as big as he;
 When Captive Kings his harness't steeds become,
 To draw his Chariot through the streets of *Rome*.

2,

But he whose Muse of Love would sing,
 Must touch it on a gentle string,
 And when hee'l praise his Ladies eye, (sigh:
 Each word must drop a Tear, each verse must breath a
 If of her Heart he durst to speak,
 He must do't so as if his own would break:
 Her Dancing, and his Verse must meet
 With comely Grace, and equal feet,
 Her very jests must be exprest
 As they were Oracles at least.
 His Muse must so commend her hair
 As if those curled tresses were
 Of greater value then the *Indies* are,
 Must speak, if she a frown but cast,
 Words so, as if they were his last,
 Till by a smile or kiss she doth restore
 New life to him that was a dying just before,

O D E XIII. By Sir R. F.

To a Tree, by whose fall in his Sabine Villa, he was like
to have been slain.

That no man can sufficiently understand what to a-
void: From thence he slides into the praises of
Sappho and Alcæus.

A Planter with a (.) was he
That with unhallowed hand set thee,
A trap for the succeeding race,
And ignominy of the place.

He might as well have hang'd his Sire,
Or practis'd all the Poysons dire
Medea temper'd, or have shed
His Guests blood sleeping in his bed:

Or if a worse crime may be found,
As to place thee upon my ground,
Unlucky wood; thee, stagg'ring trunk,
To brain thy *Master* when th'art drunk.

No man knows truly what to shun;
The *Punick* Sea-man fears to run
Upon some *Shelf*, but doth not dread
Another *Fate* over his head:

The Souldier, Shafts, and *Parthian* fights;
The *Parthian* chains and *Roman* might,
But *Death* had still, and still will have
A thousand back-waies to the grave.

How near was I *Hells*; Jaundiced *Queen*,
And *Minos* on the *Bench* t' have seen,
And the describ'd *Elysian* shades?
And *Sappho*, of her Country-maids

Complaining on *Aolian* wire?
 And the *Alcans*, with *gold* lyre
 In fuller notes thundring a Fight,
 Ratling a storm, fluttering a *flight*?

Both (worthy of a *sacred pause*)
 The pious Ghosts hear with applause:
 But most the *Fights*, and *Tyrants* fears,
 The shouldring throng drink with their ears.

What wonder, when th' infernal *bound*,
 With three heads, listens to that sound:
 The furies *snakes* their curls unknit,
 Nor find revenge so sweet as it,

'Tis Play-day too, with *Pelop's* fire,
 And him that stole from *Heaven* the fire.
Orion ev'n his hunting leaves,
 And greater pleasure thence receives.

O D E XIV. By R. F.

To POSTHUMUS.

That Death cannot be avoided.

A H *Posthumus*? the years of man
 Slide on with winged pace, nor can
 Vertue reprieve her friend
 From wrinkles, age, and end.
 Not, though thou bribe with daily blood
 Stern *Dis*, who with the *Stygian* Flood
 Doth *Gerion* surround,
 And *Titius* Acres bound.
 Sad Flood, which we must ferry all
 That feed upon this earthly ball,

From

From the King to the poor
 Beggar that howls at door.
 In vain avoid we *Mars's* fury,
 And breaking waves that kill and bury:
 In vain the sickly falls,
 Fruitful of funerals
 Visit we must the sootie shore
 Of dull *Cocytus*, th' empty store
 Of *Dannus* wicked stock,
 And *Sisyphs* restless rock.
 Thou must forego thy lands and goods,
 And pleasing wife: Nor of thy woods
 Shall any follow thee,
 But the sad Cypress-tree.
 Thy worthy heir shall then carouse
 Thy hoarded wines, and wash the house
 With better Sack, then that
 Which makes the Abbots fat.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode, by S.W.

I.

Time (*Posthumus*) goes with full sail,
 Nor can thy honest heart avail
 A furrow'd brow, Old-age at hand,
 Or *Death* unconquer'd to withstand:
 One long night,
 Shall hide this light
 From all our sight,
 And equal *Death*
 Shall few days hence, stop every breath.

Though

2.

Though thou whole *Hecatombs* should'st bring
 In honour of th' *Infernal King*,
 Who *Geryon* and *Titis* bold,
 In chains of *Stygian* waves doth hold:
 He'll not prize,
 But more despise
 Thy sacrifice:
 Thou Death must feel,
 'Tis so decree'd by the *Fatal Wheel*.

3.

The numerous Off-spring of the Earth,
 That feed on her who gave them birth;
 Each birth must have its *funeral*,
 The *Womb* and *Urn*'s alike to all:
 Kings must die,
 And as still lie,
 As thou or I;
 And though they have
Achievements here, there's none in th' Grave.

4.

In vain we bloody *battels* flie,
 Or fear to sail when winds are high;
 The *Plague* or an infectious breath,
 When every hour brings a new Death.
Time will mow
 What e're we sow;
 Both weal and woe
 Shall have an end,
 And this th' unwilling *Fates* must send;

5.

Corymbus lake thou must waite o're,
Thy totter'd *boat* shall touch that shore;
Thou *Sisyphus* ere long must know,
And into new acquaintance grow:
Shalt with life,
Leave house and wife,
Thy loves and strife,
And have no tree,
But the sad *Cypress* follow thee.

6.

Mean while thy *hair* shall nobly quaffe,
What thou with hundred *locks* kept'st safe,
Asuban wines, and wash the Flore
With juice would make an *Emperor* rore:
'Twill be thy lot,
Question it not,
To be forgot
With all thy deeds,
As he puts on his Mourning weeds.

O D E XV. By Sir R. F.

Against the Luxury of his Age.

Our Princely piles will shortly leave
But little *lands* for *ploughs* to cleave:
Ponds out-stretch *Lucrine* shores,
Unmarried *Sycamores*
plant the Elms. The Vi'let, Rose,
With all the junkets of the Nose,

Perfume

Perfume the Olive-yards,
 Which fed their former Lords :
 And *Daphne* twists her limbs to shun
 The sons rude Courtship. Not so done
 By *Cato's* Precedent,
 And the old Regiment.
 Great was the Commonwealth alone,
 The private small. No wide *Balcony*
 Measur'd with private square
 Gap'd for the North's cool air.
 Nor the next turf might men reject;
 Bid at the Publick Charge t' erect
Temples and Towns, alone,
 Of beautiful new stone.

O D E X V I. By Sir R. F.

To G R O S P H U S.

*That tranquillity of the mind is wish'd by all: But that the
 same is not purchased by heaping up Riches, or obtaining
 Honours, but by bridling the desires.*

*Q*uiet ! the trembling *Merchant* cries,
 Into *Egean* Seas driven far :
 When the Moon winks, and he descries
 No guiding star.
Quiet ! In war the *Thracian* bold ;
Quiet ! the *Medes* with quivers dight ;
 Not to be bought with gems, nor gold,
 Nor purple bright.

For 'tis not wealth, nor armed troops,
Can tumults of the mind remove,
And cares, which about fretted roofs

Hover above:

His little's much, whose thrifty board
Shines with a salt that was his fires:
Whose ease sleeps nor fears disturb,
Nor base desires.

Why in short life eternal care?

Why changing for another *Sun*?

Who having shun'd his native air,

Himself could shun?

Take horse, rude Care will ride behind;

Embarque, into thy ship she crouds:

Fleeter then Stags, and the East-wind

Chasing the Clouds.

Let minds of any joy possess,

Sweeten with that whatever gall

Is mixt: No soul that ere was blest,

Was blest in all.

The fam'd *Achilles* timelefs dy'd,

Old *Tithon* did his bliss outlive,

And Chance, what she to thee deny'd,

To me may give.

A hundred flocks about thee bleat,

And fair *Sicilian* heifers low;

To thee large neighing Mares curvete:

In scarlet thou,

Twice-dipt, art clad. Indulgent fate

Gave me a grange; a *versing* vein;

A heart which (injur'd cannot hate,

But can disdain.

O D E XVII. By Sir R. F.

To MÆCENAS sick.

That he will not live after him.

WHy dost thou talk of dying so?
 Neither the Gods, nor I'm content,
Mæcenas, that thou shouldst first go,
 My Pillar and great Ornament.
 If thee, the one half of my soul,
 A riper fate snatch hence: alas!
 What should I stay for, neither whole,
 And but the dregs of what I was?
 That day shall end us both: Come, come,
 I've swornt; and will not break it neither:
 March when thou wilt to thy long home,
 That journey we will make together.
Chimæra's flames, nor (were he rise
 Again) *Briareus* hundred hands,
 Should keep me back. 'Tis justice this:
 And in the Book of fate it stands,
 Were I or under *Libra* born,
 Or *Scorpio* my ascendant be
 With grim aspect, or *Capricorn*
 (The Tyrant of the *Latian* Sea:)
 Our stars do wondrously consent.
 Benigner *Jove* repriev'd thy breath
 When *Saturn* was malevolent,
 And clipt the hasty wings of Death;
 In frequent Theater when thee
 Thrice the rejoycing people clapt,
 A falling *Trunk* had brained me,
 Between if *Faunus* had not stept,

The guardian of *Mercurial* men.

Pay thou an ample *sacrifice*,
And build the Chappel thou vow'dst then ;
For me an humble *Lambkin* dies.

O D E XVIII. By Sir T. H.

He affirmeth himself to be contented with a little, while others are wholly addicted to their desires, and increase of riches, as if they should always live.

N O gilded roof, nor Ivory Pter,
For splendor in my house is set ;
Nor are beams from *Hymettia* sought,
To lie a-thwart rich Columns, brought
From *Africk* ; nor I heir unknown,
Make *Attalus* his wealth, mine own.
No honest Tenants wives you see,
Lacanian purples weave for me :
A loyal heart, and ready vain
Of wit I have, which doth constrain
Rome's richest men to seek the love
Of me, though poor : Nor gods above
Do I invoke for larger store ;
Nor of *Mecenas* ask I more.
To me my single *Sabine* field,
Sufficient happiness doth yield.
“ One day thrusts on another fast,
And new Moons to the wane do hast.
When death (perhaps) is neer at hand,
Thou fairest Marbles dost command
Be cut for use, yet dost neglect
Thy grave, and houses still erect :

Nay would'st abridge the vast Seas shore,
 Which loudly doth at *Baie* roar:
 Enriched little, less content,
 With limits of the Continent.
 Why often pull'st thou up the bounds,
 To enlarge the circuit of thy grounds,
 Encroaching far, from Confines known;
 To make the neighbouring field thine own?
 The husband, wife, and sordid brood,
 With antient household *gods*, that stood
 In quiet peace, must be expell'd:
 Yet is not any Mansion held
 For the rich Land-lord, so assur'd,
 As deep in Hell to be immur'd.
 Then whither do you further tend?
 Th' indifferent earth an equal friend,
 As willingly opens her womb,
 For *Beggars* grave, as *Princes* tomb.
 Gold could of *Charon* not obtain,
 To bear *Promethæus* back again.
 Proud *Tantalus*, and all his stock,
 Death, with the bands of *fate* doth lock:
 And call'd, or not call'd ready stands,
 To free the poor from painful bands,

O D E XIX. Paraphras'd by T. F.

Being half foxt he praiseth Bacchus.

IN a blind corner jolly *Bacchus* taught
 The Nymphs, and Satyrs Poetry,
 My self (a thing scarce to be thought)
 Was at that time a stander by.

And

And ever since, the whim runs in my head,
With heavenly frenzy I'm on fire;
Dear *Bacchus* let me not be punished
For raving, when thou did'st inspire.
Extatically drunk, I now dare sing
Thy bigot *Thyades*, and the source
Whence thy brisk Wine, Honey, and Milk did spring;
Eachanell'd by thy Scepters force.
Bold as I am, I dare yet higher fly,
And sing bright *Ariadne's* crown,
Rejoyce to see bold *Pentheus* destinie,
And grave *Lycurgus* tumbled down.
Rivers, and Seas thine Empire all obey,
When thou thy Standard do'st advance,
Wild Mountaineers, thy Vassals, trim, and gay,
In tune and time stagger a dance.
Thou when great *Jove* began to fear his throne;
(In no small danger then he was)
The mighty *Rbacus* thou did'st piss upon,
And of that Lion mad'st an Ass.
'Tis true, thy talent is not war, but mirth;
The Fiddle, not the Trumpet, thine;
Yet did'st thou bravely lay about thee then,
Great Moderator, God of Wine.
And when to Hell in triumph thou did'st ride
'Ore *Cerberus* thou did'st prevail,
The silly Curr, Thee for his Master own'd,
And like a Puppy wagg'd his tail.

O D E XX. By Sir T. H.

HORACE turned into a Swan, will fly all over the world; whence he promiseth the immortality of his Poessie.

A Two-fold Poet, through the liquid skie,
 I with a strong unusual wing will flie:
 No longer shall I of the Earth partake,
 But out of Envies reach the World forsake.
 I am not issued of Ignoble strain,
 Nor whom *Macenas* pleaseth to retain
 Under the title of *belov'd* shall die,
 Or in the *Stygian* lake forgotten lie.
 Now, now, upon my legs a rugged skin
 Is over-spread, and I a Swan am seen:
 Upward transform'd; a light and downie plume,
 My fingers, and wing'd shoulders now assume.
 And now a shrill-tune Bird become, I'll soar
 And much more swift then *Icarus*, explore
 The *Lybian Syrtes* and them urmuring sand
 Of *Bosphor* straights, and *Hyperborean* land.
 Me, *Colchos*, and the *Dacian*, who doth feign
 Fear of the *Marsian's* arms, shall entertain;
Gelons remote, and they who on the brink
 Of *Iber* dwell, or *Rhodanus* do drink.
 Banish from my thin *Herse* your fun'ral moans,
 Your ill bemoaning tears, complaints, and groans:
 Clamour forbear, or fondly to confer
 The needless honour of a Sepulcher.

A Paraphrase on the same By R. N.

1.

EXcellent Poetry ! whose noble flight,
Soars up beyond the vulgars sight,
Whilst through those undiscovered Paths above
The Fancie doth unseen, and quick like Angels move.
This mounts the Poets Soul so high
Above the sordid Earth below,
And all its Flatteries, and Envy too,
Whilst others in the Dirt do ly
Bespatter'd with the soil of foul mortality.

2.

He that's a Poet, and is truly so,
Needs neither Wealth, nor Birth to go
Before him to proclaim his worth ;
For his own Noble Fancies set him forth :
Let them whose more Indulgent Fate
Gives them huge Titles, or a great Estate,
Because they 've nothing else, glory in This or That ;
He sets up on his own great stock of Wit,
And grows more truly Noble, and more Rich by it,
Becomes both honour'd and belov'd by Kings,
Whilst in his lofty style he their great Actions sings ;
And when he dies, to his Eternal Fame
Leaves Treasures in his Works, and an Immortal Name.

3.

He comes into the World, as others do,
As Naked and as Helpless too ;
Till he by Time, and the Propitious Heat
Of Arts and Sciences some strength doth get,
And then his Muse more fledg doth grow ;

With Fancies smooth and soft as Down
 Of Swans becomes o'regrown.
 The Youth now touch't with Love
 (Not any's Fare as much as his)
 Through all its Labyrinths, how pleasant doth he move?
 And with rich Words & Metaphors doth Beauty much
 Making ev'n Love it self more lovely then it is. (improve,

4.

Past this Adventure, now his Muse begins
 To find (as well as Downy Feathers) wings,
 With Fancies vigorous and strong
 Through the regardless world she powers along,
 And notice takes of Men, and Things,
 Becomes with Lands and Seas familiar.
 If in a Calm she doth at Anchor ly,
 How smooth and gentle her Expressions are?
 But if through storms she chance to fly,
 How bustling are her Words, her Verse how high?
 With a becoming Pride sometimes her Flight
 She takes above the loftiest Mountains height,
 And then with a more lowly strain
 She stoops down to the humble Plain;
 Into the Camp she rushes, where she shews
 How here the Conquer'd fly, and there the Conquerour
 She ranges all the World about, and thence (pursues
 Extracts its very Quintessence.
 Her Center's every where, but no where her Circumfe-

5.

(rence.

Brave Man! But yet (oh Pity!) Thou must dy,
 And in the Dust must undistinguisht ly,
 Thrown in amongst the Ruines of Mortality.
 But yet thy soul doth upward fly,
 Regardless of our Tears below,
 Which we in vain upon thy Herse bestow.

In vain we weep, in vain we cry,
In vain our loss we do bemoan;
All we can do, is on thy Grave
Cover'd with some neglected stone,
To write some needless Epitaph,
Only that when
Those that n^ere knew thee living pass that way,
Viewing the sad Inscription, may
Read an *Hic Jacet Corpus*,——Or an *O Rare Ben*——

The End of the Second Book.



ODES.

BOOK III.

ODE I. By Sir R. F.

That a happy man is not made by Riches or Honours, but by tranquillity of the mind.

I Hate Lay-vulgar : make no noise,
 Room for a Priest of *Helicon* :
 I sing to noble Girls and Boys
 Such *verses* as were never known,
 Fear'd Kings command on their own Ground ;
 The King commanding Kings is *Jove* :
 Whose Arm the Giants did confound,
 • Whose awful brow doth all things move.
 One man may be a greater Lord
 Of land then other: this may show
 A nobler Pedigree: a third
 In parts and fame may both out-go:

A fourth

A fourth in Clients out-vie all.
Necessity in a vast Pot
Shuffling the names of great and small,
Draws every one's impartial lot.

Over whose head hangs a drawn sword,
Him cannot please a Royal feast:
Nor melody of *lute* or *bird*,
Give to his eyes their wonted rest.

Sleep, gentle sleep, scorns not the poor
Abiding of the Plough-man: loves
By sides of Rivers shades obscure:
And rockt with West-winds, *Tempe* Groves.

That man to whom enough's enough,
Nor raging seas trouble his head,
Nor fell *Arcturus* setting rough,
Nor fury of the rising Kid:

Not hail-smit Vines and years of Dearth;
Sometimes the too much wet in fault,
Sometimes the *stars* that broil the earth,
Sometimes the Winter that was naught.

The Fish fear stifling in the sea,
Damm'd up. The Master builder and
His men, the Land-sick Lord too, he
Throws rubbish in with his own hand.

But fear and dangers haunt the Lord
Into all places: and black Care
Behind him rides: or, if on board
A ship, 'tis his companion there.

If Marble keep not Fevers out,
Nor purple rayment help the blind,
Nor *Persian* Oyntments cure the *gout*,
Nor *Maffick* Wines a troubled mind:

With envied posts in fashion strange
 Why should I raise a stately pile?
 My *Sabine* vale why should I change
 For wealth accompani'd with toyl?

O D E II. By Sir T. H.

To his Friends.

*Boys are to be enured from their tender age, to poverty,
 warfare, and painful life.*

L Et th' able youth himself enure,
 By sharp wars taught, want to endure:
 And mounted on his horse, with spear,
 Confront bold *Parthians*, free from fear:
 Let him expos'd to open air,
 Live, and attempt the hard'st affair:
 Whom when some warlike *Tyrants* Queen,
 Or Virgin marriager-ipe hath seen,
 Afar from hostile walls, may cry
 With sighs, which from sad passion fly;
 O, that my Royal Lord, untrain'd
 In Martial feats, would be restrain'd,
 Not by fierce Combats fatal stroke,
 That wrathful Lion to provoke,
 Whom bloody Anger's direful rage,
 In thickest slaughters doth engage.
 "It is a sweet, and noble gain,
 "In Countries *quarrel* to be slain.
 Death the swift flying man pursues
 With ready steps: Nor doth he use

To spare from unavoyded wrack,
 Youths supple hams, or fearful back.
 Vertue, that ne're repulse admits,
 In taintless honours, glorious sits,
 Nor takes, or leaveth Dignities,
 Rais'd with the noise of vulgar cries.
 Vertue (to worth Heav'n opening wide)
 Dauntless, breaks through ways deny'd,
 And (taught) the Rabble to despise,
 Forsaking *earth* to *heaven* flies.
 Yea trusty *silence* is not barr'd,
 From having a deserv'd reward.
 He, who to blab the holy Rites,
 Of secret *Ceres* Fane delights,
 Under the same roof shall not be,
 Nor in frail Vessel sail with me.
 "Oft *Jove* neglected makes the just
 "To smart with those are stain'd with lust:
 "Seldom revenge, though slow of pace,
 "Leaves ill fore-going men to trace.

O D E III. By Sir R. F.

*A Spech of Juno at the Council of the Gods, concern-
 ing the ending of the War of Troy; and the begin-
 ning which the Roman Empire should take from the
 Trojans.*

A N honest and resolved man,
 Neither a peoples tumults can,
 Neither a Tyrants indignation,
 Un-center from his fast foundation;

Nor

Nor storms that from the bottom move
 The *Adrian* sea, nor thundring *Jove* :
 If the crackt Orbes would split and fall,
 Crush him they would, but not appall.

Pollux, and wandring *Hercules*,
 Gain'd Heaven by such ways as these :
 'Mongst whom *Augustus*, leaning, sips
Immortal Nectar with red lips.

This way deserving *Bacchus* clomb
 The high *Olympus* with his own
 Tam'd *Tigers* which *Ambrosia* feed,
 And *Romulus* on *Mars* his steed :

Pleas'd *Juno* speaking a good word
 On his behalf, at Council-board.
 Troy, Troy, (through mine, and *Pallas* grudge)
 A fatal and adult'rous Judge,

And forrein woman overthrew,
 With its false King and damned Crew,
 Because *Laomedon* forsook
 The Gods, and brake the Oath he took.

The Spartan Strumpets famous guest
 Is now no more jewell'd and drest :
 No more doth *Priams* perjur'd house
 Resist bold Greeks by *Hectors* prowess :

And wars which I inflam'd are done ;
 My wrath then, and the Trojan Nun
 's Abhor'd Off-spring, here I give
 To's father *Mars* that he should live
 In bowers of light, suck *Nectar*-bowls,
 And be transcrib'd into the rolls
 Of quiet Gods, I will abide.

So long as spacious seas divide
Ilium and *Rome* ; so long as beasts
 On *Priamus* and *Paris* breasts

Insult, and (undisturb'd) the wild
Whelp in their tombs; let the exil'd
Reign great in any other land:
The Capitol resurgent stand;
And awful Rome with seven proud heads
Give Laws to the triumphed Medes:
Rouzing her self, let her extend
Her dreadful name to the worlds end;
Where mid-land seas part Africks soil
From Europe, to the fouds of Nile;
More valiant to despise hid gold,
(Which wisely Nature did with-hold)
Then force it to mans use, by sack
Of temples, or by Natures wrack.

Whatever corner would impeach
Her progress, that let her Sword reach:
Visit the shores of snow and hail,
And where excessive heats prevail.

Yet warlike Romans destiny,
On this condition I decree,
That they (too pious, and grown high)
Shall not re-build their Mother Troy.

With Troy! Troy's fate shall be reviv'd,
And all her ominous birds retriev'd,
When second wars our self will move,
The Sister and the Wife of Jove.

If Phœbus harp a Brazen wall
Should thrice erect, thrice it should fall
(Raz'd by my Greeks) the wife, in chain
Thrice mourn her sons and husband slain.

But whither saucy Muse? These things
Agree not with the Lutes soft strings,
The words of gods cease to repeat,
And with small voice matters so great.

O D E I V. By Sir R. F.

The Poet saith, *That he hath been delivered from many dangers by the help of the Muses; And that it has gone ill with all who have attempted any thing against the Gods:*

DEscend *Thalia* with a song
From heaven; my Queen, I'd have it 'long
To the shrill pipe or to the flute,
The viol or *Apollo's* lute.

Do'st hear? or do I sweetly rave?
I hear in yonder trees, which wave,
Thy rustling robe, and in that spring
The tuning of thy silver string.

Me, am'rous turtles (*Poets* theme)
As by my native *Ausidis* stream,
A child oppressed with sleep and play,
Under a Mountain side I lay,

Fearless (for what hath he to fear,
Who from his birth was Heavens care?)
With sacred Bays and Mirtle boughs,
On which no Beast did ever browse,
Covered, lest Snake or ugly Bear,
Should do me hurt as I slept there;
Which set the neighb'ring Fields at gaze,
As wondring what should be the cause.
Whether I mount the *Sabine* hill,
Or with cold springs *Preneſte* chill,
Or me the healing Bath allures;
Where ere I am: *Muses* I'm yours.

Friend to your springs, with your Songs rapt,
At lost *Philippi* Field I scap't;

The fall of my own curst Tree,
And shipwrack in *Sicilian* Sea.

Go you with me, I'll (dreadleſs) try
The *Bosphorus* that threatens the ſkie,
And (travelling) deſie the thir-
ty *Syrian* ſand to do their worſt.

Viſit the *Britains* fierce to ſtrangers,
The horſe-fed *Thracians* bloody mangers,
The *Scythians*, whom no Sun doth warm,
And none of them ſhall do me harm.

Great *Cæſar*, you with martial toil
Tir'd out, and glad to breathe a while
In Winter quarters with his men,
Reſreſh in the *Pierian* Den.

You give him mild advice; and well
From you he takes it. We can tell,
The Giants ſelves for all their troop
Of monſtrous Bulks, were Thunder-ſtrook

By him that Towns, and dreary Ghoſts,
Immortal Gods, and mortal hoſts,
The ſtupid Earth, and reſtleſs Main,
Doth govern with one equal rein.

The horrid band and brotherhood,
Who (whiſt upon their terms they ſtood)
Pelion to heap on *Oſſa* ſtrove,
Gave not a little care to *Jove*.

But what could *Mimas*, and the ſtrong
Typhæus, what *Porphyrion* long,
What *Rhæcus*, and with hurled trunk.
(Torn up by th' roots) the fury drunk

Enceladus, ruſhing againſt
Minerva's ringing ſhield advanc't?
Here the devouring *Vulcan* ſtood,
There Matron *Juno*, and the god

That

That never lays his Quiver by,
 Bathes in pure dews of *Castaly*
 His dangling locks, haunts *Delian* woods,
Patros, and *Rhodes*, and *Xanthus* floods.

Uncounsel'd force with his own weight
 Is crush'd; a force that's temperate
 Heaven itself helps: and hates no less
 Strength that provokes to wickedness.

This truth *Orion* understands,
 And *Gyges* with the hundred hands:
 He purposing chaste *Dianas* Rape,
 Could not her Virgin-arrows scape.

The earth on her own Monsters thrown,
 (Thundred to endless night) doth grone
 Over her sons: *Aetna* doth rore,
 Burning, and not consum'd. No more

Can *Tytn*'s heart in vulcrus claw,
 Or wast it self, or fill her Maw.
 Offended *Proserpine* restrains
Perithous in three hundred chains.

O D E V. By Sir R. F.

*The praises of Augustus, the dishonour of Crassus, the
 constancy of Regulus, and his return to the Cartha-
 ginians.*

Jove governs heaven with his nod:
Augustus is the earthly God;
 Bold *Britains* to the Empire bow'd,
 And *Persians*, with late trophies proud.
 Could *Crassus* souldier lead his life
 Yok'd basely with a barbarous wife?

And

And with Foe Father-in-law grow gray
In Arms, under a *Medians* pay!

(O fathers! and degenerate shame!)
His blood forgotten and his name,
Eternal *Vesta*, and the *Gown*,

Whilst there was yet a *Jove*, and *Rome*!

This fear'd wife *Regulus* his mind,
And so the base Accord declin'd,
Weighing the consequence, unless
The Captive Youth dy'd pitiless.

I saw (*quoth he*) our ensigns stuck
In *Panick* fanes, without a stroke.
Souldiers disarm'd, Citizens
Their free hands bound behind with chains.

And the Ports open, and that field
Which *Romans* had incampt on, till'd.
All this I saw. Redeem'd with gold
They'l grow, belike, in fight more bold.

Buy not iniquity. As stain
White'wooll 'twill never white again:
So, if true Vertue fall, despair
To stop her till the lowest stair.

A Hind out of the Trammels free,
And make her fight, then so will he
That rendred to a faithless foe,
And *Carthaginians* overthrow

In second War; That tamely took
The lash, and (Death but named) shook.
Why these (forgetting whence they came)
Confounded war with peace. O shame!

Great *Carthage*! thou hast overcome
The vertue (more then troops) of *Rome*:
His chaste wife's kifs, and his small fry
Of Babes, he's said to have put by,

(As being a slave) and nor t' have took
 From Earth his stern and manly look :
 Till he th' unwilling Senate brought
 To vote the thing that he had sought :
 Then through his weeping friends he went
 Into a glorious banishment.
 Though well he knew what torments were
 Ready prepared for him there
 By Barb'rous men. Yet brake through all
 His Kindred, and the crouded Hall.
 To beg of him he would not go,
 No otherwise then he would do
 From Clyents swarms, after the end
 Of a long Term, going to spend
 In sweet *Campania* the Vacation,
 And give his mind some Relaxation.

O D E V I. by Sir T. H:

To the Romans.

Of the corrupt manners of that Age.

Roman, resolve, thou shalt desertless taste
 Sins scourge, for Vice of predecessor past,
 Until thou do'st again repair
 Decaied Temples, and make fair
 The falling houses of the Gods disgrac'd,
 And cleanse their images, with smoak defac'd.
 To think thee less than Gods, thy power commends;
 Hence take beginnings, higher aim thy ends.
 The Gods neglected, many woes
 On *Italy* distressed, throws.

Twice

Twice *Pacorus*, and twice *Meneses* hand,
Our inauspicious armed troops disband :
Who with a plenteous prey made glad,
To little chains more links do add:

The *Dacian* and the *Aethiop* fierce in wars,
Hath almost raz'd the City, rent with jars !

One with his Navy formidable,
With darts the other better able.

This age in vice abounding, first begins
Chast stocks, and Nuptials to pollute with sins :

The woes which from this fountain flow,
People, and Countrey over-throw.

The Maid for marriage ripe such joys to learn
Ionic dances, and can well discern

With art to fain, and quickly prove
The pleasures of unlawful love.

Straight made a wife, in midd'lt of husbands cups,
She with young Gallants and Adult'ers sups ;

Nor cares to whom she yields by stealth,
(When lights are out) loves lawless wealth.

But ask'd doth rise, her knowing husband by,
To prostitute her marriage modesty ;

At Factors call, or Pilots hire,
Of lustful shame, a costly buyer.

That youth came not from such Fore-fathers strain,
Who did the Sea with *Punic* blood distain :

Not by such hands did *Pyrrhus* fall,
Antiochus, nor *Hannibal*.

But in those days a brave and manly race
Of rustick souldiers lived in this place,

Well skill'd in Plough, and *Sabine* Spade,
And so to strict obedience made,

That if sharp Mothers bade, at their return

They on their shoulders brought logs hew'd to burn;

When *Phœbus* changed had the mountains shade,
 And weary unyok'd Oxen homeward made,
 And that night gave their toil dispenſe,
 Chāſing the Suns bright chariot hence.

“What waſteſt not with *Times* devouring rage?

“Our Fathers life, much worſe than Grandfires age,

“Scelus more wicked, to produce

“An Off-ſpring fuller of abuſe.

O D E VII. By Sir R. F.

TO AS ERIE.

*He comforts her, being ſad and ſollicitous for the abſence
 of her huſband.*

A Sterie, Why doſt thou mourn
 For *Gyges*, ſhortly to return
 On wings of Vernal air,
 Rich in *Sicilian War*?

More rich in faith. He by a blaſt
 After long ſtorms, on *Epire* caſt,
 His Widow'd nights ſteeps there
 In many a watchful tear.

Yet *Chloe's* ſubtil meſſenger,
 Shewing what ſighs it pulls from her,
 Whilſt in thy Flame ſhe fries,
 A thouſand ways him tries.

She tells how the falſe Woman wrought
 On credulous *Pretus*, till ſhe brought
 A cruel death upon
 Too chaſte *Bellerophon*.

Of *Peleus* near his fatal hour,
 Whilst he shuns love, that's arm'd with power :
 And (cunning) rakes from dust
 All precedents for lust.

In vain : For deaf as Rocks to Prayer,
 He's yet unmov'd. But take thou care,
Entiens at next door
 Do not thy love procure.

Though none with better skill be seen
 To weild a Horse in *Mars* his green ;
 Nor with more active limbs
 In *Tyburns* Channel swims.

Shut to thy gate before it darken,
 Nor to his whining Musick hearken :
 And though he still complain
 Thou'rt hard, still hard remain.

O D E V I I I. By *T. F.* Paraphras'd.

To MÆCENAS.

L Earned *Macenas*, wonder not that I,
 (A Batchelour) invoke that Deity,
 Which at this feast the married rout adore,
 And yearly do implore.
 They pray the Gods to make their burthen light,
 And that their yoke-fellows may never fight :
 I praise them, not for giving me a wife,
 But saving of my life.
 By heav'n redeem'd, I scap't a falling tree,
 And yearly own that strange deliverie,
 Yearly rejoyce, and drink the briskest wine,
 Not spill it at their shrine.

Come (my *Macenas*) let us drink, and thus
 Cherish that life, those Pow'rs have given us :
 A thousand cups to midwife this new birth,
 With inoffensive mirth.

No State-affairs near my *Macenas* come,
 Since all are slain that fought victorious *Rome*.
 By Civil broils the *Medes*, our foes, will fall.
 The weakest to the wall,

Our fierce, and antient Enemy of *Spain*
 Is now subdu'd, and tamely bears our chain.
 The Savage *Scythian* too begins to yield,
 About to quit the field.

Bear they the load of Government that can ;
 Thou, since a private, and good natur'd man,
 Enjoy th' advantage of the present Hour,
 For why should'st thou look sour?

O D E IX. By Sir R. F.

A Dialogue of Love and Jealousie, betwixt Horace and Lydia.

Hor. **W**Hilst I possess thy love, free from alarms,
 Nor any Youth more acceptable arms
 About thy Alabaſter neck did ſling,
 I liv'd more happy than the *Persian King*.

Lyd. Whilst thou ador'st not more another face,
 Nor unto *Chloe Lydia* gave place ;

I *Lydia*, ſoaring on the wings of Fame,
 Eclipſt the *Roman Ilia* with my name.

Hor. Me, *Thracian Chloe* now, rules absolute,
 Skill'd in ſweet Lays, and peerleſs at her Lute:

For whom to die I would not be afraid,
 If Fates would spare me the surviving Maid.
Lyd. Me, *Calys*, rich *Ornitho's* heir, doth scorch
 With a reciprocal and equal torch :
 For whom I would endure to die twice over,
 If Fates would spare me my surviving Lover.
Hor. What if old *Venus* should her Doves revoke,
 And curb us (stubborn) to her Brazen yoke:
 If bright-trest *Chloe* I would henceforth hiate,
 And to excluded *Lydia* ope the Gate?
Lyd. Though he be fairer than the Morning-star ;
 Thou, lighter than a Cork, and madder far
 Than the vext Ocean, when it threatens the Skie,
 With thee I'd gladly live, I'd willing die.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode, by J. W. Esq.

Hor. **W**Hilst I alone was dear to thee,
 And only chief in thy embrace,
 No *Persian King* liv'd life to me,
 Or half so blest or happy was.

Lyd. Till thy love roul'd. and did prefer

Chloe's new face, 'fore *Lydia*,
 In fame, I (far surpassing her)
 Was greater than *Romes Ilia*.

Hor. *Chloes* the Saint I pray to now,
 Sweetly she sings, and plays o'th' Lute,
 For whom, would Destiny allow,
 My life should be a substitute.

Lyd. The same 's young *Calais* (*Ornithu's* heir)
 To me, for whom I should be glad
 If I might die, though twice it were,
 Would the same Fates but spare the Lad.

Hor. But say! if as before I burn?

Say I once more put on my chain?

Chloe shak'd off, and I return

To my first *Lydia* again?

Lyd. Though he's more glorious than a Star,

Thou than a Cork more fickle be,

Or pettish than the Sea, I swear

Once more to live and die with thee.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode, by T. F.

Hor. **W**Hile I was lovely in thine eye,
And while no soft embrace but mine
Encircled thy fair Ivory neck,
I did the *Persian* King out-shine.

Lyd. While *Horace* was an honest Lad,
And *Chloe* less than *Lydia* lov'd,
Lydia was then a matchless Lass,
And in a sphere 'bove *Ilia* mov'd.

Hor. But *Chloe* now has vanquish'd me,
That Lute and Voice who could deny?
Methinks might I but save her life,
I could my self even dare to dy.

Lyd. Young *Calais* is my Gallant,
He burns me with his flaming Ey,
To save the pretty villains life,
'Twice over I could dare to dy.

Hor. But say I *Lydia* lov'd agen,
And would new-braze Loves broken chain?
Say I should turn my *Chloe* off,
And take poor *Lydia* home again?

Lyd.

Lyd. Why then though He a fixed Star,
Thou lighter than a Cork shouldst be,
Mad, and unquiet as the Sea,
Yet would I live, and dy with thee.

O D E X. By R. N. *Paraphrased.*

1.

SEE, Madam, see, how your poor Lover lies
Before your doors neglected and forlorn,
Expos'd to the rage of weather and your scorn,
Both unrelenting Enemies.

And can you still so cruel be
As to behold all this, and yet not pity me?

2.

Hark how the North-wind blusters 'gainst your doors,
Hark how amongst the neighbouring Trees it rores:
See how the Earth's all covered o're with Snow,
And like your Heart is frozen too.

Away with this disdain, away,
For what is my case now, may b' yours another day.

3.

Sure you were ne're so cruel bred or born,
What though with gifts I ne're did bribe your love?

Nor could for it look wan and pale,

I know you did such fool'ries scorn:

Yet let my constancy prevail.

Will nothing your compassion move?

Fye, Fye, you're more inflexible I swear,

Then the tough Oak, cruel as Serpents are.

What shall I do? I cannot sure

These Heats and Colds of Love for ever thus endure.

Lyd.

O D E XI. By Sir R. F.

TO MERCURY.

*That he would dictate to him a Song, wherewith to bend
Lyde. The Fable of Danaus Daughters.*

O Mercury (for taught by you
Deaf stones by th' ears *Amphion* drew)
And *Shell*, whose hollow Belly rings
With seven strings,

Once mute and graceless, now the tongue
Of Feasts and Temples: lend me a song
To thread the maze of *Lyde's* Prayer-
Resisting ear.

Who like a three years Colt doth fetch
A hundred Rings, and's hard to catch;
Free from a husband, and not fit
For backing yet.

Thou mak'st stiff Forests march, retreat
Proud Rivers; *Cerberus* the great
Porter of Hell to thee gave way,
Stroak'd with a Lay.

Though with a hundred Snakes he curl
His head, and from his Nostrils hurl
A filthy stream, which all bedrops
His triple chops:

Ixion too with a forc't smile
Did grin. The tubs stood dry a while,
Whilst with thy Musick thou didst please
The *Belides*.

o bend

Tell *Lyde* that ; that Virgin-slaughter,
And famous torment, the vain water
Couzning their Urns through thousand drains,
And Posthume pains

For cruel Maids laid up in store.
Cruel. For what could they do more,
That could with unrelenting steel
Their Lovers kill?

One only worth *Hymens* flame,
And worthy of immortal Fame,
Her perjur'd father (pious child)
Bravely beguil'd :

Who said to her young Husband ; Wake,
Lest an Eternal sleep thou take,
Whence least thou *look'st* : deceive my Sire,
And Sisters dire.

Who like so many Tygers tear
(Alas!) the prey : I (tenderer)
Will neither slay, nor keep thee thus
I'th Slaughter-house.

Me let my *Savage* father chain,
Because my Husband is unslain,
Or into farthest *Africa*
Ship me away.

Ixion

By

By Land or Sea *take thou thy flight,*
 Cover'd with wings of Love and Night :
 Go, go, and write when thou art safe
 My Epitaph.

O D E XII. *By T. F. Paraphrased:*

To NEOBULE.

NO more Love's subjects, but his slaves they be,
 That dare not o're a Glass of Wine be free,
 But quit, for fear of friends, their libertie.

Fond *Neobule* ! thou art lazy grown,
 Away thy Needle, Web, and Distaff thrown,
 Thou hop'st thy work by *Hebrus* will be done.

A sturdy Youth, and a rank Rider he,
 Can run a race, and box most manfullie,
 Swim like a Duck, and caper like a Flea.

He hunts the Stag, and all the Forest o're
 With strength and craft pursues the savage Boar :
 He minds the sport, and thou desir'st no more.

O D E XIII. *By R. N. Paraphrased.*

To the Fountain of Blandusia.

A Pleasant Spring doth rise within my Grove,
 (The Scene of my retired Contents and Love)

To which my Muse shall bring
 For a grateful Offering,
 No lascivious wanton Kid,
 With pamper'd lusts, and armed head,
 To stain the Crystal flood
 With unclean and lustful blood ;
 But her sacrifice shall be,
 Love, divine Love dress'd up in Poetry.

2.

Lo how the officious Trees their branches spread,
 Thicken'd with leaves over thy Head,
 As if afraid each scorching Ray
 On thy cold streams with too much Heat should play.
 Hither the panting Flocks for shelter run,
 When beaten from the Plains by the hot Sun,
 Whilst from the bubbling streams below,
 Such murmuring Languages do flow,
 That none but Lovers and the Muses know.

O D E XIV. By Sir T. H.

To the Roman people.

*This Ode containeth the praises of Augustus returning
 out of Spain, after his Conquest over the Canta-
 brians.*

Great *Cesar* who is said to go,
 Like *Hercules* against his foe,
 To purchase Bays by death, again
 Victorious is return'd from *Spain*.

The

The Wife that's with one husband pleas'd,
Let her come forth, the Gods appeas'd.
Octavia, *Cesar's* Sister, haste,
And mothers with your daughters chaste.

Attir'd in modest veil appear,
And sons returned safe draw near:
You Boys, and you new-married train
Of wives from evil words abstain.

From me this new-made Holy-day
Black sullen cares shall take away:
Nor fear I in great *Cesar's* reign
By force or tumult to be slain.

(Boy) crowns, and unguents now prepare,
And Vessel kept, since *Marston* war,
If any such conceal'd hath been
By wandring *Spartacus* not seen.

Let hither thrill *Neera* hie,
And hair perfum'd in tresses tie:
But if the Porter make delay
With churlish answer, haste away.

White hoary hairs temper the mind,
To brawls and quarrels earst inclin'd:
This in youths heat I could not brook;
When *Plancus* charge of Consul took.

O D E XV. *By T. F. Paraphrased.**Against* CHLORIS.

Or shame, for shame give o're
 Thou over-ridden Whore!
 Thou play the wanton? fie!
 Thou that e're long must die!
 Thou merry with the Maids? for shame!
 Thy ice will freeze their flame.
 Think'st thou to please a Man,
 Because thy daughter can?
 Few Youngsters will knock at
 An old, a rotten Gate.
 With thy young Daughter luck;
 Thou'dst better spin, then —.
 Drink Brandy thou, and hope
 No Garland, but a Rope.

O D E XVI. *By Sir R. F.**To* MÆCENAS.

*That all things fly open to Gold: Yet HORACE is
 contented with his own condition, in which he lives
 happy.*

O D Ane in a Brazen Tower immur'd,
 From night-adulterers, doors barr'd,
 And of fierce Dogs a constant ward
 Would have sufficiently secur'd,

If

If *Jove* and *Venus* had not fool'd,
The Gaoler of the cloyster'd Maid,
(Though of his own shadow afraid)
Turning his Godship into Gold.

Gold loves to break through armed Guards,
And Castles that are Thunder-proof,
The *Grecian Angur's* sacred roof
Was undermined by rewards.

Gifts were the *Macedons* Petar,
With which he blew up City-gates;
Subverted Rival Kings and States,
And laid aboard their Men of War.

With growing riches cares augment,
And thirst of greater. I did well
To shrink my head into my shell,
Mecenas Knighthoods ornament.

The more a man t' himself denies,
The more indulgent Heaven bestows.
Let them that will side with the I's:
I'me with the Party of the No's.

A greater Lord of a small store,
Then if the fruitful Crops of all
Apulia I mine own did call:
In midst of so much plenty poor.

My little wood, and my pure stream,
And corn that never fails; makes me
A man more truly blest, then he
That wears rich *Africks* Diadem.

Though neither *Crossick* Bees produce
Honey to me, nor clothing fine
Segovian flocks: nor *Massick* Wine
Mellow in barrels for my use:

Yet pinching *Poverty's* away,
 Nor, wist I more, wouldst thou deny't.
 Who, with contracted appetite
 May easier my tribute pay,
 Then if deputed *Egypt's* King.
 Large issues follow large supplies.
 He, to whom Heaven nothing denies,
 Ows an account of every thing.

O D E XVII. By T. F. Paraphrased.

TO *ÆLIUS LAMIA*.

BRave *Ælius*, sprung from an Heroick line,
 Whose Pedigree in long descents do shine,
 That add'st new glories to the *Lamian* Name,
 And rear'st fresh Trophies to their fame!
 Descended from Prince *Lamus*, whose command
 Reach from the *Formian* walls, o're Sea and Land;
 Well was he known our Ancestors among,
 Where gentle *Lyris* slides along.
 Great as thou art, time will not thee obey:
 To-morrow's like to be a blustering day,
 Some tempest too is threat'ned from the East,
 As by th' unlucky Crow I guess't:
 'Tis dry to day! Now lay thy fuel in,
 Ere the unwelcome Season do begin,
 Good victuals get, and frolick friends together,
 Armour of proof against ill weather.

O D E

ODE XVIII. By Sir T. H.

TO FAUNUS:

*Who being an infernal pestilent Wood-god, he prayeth
that passing thorow his Fields, he would be favourable to
him and his.*

F*Aunus*, who after Nymphs dost range,
Through my precincts and fruitful Graunge
Pass gently, and propitious be
To flocks, and me.

A tender Kid the year shall end,
Full Cups of Liquor (*Venus* friends)
We'l pay; Fumes shall on Altars flie
In odours high.

Beasts, when *Decembers* Nones appear
In grazey grounds make sportive cheer:
The jocund Clown in Meads doth feast;
The Oxe doth rest.

The Wolf *mongst fearless Lambs doth stray,
Woods strew thee leaves upon this day;
The Ditcher joys with measur'd mirth
To tread the Earth.

O D E XIX. By *T. F. Paraphrased:*

To TELEPHUS.

1.

THou por't on *Helvicus*, and studieſt in vain
How many years paſt betwixt King, & Kings reign;
To make on old woman even twitter for joy
At an Eighty eight ſtory, or the ſcuffle at *Troy*:
But where the good Wine, and beſt fire is
When the cruel North-wind does blow,
And the Trees do penance in Snow;
Where the Poets delight and deſire is,
Thou pitiful Book-worm ne're troubleſt thy brain:

2.

Come Drawer ſome Claret, wee'l drown this new Moon,
More Candles t' improve this dull night into noon:
Let the Healths, let the Houſe, & the Glaſſes turn round,
But no tears, except thoſe of the Tankard, abound.

Come! here's a good health to the Muſes,
Three brimmers to the three times three,
And one to each Grace let there be;
The tripple ſkull'd Dog bite him that reſuſes.

3.

Let's be mad as *March-hares*, call the minſtrels, & fingers
Strike up there!--kick that rogue--he ha's chilblains on's
(fingers,
Let that whorſon our neighbour, on his bags that lies
(thinking,
Bear a part in the ſtorm, but not the calm of our drink-
(ing.

I

Come!

Come! bring us a Wench, or two, prithee,
 Thou *Telephus* look'st pretty fair,
 And hast a good thick head of hair, (thee;
 Fetch him *Chloe*; she's buxom, and loves to trade with
 Call *Glyceria* to me, for I am one of her Swindgers.

ODE XX. By T. F. Paraphrased.

TO PYRRHUS.

DRy *Pyrrhus*, little dost thou know,
 What 'tis to make a Whelp forgo
 His Lioness,——faith 'twill not do!

It will be so.

Nearchus understands his game,
 If he resolves to quit his fame,
 What's that to you? To save his name
 You'l purchase shame:

If before Peace, you War prefer,
 Shoot at his Butt—you'l find from her
 A *Rowland* for your *Oliver*,

That I dare swear.

He is a gay, and sanguine Man,
 His Periwig the wind do's fan,
 And she will hug him, now and than,
 Do what you can,

O D E XXI. By T. F. Paraphrased.

To his Wine-Vessels.

Kind Brother *Bacchus*! as old, and brisk, as I,
 (For we had both the same Nativity,)

Whether to mirth, to brawls, or desperate Love,
 Or sleep, thy gentle power do's move:
 By what, or name, or title dignifi'd;
 Thou need'st not fear the nicest test to 'bide:
Quintus health since we may not refuse,
 Give down amain thy generous juice.
Quintus, tho' a Stoick, will not balk
 Thy charms, for he can drink, as well as talk.
 Old *Cato*, tho' he often were morose,
 Yet he would sometimes take a Dose.
 Wine! thou mak'st the thick skull'd-fellow soft;
 Safest the Statesman, vex with cares full oft;
 Unriddlest all intrigues with a free Bowl,
 Thou arrant pick-lock of the Soul!
 Thou dost our gasping, dying hopes revive,
 To Peasants, souls as big as Princes, give;
 Inspired by thee they scorn their slavish fears,
 And bid their Rulers shake their ears.
 All this, and more (great *Bacchus*) thou canst do,
 If kind *Venus* be assistant too,
 Then bring more Candles to expel the night;
 Till *Phœbus* puts the Stars to flight;

To thee, who petty Gods dost magnifie,
 With Mirtle branch, and sprig of Rosemary,
 It nothing appertains their Feasts to keep
 With frequent slaughters of the fattest Sheep.
 If thy hand, free from ill, the Altar touch,
 Thou shalt th' offended Gods appease as much
 With gift of sparkling Salt, and pious meal,
 As if thou vows with costly victim's seal.

O D E XXIV. By Sir R. F.

*He inveighs against covetous men, who continually joyn
 houses to houses, building in the very Sea it self: when
 in the mean time no buildings can free them from the ne-
 cessity of dying. He saith the Scythians are happy,
 who draw their Houses in Waggon, and till the fields in
 common. Moreover, denies that corruption of man-
 ners, and license of sinning to be amongst these, which is
 amongst the Romans: But for the rooting out of these
 evils, together with the depraved desire of increasing
 riches, affirms, there is need of a more rigid Disci-
 pline.*

THough richer than unpoll'd
Arabian wealth, and *Indian* Gold,
 Thou with thy works should'st drain
 The *Tyrrhene* and whole *Pontick* Main;
 Thou could'st not, when Death lays
 On thee his Adamantine mace,
 Thy mind from terror free,
 Nor body from mortality.
 Wiser the *Scythians*,
 Whose houses run on wheels like Wains;

And frozen *Getes*, whose Field
Unbounded doth free *Ceres* yield :
Nor is't the custom there,
To sow a land above a year ;
And when that Crop is born,
The rest relieve it each by turn.
There women mingle not
For Son-in-Law's a poyson'd pot ;
Nor *govern* : On their Dow'r
Presuming, or adult'ers pow'r.
Their Dow'r 's *to be well bred* :
And *Chastity*, flying the Bed
Of others, their own trust
Perswading, and the price of Lust.
Oh ! he that would assuage
Our blood-shed and intestine rage,
If he would written have
His Countreys Father on his grave ;
Let him not fear t^e oppose
Unbridled licence to the nose :
So shall he gain great praise
In after times ; since (wo the days !)
We envy living worth,
But miss it when 'tis laid in earth.
For what do our Laws stand,
If punishment weed not the Land ?
What serves vain Preaching for,
Which cannot cure our lives ? if not
Those Lands which flames embrace ;
Nor where the neighb'ring *Boreas*,
Shuts up the Ports with cold,
And Snows fast nail'd to the free hold,
The Mariner repel ?
If crafty Merchants learn to quell

The horridst Seas? the fears
 Of that crime Want making them bear,
 And do all things, and balk
 Severer vertues narrow walk.
 Would Heaven we'd carry all
 Our wealth into the Capitol!
 Or in the next Sea duck
 Our jewels and pernicious muck;
 Fewel of all that's nought!
 If we repent as we ought,
 Strike at the root of ills;
 And mould we our too pliant wills
 To rougher arts: the child
 Of noble lineage cannot wield
 A bounding Horse of War,
 Nay fears to hunt, more skill'd by far
 To stride off the *Greek* bowl,
 Or the forbidden Dice to trowl,
 The whilst his perjur'd Father
 Deceives his partners trust, to gather
 For one that hath no wit.
 So ill-got wealth grows fast, and yet
 Something still short doth come,
 To make it up an even sum.

O D E XXV. By *A. B. Paraphrased.*

To BACCHUS.

BACCHUS! Whither hurriest thou me;
 Now I am fully fraught with thee,
 And thus inspired with thy moist Deity?

Since I thy liquor drank, I find
A newer and a nobler mind,
A quick and lofty fanſie that's inclin'd
To things above the power of Mankind.

She viſits all the Caves and Groves,
And through the World ſhe boldly roves,
Be the place ne're ſo far
Shee'l thither fly,
Nothing's too low for her,
Nothing too high.

Into all Dens, though ne're ſo dark and deep,
She dares to peep -
Swifter and ſtronger than the wind,
Unbounded as the air,
Kicks the dull earth and all things there;
And only is by Heaven it ſelf confin'd.

In this Rapture I will ſing
Th' immortal praiſe of our victorious King,
And plant him 'mong the Stars above;
For he, and only he,
Is qualified to be
Both General, and Chancellor to Jove.

Some incomparable thing,
Which no other Poet knew,
Thus rais'd, I have a mind to bring
To my *Cæſar* as his due,
Who e're preſumes of him to ſing,
Muſt have notions high and new;
Though ne're ſo great, they will be true.

Something above the common rode,
 Since he that's the subject of this Ode,
 Is my Sovereign, and so far
 Beyond what other Princes are,
 That in a vulgar style to name him,
 Instead of praising, would defame him.

In such extasie and trance,
 As I am now the Sacred Priests of yore,
 Up to thy Temples did advance,
 And there did sing, and there did dance,
 Before the barbarous and rude
Thracian gazing multitude;
 Whom thus they taught,
 Both why, and how, they ought
 Thy Deity to adore.

Oh! how delightfom 'tis to tread,
 Where never any Author did,
 To find out matter, great, and new,
 Unknown to th' imitating Crew,
 Who keeps a Round, like married men,
 Repeating still the same agen.

Thy water Nymphs I now defie,
 And Priests with their Artillery,
 Come thou and help me, that I may
 Nothing that's mean, nothing that's mortal, say;
 For those that are by thee inspired,
 Will nothing say, or do, but what must be admir'd.

All hazards pleasant are to me,
 Whilst I do follow thee.

Who could not such a God adore?
 Who when men do thy aid implore,
 As I do now,
 First thou inspir'st our brains with wit,
 And then for it,
 Thou with a Garland crown'st thy Poets brow.

O D E III, By T. F. Paraphrased.

TO VENUS.

TIs true, I was a sturdy Souldier once,
 And bravely under *Cupid's* banners fought:
 Disbanded now, his service I renounce,
 My warlike weapons serve for nought.

Here! take my Helmet, Sword, and Shield,
 My Bow, my Quiver, my Artillery;
Chloe has beaten me quite out of th' field,
 And leads me in captivity.

Great *Venus*! thou that know'st what I have been,
 How able, and how true a friend to Smocks!
 Revenge my quarrel on th' imperious *Quean*,
 And pay her with a Pox!

O D E XXVII. By Sir R. F.

*To Galatea going to Sea.**He deters her principally by the example of Europa.*

L^Et ill presages guide the Ill,
 A screeching Owl, or from a hill
 A She-wolf mad upon the Flocks,
 Or pregnant Fox.

And a Snake shaft-like shot athwart
 Their Horses way to make them start,
 Their journey stop. What place is here
 For provident fear ?

Before the tempest bodeing foul,
 Descend into the standing Pool,
 My Prayer shall from the *Orient* steer
 The King-Fisher.

Be blest, wherever thou wouldst be,
 And *Galatea* think of me ;
 No ominous Pye thy steps revokes,
 No Raven croaks.

Yet pale *Orion* sad descends ;
 I know too well what it portends,
 When black I see the *Adriatick*,
 Or white the *Fapick*.

Let

Let our foes wives, and all they love,
The rising Kids blind anger prove,
And the vext Ocean when it roars,
Lashing the shores.

Europa so, trusting her soft
Side to the ticing Bull, shriekt oft,
The Rocks and Monsters to behold,
Though she was bold.

She that late pickt sweet flowers in Meads,
And wove meet Garlands for Nymphs heads,
In a clear night could nothing spy
But Sea and Sky.

In populous *Crete* arriv'd soon after,
O Sire (quoth she) left by thy Daughter,
And duty in my feeble breast
By love oppress'd.

Whence, whither rapt? One death's too small
To expiate a Virgins fall.
Do I (awake) true crimes lament,
Or (innocent)

Doth some false Dream put me in pain?
Was't better through the horrid Main
To rove far off: or with my Father
Fresh Flowers to gather?

Had I that naughty Bull now here,
How with my nails I could him tear,
And break the horns about that pate
So lov'd of late !

Shameless

Shameless I left my Sires abodes :
 Shameless I pause on death ; ye Gods,
 (If any hear) show me the way
 Where Lions stray.

Ere my fair skin grow tann'd and loose,
 And of the tender prey the juice
 Run out ; whilst I am plump I wou'd
 Be Tigers food.

Die base *Europa* (whispers me
 My Sire) behold yon beckning tree !
 The Zone from thy chaste waste unknit,
 To thy neck fit.

Or if sharp Rocks delight for speed,
 This hanging cliff will do the deed !
 Unless (being come of Royal kin)
 Th'adst rather spin,

And be a barb'rous Mistress thrall,
 Her husbands trull. *Venus* heard all,
 And *Cupid* falsely laughing now
 With unbent bow ;

At length she said, This rage forbear ;
 That naughty Bull thou shalt have here :
 Prepare thy self 'gainst he returns
 To break his horns.

Jove is thy Bull. These Fountains dry ;
 Learn to use greatness moderately :
 Thy Thirds oth' World shall called be
Europa from thee.

O D E XXVIII. By Sir T. H.

T O LYDE.

He perswadeth Lyde to spend the Day dedicated to Neptune, pleasantly.

ON *Neptunes* feasts what else do we?
 Straight (*Lyde*) broach, and bring to me
Cacubian Wines laid up in store,
 And let strong wisdom sway no more.
 Thou seest 'tis Mid-time of the day,
 And yet, as if swift hours did stay,
 A Butt thou spar'st, was Cellar-stall'd,
 When *Bibulus* was Consul call'd.
 With mutual songs wee'l *Neptune* please,
 And the green-hair'd *Nereides*.
 On crooked Lyre sing thou with art,
Latona, and swift *Cynthia's* dart:
 Whilst our last strain her praise unfolds,
 Who *Cnidos*, and bright *Cyclads* holds:
 And *Paphos* with pair'd Swans doth view;
 The night shall likewise have his due.

O D E.

O D E XXIX. By Sir R. F.

T O MÆCENAS.

He invites him to a merry Supper, laying aside publick cares.

OFF-spring of *Tyrrhene* Kings; I have,
Waiting thy leisure in my Cave,
Of mellow Wine am unbrought But,
With Spikenard and Rose-buds, to put
Upon thy hair. Break off delay:
Do not moist *Tybur* still survey,
And *Æsulaes* declining hill,
And his that did his Father kill.

Leave fulsome plenty, and thy proud
Palace whose head is in a cloud:
Respite the love of smoke, and noise,
And all that wealthy *Rome* enjoys.

Rich men are mostly pleas'd with change,
And cleanly meals in a poor grange,
Without their Tapestries, unplough
The furrows of a careful Brow.

Andromed now peeps with his star,
Now *Procyon* shews the *Dog* not far,
He barks, and *Phœbus* kindling Rays
Haste to bring back the sultry days.

The Shepherd now with his faint Flock
Looks, panting, for a gushing Rock,
The horrors of a gloomy wood;
And no air stirs to crisp the flood.

Thou mind'st affairs of State, and (fraught
With fears for *Rome*) busiest thy thought

What

What *Scythians*, what the *Baltrians* think,
And those that distant *Tanaïs* drink.

Wise God hath wrapt in a thick cloud
What is to come: and laughs aloud
When Mortals fear more than their share.
Things present manage with due care:

The rest are carried like a stream,
Which now runs calm as any dream
Into the *Tyrrhene* Sea; anon
(Beyond all limits overflown)

Sweeps with it houses, herds, and flocks,
And trees intire, and broken rocks,
Making the woods and mountains roar.
That man has happiness in store

For a hard Winter, that can say
Unto his Soul, *I liv'd to day.*

To morrow let it shine, or rain,
Yet cannot this the past make vain,

Nor uncreate and render void
That which was yesterday enjoy'd.
Fortune that knows the Mistress part,
To use her Servants with proud art,

Her fickle favours now bestows
On me, now on another throws.
If she stay, best: if she will pack,
I give her all her presents back,
(Like Wooers when a match is broke)

And wrapping me in my old cloak,
My vertue, marry the next hour
Chaste *Poverty* without a Dower.

When North-winds bellow, 'tis not I
Run scar'd to wretched Prayers, and cry
Let not my Spice, my Silks increase
The riches of the greedy Seas.

When men may be in Oars convoid
Through *Pontick* storms, then I will trade.

O D E XXX. By Sir R. F.

*By writing Lyricks, he saith, He hath provided better
for the Immortality of his Name, than if he had procur-
ed Brazen Statues, and Pyramids to be erected to him.
And intimates that his chief praise would be, That he
was the first of the Latins, who in this kind of Verse
imitated the Greeks.*

A Work out-lasting Brals, and higher
Than Regal Pyramids proud Spire,
I have absolv'd. Which storming winds,
The Sea that Turrets undermines,
Tract of innumerable days,
Nor the rout of times can raze.
Totally I shall not die,
And much of me the Grave shall flie.
Posterity my name shall boast,
When *Rome* her self in *Rome* is lost.
Where like a King loud *Ausid* reigns,
Where *Dannus* (poor in stream :) complains
To neighb'ring Clowns: I shall be fed
The man, that from an humble head
T' a Torrent swoln did first inspire
A *Roman* Soul in *Grecian* Lyre.
I labour with deserved praise;
Crown, crown me (willing *Muse*) with Bays.

The End of the Third Book.



ODES.

BOOK IV.

ODE I. By T. F. Paraphrased.

To VENUS.

NO more of war : — Dread *Cythæra*, cease;
 Thy feeble Souldier sues for Peace.
 Alas I am not now that man of might,
 As when fair *Cinara* bad me fight.
 Leave *Venus*, leave ! consider my gray hairs
 Snow'd on by fifty tedious years.
 My Forts are slighted, and my Bulwarks down :
 Go, and beleaguer some strong Town.
 Make thy attempts on *Maximus* ; there's game
 To entertain thy Sword, and flame.
 There Peace and Plenty dwell : He's of the Court,
 Ign'rant what 'tis to storm a Fort :
 There sound a charge ; He's generous and young,
 He's unconcern'd, lusty and strong :

He

He of thy filken Banners will be proud,
And of thy Conquests talk aloud.
His bags are full : the Lad thou mayst prefer
To be thy Treasurer in War.
He may erect Gold-statues to thy name,
And be the Trumpet of thy fame :
Thy Deity the zealous youth will then invoke,
And make thy beauteous Altars smoke.
With voice, and Instruments thy praise shall sound ;
Division he, and Love the Ground.
There, twice a day the gamesom companie
Of Lads and Lasses in debuoir to thee,
Like *Mars's* Priests their numbers shall advance,
And sweetly sing, and nimbly dance.
But as for me ! — I'm quite despirited,
I court nor Maid, nor Boy to bed !
I cannot drink, nor bind a Garland on,
Alas ! my dancing days are done !
But hold — Why do these tears steal from my Eye ?
My lovely *Ligurinus*, why ?
Why does my fault'ring tongue disguise my voice,
With rude, and inarticulate noise ?
O *Ligurin* ! 'tis thou that break'st my rest,
Methinks I grasp thee in my brest :
Then, I pursue thee in my passionate dreams
O're pleasant fields, and purling streams.

O D E II. By Sir R. F.

To Antonius Julius, the son of Mark Anthony, the
Triumvir.

That it is dangerous to imitate the ancient Poets:

Who thinks to equal *Pindar*, tries
With waxen wings to reach the Skies,
Like him that (falling) a name gave
T'his warry grave.
As a proud stream that swollen with rain,
Comes pouring down the hills amain,
So *Pindar* flows, and fears no drouth,
Such his deep mouth:
Worthy the Bays, whether he pour
From unexhausted Springs a shower
Of lawless *Dytherambs*, and thunders
In bolder numbers:
Of songs of Gods, and Heroes (seed
Of Gods) whose just Swords did outweed
The *Centanres*, and *Chimera* stout
Her flames put out:
Or mourns some youth, from his sad Spouse
Unkindly torn, whose strength and prowes
And golden maid he lifts to th' skie,
And lets not die.
This *Theban* Swan, when he will sing
Among the clouds, raises his wing
On a stiff gale. I like the Bee
Of *Calabrie*,
Which (toiling) sucks beloved Flowers
About the *Thymie* Groves, and Skowrs

Of Fount-well *Tyber*, frame a terse
But humble verse.

Thou *Anthony* in higher strains
Chaunt *Cesar*, when he leads in chains
Fierce *Germans*, his victorious brows
Crown'd with Bay-boughs.

Then whom a greater thing, or good,
Heaven hath not lent the earth, nor shou'd
Though it refin'd the age to th' old
Saturnian gold.

Thou shalt sing to the *publick* plays
For his return, and Holy-days
For our Prayers heard, and wrangling pleas
Bound to the peace.

Then I (if I may then be heard)
Happy in my restored *Lord*,
Will joyn i'th' close, and ô (I'le say)
O Sun-shine day !

And (thou proceeding) we'll all sing,
To Triumph ! And again
To Triumph ! At each turning
Incense burning.

A Hecatomb's requir'd of thee,
And weaned Calf excuses me,
In high grafs far and *frisking* now,
To pay my vow.

Resembled in whose shining horns,
The increasing Moon his brow adorns;
Save a white feather in his head
All sorrel red.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode, by A. C.

1.

P*indar* is imitable by none;
 The Phoenix, *Pindar*, is a vast species alone:
 Who e're but *Dedalus* with Waxen wings could flie,
 And neither sink, too low, nor soar too high?
 What could he who follow'd claim,
 But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
 And by his fall a Sea to name?
Pindars unnavigable song, (long)
 Like a swoln Flood from some steep mountains pours a-
 The Ocean meets with such a voice
 From his enlarg'd mouth, as drowns the Ocean noise.

2.

So *Pindar* does new words and figures roul
 Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique* tide,
 Which in no Channel daignt t' abide,
 Which neither banks nor dikes controul,
 Whether th' immortal Gods he sings
 In a no less immortal strain,
 Or the great acts of God-descended Kings,
 Who in his numbers still survive and reign:
 Each rich Embroidred line,
 By his sacred hand is bound;
 Which their triumphant brows around,
 Does all their Starry Diadems out-shine,

3.

Whether at *Pisa's* race he please
 To carve in *Pelists* verse, the Conquerours Images,

Whether

Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
 Be crown'd in his nimble artful vig'rous song,
 Whether some brave young mans untimely Fate,
 In words worth dying for, he celebrate ;
 Such mournful, and such pleasing words,
 As joy to his Mothers, and his Mistress grief affords.
 He bids him live, and grow in fame,
 Among the Stars he sticks his name ;
 The Grave can but the dross of him devour,
 So small is Deaths, so great the Poets power.

4.

Lo, how the obsequious wind and swelling air,
 The *Theban* Swan does upwards bear
 Into the welks of Clouds ; where he does play,
 And with extended wings opens his liquid way :
 Whilst, alas, my timorous Muse,
 Unambitious tracts pursues,
 Does with weak unballast wings,
 About the massie brooks and springs,
 About the trees new blossom'd heads,
 About the Gardens painted beds,
 About the Fields and flowry Meads,
 And all inferiour beauteous things,
 Like the laborious Bee,
 For little drops of honey flee ;
 And there with humble sweets, contents her industry.

O D E III. By Sir R. F.

T O MELPOMENE.

*That he is born to Poetry, and by the benefit thereof, hath
obtained immortality and glory.*

W Hom thou *Melpomene*
 Hast smil'd on in his infancy,
 Him neither *Isthmian* game
 Shall ever for a wrestler fame;
 Nor stout *Olympicks* steeds
 Victorious draw; nor Martial deeds
 Shew to the Capitol
 A Laurel-crowned General
 For taming Kings: but floods
 Which wash rich *Tyber*, and green woods
 Their bushy locks grown long,
 Make big with an *Aolian* song.
 Queen *Rome* hath noted me
 Of her own sacred Quire to be,
 Where sweet-tongu'd Poets sing;
 And now I fear not envies sting.
 O *Muse*! whose sugar'd words
 Are married to the golden Chords;
 Who, if thou touch their tongues,
 Giv'st to mute Fishes Swan-like songs;
 'Tis (all) thy Boon, that I
 Am pointed at as I pass by
Romes Lyric: thine it is,
 I live, and please, if I do this.

ODE IV. By Sir R. F.

He celebrates the *Victories* of Drusus Nero (who was
 Son-in-law to Augustus Cæsar) over the Rhætians
 and Vindelicians. Also commemorates certain valiant
 deeds of Claudius Nero.

AS th' *Armour-bearer* of great *Jove*
 (Made King of all that soars above,
 For stealing him from *Troy*
 The * yellow tress'd Boy)

* *Ganymed.*

Youth whilom and his Native courage
 Drew from his nest ere he could forage :
 And now soft Winds, being fair,
 Teach him to form i'th' air

Unwonted steps : Anon more bold
 With hostile force assaults a fold ;
 Resisting Snakes anon
 For fight and prey sets on :

Or such as *Kids* a Lion view
 From tawny mother weaned new,
 Ready in pastures sweet
 To hance his first teeth :

Such *Rhætians* did behold and flie
Drusus beneath the *Alps*, who why
 They carry at their backs
 An *Amazonian Ax*,

I list not to determine here :
 Perhaps nor can. But this is clear,
 Their long Victorious bands
 Subdu'd by a Boy's hands,

Felt what a mind right got, and true
 Bred under lucky roofs could do,

What

What *Cæsar's* fatherly
Care of the *Claudii*.

A valiant man gets men of spirit ;
Ev'n beasts their fathers minds inherit ;
Nor doth the bird of *Jove*
Get a degenerate Dove.

But *learning* inward strength thrusts forth,
And *Princely breeding* confirms worth :
Still where good Precepts want,
Good Plants turn recreant.

What unto *Nero's*, *Rome* thou ow'st,
Speak *Alps*, and *Asdrubals* red Ghost,
And that bright day to thee
The black Clouds made to flee :

The first, since the dire *African*
Through the *Italian* Cities ran
Like fire through *Piny* woods,
Or storms on *Tuscan* Floods.

Thenceforth thy youth with prosperous pains
Still grew ; and thy religious fanes,
Sackt by the *Punick* Sword,
Had their chas'd Gods restor'd ;

And perjur'd *Hannibal* 'gan say
At length ; Poor Sheep (of Wolves the prey)
We worry, whom to flie
Were a great Victory.

The Nation that through flames of *Troy*,
And *Tyrrhene* billows did convoy
Their Gods, and Babes, and hoar
Sires, to th' *Ansonian* shore,

Like a dark Oak on the rich top
Of *Agidum*, which Hatchets lop,
Grows by its loss, and takes
Strength from the very axe.

Not mangled *Hydra* more increast
Under *Alcides*, nor that beast
Jasen, or he subdu'd
Of *Thebes*, more lives renew'd.

Plunge them i'th' Sea; they swim fresh out:
Foil them, with double force they'l rout
The Conquerour: and fight
As in a Mistress fight.

Now shall I send no more proud Posts
To joyful *Carthage*. Lost, O! lost's,
Now *Asdrubal* is slain,
The glory of our name.
What is't but *Nero's* can effect?
Whom Heavens with prosperous Stars protect,
And their own prudent care
Clews through the Maze of War.

O D E V. By Sir R. F.

To AUGUSTUS.

*That he would at length return to the City. Describes
the peace and happiness which Italy enjoyed under his
Government.*

H Eavens choicest gift, *Rome's* greatest stay,
Now thou art too too long away:
The holy *Senate* urge thy word
For soon return, return. Afford,
Like day, thy presence; like the Spring
Give a new life to every thing:

The

The first, good Prince, our night will chase,
The second will prolong our days.

As a fond mother for her son,
Whom, having over Seas been gone
Above a year, the envious wind

Keeps back from her embraces kind;
And now she eyes the Vane, and prays,
And from the crooked shore doth gaze:
So, with a loyal passion strook,

The People for their *Caesar* look.
For now the Oxen walk in peace:
Corn, and white innocence increase:
The cleared Main the Sea-men sail:

Faith promises, and dares not fail.
The married Bed unsoil'd remains,
Custom and Law preventing stains:
Babes, like the father, praise the Mother:

Punishment is *Sins* Twin-brothers,
Who fears cold *Scythians*? who the *Medes*?
Fierce sons of *Germany*, who dreads?
Whilst *Caesar* doth in safety reign,

Who is afraid of Wars with *Spain*?
Each man his proper Field doth till,
And hides the Sun behind his Hill:
Returning then to sup with Glee,

His second course is praising thee.
For thee he prays, to thee propines,
Thee with his household gods he joyns,
As, for like reason, thankful *Greece*

Did *Castor* and great *Hercules*.
Long last these golden Holy-days!
Thus *Italy* for thy life prays:

Sprinkled at night, not chang'd at morn,
When to dry labour they return.

O D E VI.

To Apollo and Diana.

Argument.

*He doth in Secularian verse
Phœbus, and Diana's praise reverse.*

Dive quem.

GOD, whose revenge for boasts, the crew
From *Niobe* sprung, and *Tityus* knew,
And great *Achilles*, who did *Troy*

Almost destroy:

The greatest Souldier's not *like thee*,
Though Sea-bred *Thetis* son he be,
Who did with dreadful Javelin make

Troy's Turrets shake.

No Pine with keen-edg'd axe hewn down,
Nor Cypress with East-blasts o're-thrown,
So amply fell, his Carcass found

On *Trojan* ground.

He ne'r (as *sculkt* in Horse compil'd
For *Pallas* sacrifice) beguil'd

Ill-idling *Troy*, and *Priams* Court,

With dancing sport,

But *publickly* in flames had flung
(O dire!) each *Grecian* infant young,
Yea formless Embryos not yet come

From Mothers womb;

Had not thy own, and *Venus* Prayer
Prevail'd with father *Jove*, to rear
Walls for *Aeneas* toyls, of state,

And better fate.

O *Phœbus* shrill *Thalías* theam,
 Who lav'dst thy locks in *Xanthus* stream,
 Protect the honour'd *Dænnian* Muse,
Smooth *Agyeus*.

'Twas *Phœbus* gave thee wit, and art,
 And name of Poet did impart,
 Ye noblest Maids, and Youths of high-
Born ancestry;
 Ye guarded in *Diana's* bounds,
 Whose Bow swift Stags, and *Lynxes* wounds,
 My *Lesbian* measures Patron stand,
And guide my hand:
 Chaunting (as of old) *Diana's* Sun,
 And the still light-augmenting Moon,
 Fructiferous, making Months to hie
On speedily.
 Now wed, thou'lt say: I, who each Verse
 Of *Horace* knew, did Lays rehearse
 To th' Gods, when ev'ry age in use
Did feasts reduce.

O D E VII. By Sir R. F.

To L. Manlius Torquatus.

Proposing the arrival of the Spring, and the equal necessity to all men of dying, without hopes of living again, and proposing likewise the change and vicissitude of all things, he invites to lead a merry and pleasant life.

THE *snows* are thaw'd, now grass new cloaths the
 And trees new hair thrust forth. (earth,
The

The season's chang'd, and *brooks* late swoln with rain,
Their proper *banks* contain.

Nymphs with the Graces *links* dare dance around
Naked upon the ground.

That thou must die, the *year* and *hours* say
Which draw the winged day.

First Spring, then Summer, that away doth chase,
And must it self give place

To *Apple-bearing Autumn*, and that past,
Dull *Winter* comes at last.

But the decays of time, *Time* doth repair:

When we once plunged are
Where good *Aeneas*, with rich *Ancus* wades,
Ashes we are, and shades.

Who *knows* if *Jove* unto thy life's past score
Will add one morning more?

When thou art dead, and *Rhadamanthus* just
Sentence hath spoke thee dust,

Thy blood, nor eloquence can ransom thee,
No nor thy piety.

For chaste *Hippolitus* in *Stygian* night

Diana cannot light:

Nor *Theseus* break with all his vertuous pains,
His dear *Perithous* chains.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode.

THe snow is gone, the grass returns
To Fields, the *Peruques* to the trees,
Earth plays with her varieties.

Each River in Consumption mourns,
And humbly glides beneath her bourns,
Contain'd within her banks degrees.

The

The naked Graces lead the dance,
With whom the Nymphs in measures move,
The sliding years our hopes reprove;
Which to Eternity advance,
And the swift hours their speed inhance,
The day by snatches to remove.
Soft Western gales allay the cold,
On the *Springs* heels the *Summer* treads,
It self then to destruction leads.
Where *Autumn* does her fruits unfold,
Straight comes the *Winter* stiff and cold,
And life with lazie humour dead.
Yet Moons may wane, and soon increase,
But when once we thither go,
Where wealthy men and worthy too,
Must all lay down their heads at last,
When their needles toils are past,
To dust and ghost we vanish all;
Who knows that those great powers on high,
The present sum of these our days,
Will by to morrows reckoning raise?
Our heirs as well as we must die,
And from our clutcht hands all will flie,
Which our kind will to them conveys.
That once among the dead thou be,
And the just Judge do sentence give,
In glorious state on all that live:
Thee no extraction thence shall free,
No Eloquence, no Piety,
Thy life recover, or reprieve.
No Father can, though much he mourn,
From the dark vale of shade beneath;
Restore his guiltless Babe to breath;

Nor friend can make his friend return,
When once imprison'd in his Urn,
From cold forgetfulness and death.

O D E VIII. By Sir R. F.

To Martius Censorinus.

That there is nothing which can make men more immortal, than the verses of Poets.

MY friends, I would accommodate
With goblets, *Grecian* tripods, Plate
Of *Corinth*-Brass: and, *Censorine*,
The worst of these should not be thine:
That is to say, if I were rich
In those same antick pieces, which
Parrhasius and *Scopas* fame;
He skill'd to paint, in stone to frame
This, now a God, a Mortal now.
But I have not the means; nor thou
A mind, or purse, that wants such knacks.
Verse thou dost love. Thou shalt not lack
For Verse. And hear me what 'tis worth.
Not inscrib'd Marbles planted forth
To publick view, which give new breath
To great and good men after death:
Not the swift flight of *Hannibal*,
And his threats turn'd to his own wall:
Nor perjur'd *Carthage* wrapt in flame,
By which young *Scipio* brought a name
From conquer'd *Africk*: speaks his praise
So loud as the *Picrian* Lays:

No

L

Nor,

Nor, were Books silenc'd, could'st thou gain
 The Guerdon of thy vertuous pain.
 What had become of *Itha's* child
 She bare to *Mars*, had darkness veil'd
 The merits of our *Romulus* ?
 From *Stygian* waters *Aeacna*,
 Vertue and fav'ring verse assoils,
 And consecrates to the blest Isles :
 A man that hath deserv'd t' have praise,
 The *Muse* embalms ; She keeps Heavens Keys.
 Thus *Hercules* (his labours past)
 With *Jupiter* takes wisht repast :
 The sons of *Leda* Stars are made,
 And give the sinking Sea-man aid ;
 God *Bacchus*, crowned with Vine-leaves,
 His drooping Votaries relieves.

O D E IX. By Sir R. F.

To LOLLIO.

*That his writings shall never perish : Vertue without the
 help of Verses is buried in oblivion. That he will sing
 Lollio's praises, whose vertue he now also celebrates.*

Lest thou should'st think the words which I
 (By sounding *Ausid* born) compile
 To marry with the Lute b' a skill
 Never before reveal'd, shall die :

Though *Homer* lead the Van, the *Muse*
 Of *Pindar*, nor *Alcaeus* heights,
 Grave *Stesichore*, nor *Cean* sighs,
 Are silence't, or worn out of use.

Nor

Nor what of old *Anacreon* plaid,
Hath time defac't: *Love* lights his fire,
And with his *Quiver* wears the *Lyre*
Of the yet fresh *Aolian* Maid.

Helen was not the only she
A curled gallant did inflame,
The splendour of his Royal train,
And Gold and Pearls embroyderie.

Nor *Tencer* first that drew a strong
Cydonian bow. *Trojans* had fought
Before: nor that age only wrought
Deeds worthy of the *Muses* song.

Nor valiant *Hector*, and the brave
Driphob, were the only men
Receiv'd deep wounds upon them then,
Their children and chaste wives to save:

Men slasht e're *Diomed* was made:
But all are in oblivion drown'd,
And put unmourn'd into the ground,
For lack of Sacred *Poets* aid.

Virtue that's buried, and dead Sloth,
Differ not much. Un-understood
Thou shalt not die; nor so much good
As thou hast acted feed the Moth.

Lollio thou art a man hast skill
To fathom things: that being tride
In either Fortune, could'st abide
In both upright, and *Lollio* still.

Of coverous fraud a scourge severe:
On whom the all-attracting Gold
Could with its *Tenters* ne'r take hold:
Nor Consul of one year. When ere
Avertuous Magistrate, and true,

Shall call good, gain, bid Bribes avaunt;
Upon Opposers bellies plant

His conqu'ring Flags; *Lokio*, that's you.

He is not happy that hath much:

But whoſo can his mind diſpoſe

To uſe aright what Heaven beſtows,

He juſtly is accounted ſuch;

If he know how hard want to bear:

And fear a crime, more than his end;

If for his Countrey, or his Friend

To ſtake his life he doth not fear.

O D E X. By *T. F.* Paraphraſed.

To *Ligurinus*, a beauteous Youth.

TIs true, thou yet art fair (my *Ligurine*)
No down as yet environs cheek, or chin:
But when thoſe hairs which now do flow, ſhall fall,
And when thy Roſie cheeks turn wan and pale:
When in thy Glaſs another *Ligurine* thou
Shalt ſpy, and ſcarce thy bearded ſelf ſhalt know;
Then thou (deſpis'd) ſhalt ſing this piteous Song;
Why am I old? or why was ever young?

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, by R. N.

Fond Lad, who in thy youthful Bloom
Ne'er think'ſt upon old Age to come,
When thy fair Locks ſhall be all gray,
Or (what is worſe) quite ſaln away.

Thy Face, now dyed with white and red,
 Be with a grisly Beard o're-spread.
 When this thou seest, thou'lt cry, alas,
 How much I'm chang'd from what I was?
 And wish thou had'st been old, when young, in vain;
 Or being now old, could'st but be young again.

O D E XI. By T. F. *Paraphrased.*

To PHILLIS.

Come *Phillis*, gentle *Phillis*! prithee come,
 I have a Glas of rich old Wine at home,
 And in my Garden curious Flowers do grow,
 That languish to adorn thy brow.
 The Ivy, and the yellow Crowfoot there
 With verdant Chaplets wait to braid thy hair;
 With silver Goblets all my house do's shine,
 And Vervain round my Altar twine,
 On which the best of all my flock shall bleed;
 Come, and observe with what officious speed
 Each Lad, and Lass of all my house attends
 Till to my roof the smoke ascends.
 If thou would'st know why thou must be my guest,
 I tell thee 'tis to celebrate a Feast,
 The Ides of *April*, which have ever been
 Devoted to the *Cyprian Queen*:
 A day more sacred, and more fit for mirth
 Than that which gave me (worthless mortal) birth:
 For on that day *Mecenas* first saw light,
 Born for our wonder, and delight.

My *Phyllis*, since thy years come on apace,
 Substitute me in *Telephus* his place,
 He's now imploy'd by one more rich, more fair,
 And proudly does her shackles wear.
 Remember what became of *Phaeton*;
 Remember what befel *Bellerophon*;
 That by Ambition from his Fathers Throne,
 And this, by *Pegasus* thrown down.
 Content thy self with what is fit for thee.
 Happy that couple that in years agree !
 Shun others, and accept my paritie,
 And I will end my Loves with thee.
 Thou art the last whom I intend to court,
 Come then ; and (to prepare thee for the sport)
 Learn prick-song, and my merry Odes rehearse,
 Many a Care is charm'd by Verse.

O D E XII. By Sir T. H.

To VIRGIL

*He describeth the approach of the Spring, and inviteth
 Virgil to a Banquet under condition.*

South winds, the *Spring* attending still,
 Now Seas becalm, and sails do fill;
 Now Frosts make not the Meadows hoar,
 Nor Winter Snow, swollen Rivers roar.
 The luckless Bird her nest doth frame,
 Bewailing *Iys*, and the shame
 Of *Cecrops* house, and that so ill,
 On Kings rude lust, she wrought her will.

The Shepherds of rich Flocks reherse,
 And to their Pipes chaunt rural Verse :
 Seeking his Godhead to appease,
 Whom Flocks and Hills *Arcadian* please.
 These times do thirsty seasons send,
 But if thou (*Virgil* *Cæsar's* friend ;)
Calenian Wines desir'st to try,
 To me with fragrant Unguents hie,
 And purchase with a little Box,
 Wine, which *Sulpitius* safely locks,
 New hopes most pow'rful to create,
 And bitter cares to dissipate :
 To which content if thou agree,
 Stay not, but quickly come to me :
 I'll not (free cost) my cups carouse,
 As rich men in a plenteous house.
 Then leave delays, and gain's desire,
 And mindful of black Funeral fire,
 "Short folly mix with Counsels best,
 "'Tis sweet, sometime to be in jest.

O D E XIII. By Sir T. H.

Against LYCE.

Who being old, is become a scorn to young men.

THE Gods have (*Lyce*) heard my vow,
 I My vow is heard. Th' art old, yet thou
 Fain wouldst (forsooth) be counted fair,
 And quasse, and wanton with the air :
 And (drunk) with trembling voice invite
 Slow *Cupid*, who takes more delight,

On *Chia*'s roſie cheeks to ſtay,
 Youthful, and ſkill'd in Muſicks lay.
 He reſtleſſ with ſwift motion flies
 From wither'd *Okeſ*, and from thee hies,
 Whom rotten teeth, and wrinkled face,
 And head of ſnowie hair diſgrace.
 Nor can bright *Coan* Purples uſe,
 Or brighteſt gems the time reduce,
 Which once ſwift winged age hath clos'd,
 In publick Calenders diſpos'd.
 Where is thy beauty fled? Ay me!
 Thy colour freſh, and motion free?
 What haſt thou left of that, entire,
 Which earſt enkindled am'rous fire?
 And me did from my ſelf divert;
 Next *Cynaras*, thou happy wert,
 For pleaſing beauty and ſweet grace,
 Discover'd in a lovely face.
 But Fates to *Cynaras* did ow
 Short life, and *Lyce* like the Crow,
 They here ſurviving longer hold,
 That youth inflamed may behold,
 Not without laughter, and much ſcorn,
 A burning Torch to aſhes worn.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, By W. C.

MY Prayers are heard, O *Lyce*, now;
 They're heard: Years write thee ag'd, yet thou
 Youthful, and green in will,
 Putt'ſt in for handſom ſtill;
 And ſhameleſſ doſt intrude among
 The feaſts and ſportings of the young.

There

There sham'd with Wine thy ragged throat
 To *Cupid* shakes some feeble note,
 To move unwilling fires,
 And cross our long'd desires,
 When he still awakes in *Chia* face,
Chia that's fresh and sings with grace:
 For he (choice God) doth in his flight
 Skip sapless *Okes*, and will not light
 Upon thy cheeks or brow,
 Because deep wrinkles now,
 Gray hairs, and teeth decay'd, and worn,
 Present thee foul, and fit for scorn.
 Whicher is now that softness flown?
 Whicher that blush, that motion gon?
 Alas! what now in thee
 Is left of all that she?
 That she that loves did breath and deal,
 That *Horace* from himself did steal.
 Thou wert awhile the cried-up face
 Of taking arts and catching grace,
 My *Cynara* being dead;
 But my fair *Cynara*'s thread
 Fates broke, intending thine to draw,
 Till thou confelst with th' aged Daw,
 That those young Lovers, once thy prey,
 Thy zealous eager Servants may
 Make thee their common sport,
 And to thy house resort,
 To see a Torch that proudly burn'd,
 Now into colder ashes turn'd.

O D E X I V. By Sir T. H.

T O A U G U S T U S,

*Honours cannot be given to Augustus by the Senate and
People of Rome, which may be equivalent to his ver-
tues:*

W HAT care of Senators, or *Roman* State
May with full Honours need perpetuate
Thee (*Cesar*) grav'd on Statues, or comprize
Thy virtues in *Rome's* annual memories?
(O thou of Princes mightiest) where his rays,
The Sun o're habitable Climes displays;
Who *Vandals*, ignorant of *Latian* rites,
Hast (lately) taught the worth in Martial fights:
For *Drusus* with thy souldiers hath subdu'd
Swift-footed *Brennians*, and *Genannians* rude:
Yea Forts on *Alpine* Mountains dreadful grown,
Hath more than once (victorious) overthrown.
Then did the elder *Nero* battel wage,
And with success repel the *Rhetians* rage.
Admir'd in fight by all, what slaughters he
Made, where they vow'd to die for libertie.
As when South-winds on surly billows ride,
Whilst showry *Pleiades* the clouds divide,
He breaking Hostile Squadrons, with full speed
Rush'd through the thickest Troops with fiery steed:
Or as bi-forked *Aufidus*, amain
Runs bellowing forth along th' *Apulian* plain,
When he with rage, and swelling Floods abounds,
Threatning a Deluge to the tilled grounds;

On, *Claudius*, with vast force impetuous goes,
 Beating down armed *ranks* of barb'rous foes;
 And with them all cut off, the Earth he strews,
 Yet (Victor) his whole Host in safety views:
 Thou force supplying, Counsels to direct,
 And the Gods made propitious, to protect.
 For on the day when *Alexandria's* Port
 To thee did suppliant yield, with th' empty Court,
 Fortune, that day, three lustres fully spent,
 Gave to thy crowned battels good event,
 Acquir'd thee praise, and wished honour won,
 Those Martial fears of Warfare being done,
Cantabrians, which before yoke never knew,
 The *Indian*, *Mede*, and wandring *Scythian* crew,
 With admiration struck do gaze on thee,
 (The present weal of *Rome* and *Italy* :)
Egyptian Nilus, taught his source to hide,
Ister, and *Tygris* streams that swiftly glide,
 The Monster-breeding Ocean, who doth rore,
 To the far distant banks o'th' *British* shore,
 The *Gauls*, who fear not death; yea barren land
 Of stout *Iberian* clime, serve thy Command:
Stambrians, vow'd in slaughter to delight,
 Lay weapons down, adore, and will not fight.

O D E XV. By Sir T. H.

The praise of AUGUSTUS.

MY Muse by *Phœbus* was rebuk'd of late
 For singing Wars, and vanquish'd Cities fate:
 Like those who in the *Tyrrhene* Oceans rage,
 Do little sails advance. (*Cæsar*) thy age

Affordeth

Affordeth plenteous fruits unto the fields,
And to *Joves* Capitol our Ensigns yields
From *Parthian* Pillars snatch'd, and after jars
Hath closed *Jannus* Temple, free from wars:
Confusion hath with order rectifi'd,
And wandring liberty, with fetters ty'd:
Hath antient Arts recall'd; by which 'tis known
Hesperia's strength, and *Latine* name hath grown:
Imperial pomp hath spread, and glory won,
Stretch'd from the rising to the setting Sun.
While *Cesar* is our Guardian, civil War,
Nor violence, our peaceful rest shall marre;
Nor anger, which Swords sharp'neth, and confounds
Cities, unhappy made with mutual wounds;
Nor they, for thirst, that drink in *Ister* deep,
Shall once refuse the *Julian* laws to keep:
Nor *Seres*, faithless *Persians*, nor the *Getes*,
Nor those, who neer to *Tanaïs* have their seats.
And we on Holy eves, and Holy days,
Amongst free Cups to merry *Bacchus* praise;
With wife and children standing in our sight,
(First Gods invoking with religious rite)
Will gladly, as our Grandfires did, rehearse,
(And tuning *Lydian* Pipe to various verse)
Heroick Captains, *Troy. Anchises* gone,
And brave *Aeneas*, *Cytheræ's* son.

The End of the Odes.



EPODES.

EPODE I. By Sir R. F.

TO MÆCENAS.

He offers himself to accompany Mæcenas going to the war of Actium, not for any help he can bring him by his presence, but because being present he shall have less apprehensions for him.

THOU go'st now our Fleets General,
 Our Fleet, the Empires wall:
 To take thy Sov'raigns danger, prest
 Upon thy willing brest.
 I, to whom life in thine is sweet,
 But bitter without it,
 Shall I (though bid) mine ease pursue
 (No ease if wanting you)
 Or else with courage masculine
 Make one in the design?
 I will: and thee o're *Alpes* I'll follow,
 Through Lands unseen b' *Apollo*;

And

And to the farthest Western part,
 With an undaunted heart,
 Thou 't ask, what serves my going for,
 Weak, and unapt for War?
 I shall fear less, if I be there;
 Absence augmenteth fear.
 So Birds, divorc'd from their raw young,
 Fear more the Snakes forked tongue:
 Whereas (alas) if they had staid,
 They could have lent no aid.
 This and all warfares I de embrace,
 Only to gain thy grace:
 Not that my galling ploughs may vex
 A hundred Oxen's necks:
 Nor that my flocks when the Dog rains,
 For Hills may change the Plains:
 Nor that my In-land Seat may reach
 To the far distant Beach.
 Thy bounty hath pre-flow'd my measure;
 I would not mass up Treasure
 To bury with the Misers care,
 Or squander like his heir.

E P O D E II. By Sir R. F.

*He comprehends in this Ode divers praises of a Country
 life: Commending it chiefly from the tranquillity and
 frugality thereof.*

HAppy is he, that free from mental toil,
 Like the old Mortals, ploughs his Native soil
 With his own Oxen; out of debt: Nor leads
 A souldiers life, still in alarms; nor dreads

Th' enraged Sea : and flies at any rate
From Law-suits, and the proud porch of the Great;
What does he then? He, lofty Poplars joyas
Unto adult and marriagable Vines;
And the wild branches with his Sickle lop,
Doth better children in their rooms adopt;
Or in a hollow valley, from above,
Behold his lowing herds securely rove;
Or, his best Honey, which he means to keep,
Puts in clean pots : or shears his tender sheep.
Or when plump *Autumn* shews his bending head
With mellow Apples beautifully red,
With what a gust his grafted Pears he pulls;
And Grapes, the poor mans Purple ! whence he culls
The fairest, for thee *Priap* ; and for thee
Sylvanus, Guardian of his husbandry.
Under an aged Oak he loves to pass
The heats ; or lolling on the matted grass.
Between deep banks a River rows the while ;
The Birds they prattle to the Trees that smile ;
A purling Brook runs chiding all the way,
Which gentle slumbers to his eyes convey.
But when rough *Winter* thundring comes, to throw
The treasures open of the Rain and Snow ;
Either with Dogs, behind him and before
He drives into histoils the tusked Boar ;
Or spreads his thinner Nets beside some bush,
An *ambuscado* for the greedy Thrush,
And (dear delights) inveigles in his snare
The Traveller-*Wood-cock*, and the Coward-*Hare*,
Who at these sports, evades not all those darts,
With which loose love assaults our vacant hearts.
But if a vertuous Wife, that bears sweet fruit
Yearly to one, and guides the house to boot :

(Such

(Such as the *Sabine*, or the Sun-burnt froe
 Of him, that was chose Consul from the Plough)
 Build of old logs, 'gainst her good man comes home
 Weary, a fire as high as half the room;
 And shutting in knit hurdles the glad beasts,
 With her own hand unlade their swagging breasts,
 And drawing this years Wine from the sweet Butt,
 Dainties unbought upon the Table put;
 Your *Lucrine* Oysters cannot please me more,
 Nor a fresh Sturgeon frighted to our shore,
 Nor any rarer fish. No Pheasant Hen,
 Or Quail, go down my throat more savoury, then
 An Olive, gather'd from the fattest bough;
 Cool Endive, wholsom Mallows; or allow
 A Lamb upon some mighty Festival;
 Or Kid from the Wolfs jaws; *that's worth them all.*
 Amidst these feasts, how sweet 'tis to behold
 The well-fed Sheep run wadling to their fold?
 To see the wearied Oxe come trayling back
 Th' inverted Plough upon his drooping neck;
 And the Plough-boys (the swarm that makes us thrive)
 Surround the shining Hearth, content and blith!
 All this the Us'rer *A'phens* having fed,
 Resolv'd (*what else?*) a Countrey life to lead;
 At *Michaelmas* calls all his Moneys in,
 But at *Our Lady* puts them out agin.

A Paraphrase on the same.

THat man is blest, who void of care,
 (As once the Primitive Mortals were)
 With's Oxen ploughs his Fathers land,
 Freed from the Usurers griping hand:

He's neither mov'd at Trumpets call,
Nor dreads the threatening Waves at all;
He shuns the place where Lawyers prate,
And comes not at the Great mans gate:
Then either he together twines,
The lofty Poplars and the Vines,
And lopping off the useles wood,
Makes up the breach with branches good,
Or in some twisting vale his eyen
Do view the wandring herds of Kine;
Or pots his Money, strain'd to keep,
Or shears the wool of's tender Sheep;
Or when *Autumnus* from the ground
Has heav'd his head with Apples crown'd:
How crops he pairs, and Grapes that vie
With Purple 't self for noble Die:
Which should be thine *Priapus*, and
Thine *Sylvan*, Guardian of his land.
The rooted grasse now bears each limb,
Then th' ancient *Ilex* covers him,
Mean while the falling waters ring,
And Birds unto that Musick sing;
The Springs such pleasant murmurs keep,
As seem t' invite to gentle sleep;
But when *Joves* Winter Quarter brings
Deep snows and showers, these cruel things;
He either drives the swift-foot Bores
With Dogs to th' nets deceitful doors,
Or with his fork spreads a slight Gin
To trap the warbling Thrushes in.
Or strives for the delicious prey
Of Hares or Cranes, or such as they.
None of these cares can here be found,
With which our City lives abound;

But if my chaste Wife joyntly do
Her part for th' house, and children too,
Such as *Sabina*, or such as
Apulius Sun-burnt Consort was;
With old Logs if she raise on high
A fire against her husband's nigh,
And hurdling up the Ews in Pen,
Empty their well-fill'd dugs again:
If she provide with this years Wine,
And home-spun fare wherewith to dine.
For *Lucrine* shell-fish I don't care,
Nor prize the Rhombus or the Scare;
If any such a storm our friend,
Thundring upon the Seas, does send,
A Turkey-cock won't down with me,
Nor can the *Jovian* Moor-hens be
More toothsom than the Olive-tree;
Nor more does please my honest palat
Than Mallows, or green Sorrel-sallat;
Or Lamb that's slain at *Termin's* feast,
Or Kid snatcht from a rav'nous beast.
Amidst this food, 'tis great delight
To see th' full Sheep pad home at night,
To see the bellowing Oxen bring,
The levell'd Plough e'ne languishing:
Lastly, the men, that swarming quire,
Plac'd round about the shining fire.

When *Alpheus* thus his speech had done,
Vowing to turn a Countrey-man,
That Quarter took his Money in,
Next (wisely) put it out agen.

EPODE III. By T. F. Paraphrased.

TO MÆCENAS.

IN time to come, if such a crime should be
 As Parricide, (foul villanie!)
 A Clove of Garlick would revenge that evil:
 (Rare dish for Ploughmen, or the Devil!)
 Accursed root! how doe's it jounce and claw!
 It works like Rats-bane in my maw.
 What Witch contriv'd this strat'gem for my breath!
 Poyson'd at once, and stunk to death;
 With this vile juyce *Medea* (sure) did noint
Jason (her Love) in every joint;
 When untam'd Bulls in yokes he led along,
 This made his manhood smell so strong:
 This gave her Dragon venom to his sting,
 And set the Hagg upon the wing.
 I burn, I parch, as dry as dust I am,
 Such drought on *Puglia* never came.
Aeides could not bear so much as I,
 He oft was wet, but never dry:
Mæcenas! do but tast of your own Treat,
 And what you gave your Poet, eat;
 Then go to bed, and court your Mistress there,
 Shee'l never kiss you I dare swear.

E P O D E IV. By Sir R. F.

To Voltecius Mena, Pompey's freed-man.

THat disaccord between us two I find,
 Which Natures law hath *lamb*s & *wolves* disjoint
 (O thou, whose sides with *Spanish* whips are torn,
 And galled legs with stubborn fetters worn.)
 Though, proud of *wealth*, thou walk with pompous pace
 " *Fortune* correcteth not ignoble race.
 Seest not when to the Capitol through the Town,
 Thou stalk'st along clad in thy Six-ell Gown,
 How *Indignation* limitless, and free
 Of passers to and fro reflects on thee?
 He, who was earst with *Triumvirs* smart blows,
 Lash'd till the loathing Beadle weary grows;
 A thousand plough'd *Falernian* Acres brags,
 And treads the *Appian* way with well-pac'd nags,
 And on chief Benches sitteth (in despite
 Of *Otho's* law) a most accomplish'd Knight!
 What needs great *Cesar*, then to go about
 So many goodly ships to furnish out
 'Gainst wretched Pirates, and the slavish band,
This, this man dignify'd with prime command!

E P O D E V. By Sir T. H.

*A noble youth, whom Canidia, and other Witches had
stoln, and set in the earth up to the chin, purposing to
famish him, that they might by Art Magick make a
Love-drink of his Liver and Marrow.*

O God, who e're in Heaven dost guide
The earth, and men which here abide,
What means this noise, and why on me,
Do you all look so ruefully?
Ah, for thy childrens sake forbear,
If at such Births *Lucina* were.
By this vain Purple robe, I pray,
By *Jove*, who will not like your way,
Why frown you on me, Step-dame like,
Or beast, whom eager Hunters strike?
While here the trembling Lad doth stay,
Made to dispoil from rich array
His tender body (which might force
The cruel *Thracian* to remorse:)
Canidia, whose unkembed head
Was with short Vipers filleted,
Commands from *Graves* wild *Fig-tree* torn;
And *Cypress*, which doth *Biers* adorn:
Eggs steeped in Blood of Toads, to bring,
With feathers from the Scritch-Owls wing;
Herbs of *Iolco's* baneful field,
And poysons, *Theffaly* doth yield;
Bones snatch'd from jaws of hungry Bitch,
To burn with flames of *Colchique* witch.
Quick *Sagan*, who doth waters fling,
Fetch'd from *Avernus* loathsome Spring,

Bristles her hair, as moody Bore,
Or the *Sea-urchin* near the shore,
While *Veia* free from all remorse
Of horrid deeds, the ground' gan force
With stubborn spade; and hard she swer
That in it the whelm'd stripling set,
Might twice or thrice a day be ply'd
With view of viands, till he dy'd:
In which, up to the chin he stood,
As they who wade within the flood.
That his drain'd Marrow, Liver dry,
Her with a Love-drink might supply;
When once his fainting eyes were spy'd
To sink at sight of food deny'd.
Nay careful *Naples* did believe,
And the near Towns-folk receive
That *Folia* of *Ariminum*
Lustful (*man-like*) did thither come:
Whose spells have power from Orbes of light,
The charmed Moon, and Stars to fright.
Canidia here for spleen prepar'd
With black teeth gnawing nails unpar'd,
What mutter'd she? what not? O ye
You conscious arbiters with me,
Night, and *Diana* Queen of Rest,
Now we perform our dark behest
Be present here: your anger throw,
And powerful Godhead on my foe.
While a fearful beasts close covert keep,
Charm'd with the ease of gentle sleep.
Let the *Suburræan* dogs report,
That all may jeer it, the resort
Of the old wanton, sleek with Nard;
Better my hands have n'ere prepar'd.

How, how ! why do *Medea's* charms
 And deadly drugs cause greater harms,
 Wherewith she took revenge at full
 On *Creons* daughter, that proud Trull,
 When a Gown dipt in poyſ'nous Bane,
 Turned the gift and Bride to flame?
 But plant nor root in crags conceal'd
 Rests from my notice, unreveal'd :
 Yet *Varus*, not with love in ure,
 In beds perfumed, sleeps secure :
 But, ah, he walks, freed by the spells
 Of some, whose knowledge more excels.
 O *Varus*, by strange drugs, to me
 (Damn'd to endure much misery)
 Thou shalt return ; nor thy sick mind
 From *Marsian* charms shall comfort find.
 A stronger Cup I will devise
 Fill'd for thee, who dost me despise.
 Heaven shall below the Sea descend,
 And o're the Sea the Earth distend ;
 If thou like pitch in dusky fire
 Consumeſt not with my desire.
 The Boy sought them to sooth no more
 With gentle words, as heretofore,
 But doubtful what he first should speak,
 Thus direfully doth silence break ;
 Let *charms* and *spells* do what they can,
 They cannot change the Fate of man.
 I'll haunt you still : For settled hate
 No sacrifice doth expiate.
 When forc'd by you my soul is fled,
 I'll come a Fury to your bed,
 And a sad Ghost your faces tear
 (Such power on earth have Spirits here :)

And as the Night-mare, on your chest,
 I'll vex, and scare you from your rest.
 The thronging people in the street,
 Base Hags, shall stone you, when ye meet:
 Your limbs untomb'd the Wolves shall tear,
 And Vulturs to *Esquillie* bear:
 Nor (ah) my Parents after me
 Shall fail this spectacle to see.

E P O D E VI. By T. F. Paraphrased.

Against Cassius Severus, a revileful and wanton Poet.

THOU Village-Curr! Why do'st thou bark at me?
 A Wolf might come, and go, for thee.
 At me thou openest wide, and think'st that I
 Will bark with thee for company.
 I'm of another kind, and bravely dare,
 (Like th' Mastiff) watch my flock with care:
 Dare hunt through snow, and seize that savage beast
 That might my darling folds molest:
 Thou (only in the noise thou mak'st) robust
 Leav'st off the chase; leap'st at a crust.
 But have a care! for if I vent my spleen,
 I (for a shift) can make thee grin:
 I'll make thee (if *Iambicks* once I sing)
 To dy, like *Bupalus*, in a string.
 When any man insults o're me, shall I
 Put finger in mine eye, and cry?

E P O D E VII. By Sir R. F.

To the People of *Rome*.

An Execration of the second Civil War waged after the death of Julius, by Brutus and Cassius on the one side; on the other by Octavius, M. Anthony, and Lepidus.

WHy, why your sheath'd Swords drawn again?
Whither rush ye, impious brood?
Have not the *earth* yet and the *main*,
Drunk enough of *Latin* blood?
Not that proud *Carthage* burnt might be,
Rival of the *Roman* State:
Nor the chaste Mistress of the Sea
Britain, on our Triumphs wait;
But that the thing the *Parthians* crave,
Rome, may make herself away.
Lions and Wolves this temp'rance have,
On their Kind they will not prey.
Is't a blind rage, or force more strong,
Or *Crime* drives you? *Speak*. They look
As pale as Death, and hold their tongue,
As their Souls were Planet-strook.
'Tis so: dire Fates the *Romans* haunt,
And a *Fratricidal* guilt:
Since blood of *Remus* innocent,
On the cursed ground was spilt.

E P O D E VIII. By T. F. *Paraphrased.**To an old Woman courting him.*

TO me thou superannuated Bitch?
What? Must I scratch where thou dost itch?
O cole-hole-mouth! with what a comely grace
Those reverend Gutters drain that face!
Around her rump, how her lean haunch-bones show!
Like Ghosts about the Pit below!
Those freckled breasts like two Goose-Eggs appear,
Plump as the Udders of a Mare.
Lank is her gut, which Bodkin-thighs support,
Her Legs like Nine-pins, thick, and short.
But thou art rich: well—be it so! and thou
In Coach, or in Sedan dost go:
Loaded with Jewels as thou art with years,
Hast Pearls like Pumpions in thine ears.
Because thou art a Virtuosa too,
Thou think'st by that, to make me do.
No, no, go hire some Thresher with his Flail
To swindge thy old, thy musty tail:
The rankest Ploughman hardly will vouchsafe
Thy feeble Lechery to chafe.

E P O D E

E P O D E IX. By Sir T. H.

TO MÆCENAS.

He before-hand feels the contentment he shall take from
Augustus his victory against M. Anthony, and Cleopatra.

W HEN shall I *Cacube* Wines, that stored lie
For banquets, glad at *Cæsars* victory
(So *Jove* will have it) in thy stately house,
With thee, my dear *Mæcenas*, free carouse?
Resounding notes that mingle Flutes with Lyre;
This, *Dorique*, speaking joy, that *Phrygian*, Ire:
As when *Neptunian Pompey* droven, fled
Through straightned Seas, with Navy ruined,
Who *Rome* had threatned with those chains, which he
Had ta'ne from treacherous Servitors, made free.
The *Roman* Souldier by a woman ty'd
In slavish bands (ah this will be deny'd
By after times) lugs arms, earth, stakes, and tent,
Striving her with red Eunuchs to content;
And *Phæbus* 'mongst their ensigns doth espy,
Her net-like and lascivious Canopy.
But the bold *French* proclaiming *Cæsars* name,
Thence with two thousand Horse straight hither came;
And the swift prowels of hostile vessels lie
Turn'd to the left hand, ready set to flie.
O glad som triumph! thou retard'st the drift
Of golden chariot, and young heifers gift:
O glad som triumph! from *Jugurthian* war,
Thou brought'st no Captain might with this compare;

Nor *African*, whose noble valours praise,
 Did lasting monuments o're *Carthage* raise.
 The foe, by Sea, and Land, now vanquish'd fears,
 And a black Cassock for a Purple wears;
 Not knowing whether adverse winds will cast
 Him, on rich *Crete* with hundred Cities grac'd,
 Or on the Quick-sands with South-billows tols'd,
 Or the wide main in danger to be lost.
 Boy, cups bring hither for a larger draught;
 Let *Chian* or the *Lesbian* Grape be sought:
 Or fill *Cacubian* Wines without delay,
 Which may a queezie loathing drive away:
 The care, and fear of *Cæsars* happy state,
 Let us with merry *Bacchus* dissipate.

E P O D E X. By T. F. Paraphrased.

Against Martius a Poet.

And art thou ship't friend *Dogrel*? —get thee gon
 Thou pest of *Helicon*.
 Now for an Hurricane to bang thy sides
 (Curst wood) in which he rides!
 An East-wind tear thy Cables, crack thy Oars,
 While every billow roars.
 With such a wind let all the Ocean swell
 As wafted *Noll* to Hell:
 No friendly Star o're all the Sea appear
 While thou beest there;
 Nor kinder destiny there maist thou meet,
 Than the proud *Grecian* Fleet,
 When *Pallas* did their Admiral destroy
 Return'd from ruin'd *Troy*.

Methinks

Methinks I see thy Mariners faint, and thee
 Look somewhat scurvilie:
 Thou call'st on *Jove*, as if great *Jove* had time
 To mind thy *Grub-street* rhyme,
 When the proud waves their heads to heav'n do rear
 Himself scarce free from fear:
 Well! — If the Gods should thy wreckt carcass share
 To Beasts, or fowls of th' air,
 I'll sacrifice to them, that they may know
 I can be civil too.

E P O D E XI. By T. F. Paraphrased.

To *Pettius his Chamber-fellow*:

A H *Pettius*! I have done with Poetry,
 I've parted with my liberty,
 For *Cupid's* slavery.
Cupid that peevish God has singled out
 Me, from among the Rhiming rout,
 For Boys, and Girls to flout:
December now has thrice stript every tree,
 Since bright *Inachia's* tyrannie
 Has laid its chains on me.
 Now fie upon me! all about the Town
 My Mifs I treated up and down,
 I for a Squire was known.
 Lord what a whelp was I! to pule, and whine,
 To sigh, to sob, and to repine!
 For thy sake (Mistress mine!)
 Thou did'st my Verse, and thou my Muse despise,
 My want debas'd me in thine eyes,
 Thou wealth, not wit, did'st prize:

Fuddled

Fuddled with Wine, and Love my secrets flew,
 Stretcht on those racks, I told thee true,
 What did my self undo.
 Well! — plague me not too much imperious Dame!
 Lest I blaspheme thy charming name,
 And quench my former flame.
 I can give others place, and see thee dy
 Damn'd with their Prodigality,
 If I set on't, so stout am I.
 Thou know'st (my Friend) thus have I often sed,
 When, by her sorceries misled,
 Thou bad'st me home to bed:
 Ev'n then my practice gave my tongue the ly,
 I could not her curst house pass by:
 I fear'd, but could not fly.
 Since that, for young *Lyciscus* I'm grown mad;
Inachia such a face ne're had,
 It is a lovely Lad.
 From his embraces I shall ne're get free,
 Nor friends advice, nor infamie
 Can disintangle me:
 Yet if some brighter Object I should spy
 That, might perhaps debauch my Ey,
 And shake my constancy.

E P O D E XII. By T. F. Paraphrased.

Against a libidinous old Woman.

WHy do'st thou me with gifts, and Letters haunt,
 Thou Spouse for an He-Elephant?
 I am too young, and can't oblige thee well;
 Thanks to my Stars too, I can smell;

Can

Can wind thee like a Dog that scents a Sow,
 When thy damn'd armpit-odours flow.
 I know that an old woman stinks alive,
 That gapes for more than man can give.
 Now with a clammy sweat stretcht out she lies
 Unpainted, to our frighted eyes:
 Straight she grows freakish, trying postures o're
 Which *Aretine* ne're taught before.
 "Pox take thee then for a young Rogue (says she)
 "Thou lov'st *Inachia*, more than me!
 "*Inachia* thrice a night, as I am told,
 "Once serves poor me! — This 'tis to be old!
 "Curse on that pimping *Lesbia* (for me)
 "I bad her bring a *Man*, not thee.
 "When young *Amintæ* did supply thy room,
 "And kindly to my fond embraces come;
 "His stately Engine like a Cedar stood,
 "Above the shrubs, and under-wood.
 "I thought with this rich *Vest* t' have sent thee gon,
 "But thou shalt have a r——asloon;
 "My Purple ne're shall make a fumbler fine,
 "Nor cover back so weak as thine.
 "Unhappy me! grown now (by sad mishap)
 "Useless, as if I had a Clap.

E P O D E XIII. By Sir T. H.

To his merry Friends, that they should pass the Winter pleasantly.

Rough tempests have the brow of heaven bent,
 And showers, and snows cause thickned airs de-
 scent:

Now

Now *Thracian* North winds, Seas and Woods affray;
 Friends, let us take occasion from the day;
 While strength is fresh, and us it well becomes,
 Let's old age banish, which the brow benums.
 Boy, see you broach those elder Wines were prest,
 When *Torquat* first the Consulship possest:
 Speak not of other things. God will, perchance,
 Them to their Seat, with happy change advance.
 Let us in *Persian* Unguents now delight;
 And with *Cyllenian* Harp put cares to flight:
 As noble *Chiron* to *Achilles* sang;
Unvanquish'd Mortal, that from Thetis sprang,
Troy thee expects; which Simois rouling Tide,
And small Scamanders colder streams divide,
Whence thou no more (the Sisters so ordain)
With thy blew Mother shalt return again.
All sorrow there, with Wine, and Song depress,
(Sweet comforts of deformed heaviness.)

E P O D E XIV. By Sir R. F.

To MÆCENAS.

*That his love to Phryne, is the cause why he doth not finish
 his promised Lambicks.*

'TIs Death, my sweet *Mæcenas*, when so oft
 You ask me, why a soft
 Sloth turns my sense, as if with thirsty draught
 I had together quaff
Lethe's oblivious lake into my blood.
 It is a God, a God,

Forbids

Forbids me finish my Iambicks, though
 Promis'd thee long ago.
 Befotted thus *Anacreon* was 'tis said
 Upon the *Samian* Maid;
 Who sobb'd his Love out to a hollow Lyre
 With stumbling Feet. That fire
 Consumes thee too. If fairer burnt not *Troy*
 Besieg'd, in thy lot joy.
 Me a Bond-woman, such a one torments,
 As no one man contents.

E P O D E XV. By *T. F.* Paraphrased.

To his Sweet-heart *Nezra*.

IT was a lovely melancholy night;
 The Moon, and every Star shone bright;
 When thou did'st swear thou would'st to me be true,
 And do as I would have thee do:
 False woman! round my neck thy arms did twine,
 Inseparable as the Elm, and Vine:
 Then didst thou swear thy passion should endure
 To me alone sincere and pure;
 Till Sheep and Wolves should quit their enmitie,
 And not a wave disturb the Sea.
 Treacherous *Nezra*! I have been too kind,
 But *Flaccus* can draw off thou'lt find;
 He can that face, (as thou dost him) forswear,
 And find (it may be) one as fair:
 And let me tell thee, when my fury's mov'd,
 I hate devoutly, as I lov'd.
 But thou (blest Gamester) whosoe're thou be
 That proudly do'st my drudgerie,

Didst thou abound in numerous Flocks, and Land,
 Wer't heir to all *Pætolus* Sand ;
 Tho' in thy brain thou bor'st *Pythagoras*,
 And carriedst *Nereus* in thy face,
 She'd pick another up, and shab thee off,
 And then 'twill be my turn to laugh.

E P O D E XVI. By Sir R. F.

To the People of *Rome*.

Commiserating the Common wealth, in respect of the Civil Wars.

NOW Civil Wars a second age consume,
 And *Rome's* own Sword destroys poor *Rome*.
 Whom neither neighbouring *Marsians* could devour,
 Nor feared *Porſenas* *Tuſcan* power ;
 Nor *Capua's* rival valour, mutinies
 Of Bond-slaves, Treachery of Allies ;
 Nor *Germany* (blue-ey'd *Bellona's* nurse)
 Nor *Hannibal* (the Mothers curse)
 We (a blood-thirsty age) our ſelves deſace,
 And Wolves ſhall repoſſeſs this place.
 The barbarous foe will trample on our dead,
 The ſteel-ſhod Horſe our Courts will tread ;
 And *Romulus* duſt (clos'd in religious Urn
 From Sun and Tempeſt) proudly ſpurn.
 All, or the ſounder part, perchance would know,
 How to avoid this coming blow.
 'Twere beſt I think, like to the *Phœceans*,
 Who leſt their execrated Lands,

And Houses, and the Houses of their Gods,
To Wolves and Bears for their abodes ;
T' abandon all, and go where ere our feet
Bear us by Land, by Sea our Fleet.
Can any man better advice afford ?
If not, in name of Heaven aboard !
But you must swear first to return again,
When loosned Rocks float on the Main,
And be content to see your Mother-town,
When *Betis* washes the *Alps* crown ;
Or *Appennine* into the Ocean flies,
Or new lust weds Antipathies,
Making the Hind stoop to the Tigers love,
The ravenous Kite cuckold the Dove ;
And credulous Herds, t' affect the Lions side,
And Goats the Salt-Sea to abide.
This, and what else may stop our wish'd return,
When all, or the good part have sworn,
Fly hence ! Let him whose smooth and unfledg'd breast
Misgives him, keep the rifled nest.
You that are men, unmanly grief give o're,
And sail along the *Tuscan* shore,
To the wide Ocean. Let us seek those Isles
Which swim in plenty, the blest soils :
Where the Earths *Virgin-womb* unplough'd is fruitful,
And the unproyned Vine still youthful :
The *Olive-Tree* makes no abortion there,
And Figs hang dangling in the air ;
Honey distils from Oaks, and water hops
With creaking feet from Mountain tops.
The generous Goats without the *Milk-maids* call,
Of their full bags are prodigal ;
No evening Wolf with hoarse alarums wakes
The *Flocks*, nor breeds the up land *Snakes*.

And farther to invite us, the plump Grain,
 Is neither drunk with too much rain,
 Nor yet for want of mod'rate watring drie ;
 Such the blest temper of the skie.
 Never did *Jason* to those Islands guide
 His Pirat-ship, and whorish Bride.
Sydonian Cadmus never toucht these shores,
 Nor false *Ulysses* weary Oars.
 No murrain rots the Sheep, nor Star doth scorch
 The Cattel with his burning Torch.
 When *Jove* with Brass the Golden age infected,
 These Isles he for the pure extracted.
 Now Iron reigns, I like a Statue stand,
 To point good men to a good land.

E P O D E XVII. By T.F. Paraphrased.

To CANIDIA.

I Yield *Canidia* to thy Art,
 Take pity on a penitent heart :
 By *Proserpine* Queen of the night,
 And by *Diana's* glimmering light,
 By thy mysterious Volumes all,
 That can the Stars from Heaven call ;
 By all that's sacred I implore
 Then to my wits wouldst me restore:
 The brave *Achilles* did forgive
 King *Telephus*, and let him live,
 Tho' in the field the King appear'd,
 And war, with *Myssian* bands prepar'd.
 When on the ground dead *Hector* lay,
 Expos'd, to Birds, and Beasts a prey ;

The *Trojan* Dames in pity gave
Hector an honourable grave.
Ulysses Mariners were turn'd to Swine,
 Transform'd by *Circe's* charms divine;
 Yet *Circe* did their doom revoke,
 And straight the grunting mortals spoke:
 Each in his pristine shape appears,
 Fearless of Dogs to lug their ears.
 Oh! do not my afflictions scorn!
 Enough in Conscience I have born!
 My youth, and fresh complexion's gone,
 Dwindled away to skin and bone.
 My hair is powdred by thy care,
 And all my minutes busie are.
 Day Night, and Night the Day does chase,
 Yet have not I a breathing space!

Wretch that I am! I now believe,
 No pow'r can from thy charms reprieve:
 Now I confess thy Magick can
 Reach head, and heart, and un-man Man.
 What would'st thou have me say? what more?
 O Seas! O Earth! I scorch all o're!
Hercules himself ne're burnt like me,
 Nor th' flaming Mount in *Sicilie*:
 O cease thy spells, lest I be soon
 Calcin'd into a Pumice-stone!
 When wilt th' ha' done? What must I pay?
 But name the sum, and I obey:
 Say: Wilt thou for my ransom take
 An hecatomb? or shall I make
 A baudy Song t' advance thy trade,
 Or court thee with a Serenade?
 Would'st thou to Heav'n, and be a Star?
 I'll hire thee *Cassiopeia's* Chair.

Castor to *Hellen* a true friend
 Struck her defaming Poet blind ;
 Yet he, good-natur'd Gentleman,
 Gave the blind Bard his eyes again.
 Since this, and much more thou can'st do,
 O rid me of my madness too !
 From noble Ancestors thy race,
 No vulgar blood purples thy face :
 Thou searchest not the Graves of th' poor,
 But Necromancy dost abhor :
 Gen'rous thy breast, and pure thy hands,
 Whose fruitful womb shall people lands,
 And e're thy Childbed-linen's clean,
 Thou shalt be up and to 't again.

CANIDIA'S Answer. By *T. F.*

GO——hang thy self: —— I will not hear,
 The Rocks assoon shall lend an ear
 To naked Mariners that be
 Left to the mercy of the Sea.
 Marry come up ! —— Shall thy bold pride
 The mysteries of the Gods deride ?
 Presumptuous fool ! commit a rape
 On my repute, and think to scape ?
 Make me Town-talk ? — Well ! e're thou dy
Cupid shall Vengeance take, or I.
 Go, get some Rats-bane ! — 'twill not do,
 Nay, drink some *Aqua-fortis* too :
 No witch shall take thy life away ;
 Who dares say, Go, when I bid stay ?
 No ! —— I'll prolong thy loathed breath,
 And make thee with in vain for death.

In vain does *Tantalus* espy
 Fruits, he may tast but with his eye.
 In vain does poor *Prometheus* grone,
 And *Sisyphus* stop his rolling stone:
 Long may they sigh, long may they cry
 But not comproul their Destiny.
 And thou in vain from some high wall,
 Or on thy naked Sword may'st fall,
 In vain, (to terminate thy woes)
 Thy hands shall knit the fatal noose:
 For on thy shoulders then I'll ride,
 And make the Earth shake with my pride.
 Think'st thou that I, who when I please
 Can kill by waxen Images,
 Can force the Moon down from her sphere,
 And make departed Ghosts appear,
 And mix Love-potions! — thinks thy vanity,
 I cannot deal with such a worm as thee?

*Verses sung in the Secular Games every Century of
 years, pronounced for the safety of the Roman
 Empire.*

P*haebus* and *Dian*, Grovie Queen,
 Heaven ornaments; as you have been,
 Still be you honour'd, ever blest:
 Grant what we ask on holy Feast.

In which *Sibylla's* Verses teach,
 Chaste Maids, and Youths not stain'd with breach,
 Unto those Gods Songs to recite,
 Who on the seven-fold Hills delight.

(Fair *Sol*) who in thy Chariot bright,
Dost call forth Day, and shutt'st up Night;
And other, and the same dost come,
Nought greater maist thou see than *Rome*.

Ilythia, open wombs we crave
For ripened Births, and Mothers save;
Whether we thee *Lucina* call,
Or *Cynthia*, which produceth all.

Goddeſs, bring Children forth, and bleſs
Senates decrees, give good ſucceſs
To nuptial laws, that thoſe who wed,
May have a fruitful Marriage-bed.

The ten-times ten full Orbs mature,
May us to Songs and Sports enure:
Thrice in the ſplendour of day-light,
And thrice in ſhades of welcome night.

And you truth-telling Fates, to paſt
Join future fortune, that may laſt:
That ſtable limits may encloſe,
What once to Mortals you propoſe.

That Cattel may, and Corn abound,
Wherewith fair *Ceres* ſhall be crown'd:
And whoſſom ſtreams, with air as pure
May nutriments to Plants aſſure.

Ah *Phœbus* mild, withdraw thy dart,
To ſuppliant Youths thy grace impart:
And Queen of Stars, who do'ſt appear
Bi-forked (*Luna*) Virgins hear.

If *Rome* a work be of your store,
 And *Trojan* troops held *Tyber's* shore:
 A part injoyn'd their seat to change,
 And wish success from home to range:

For whom secure, th'row *Troy* on fire
Aeneas chaste in safe retire,
 Free passage open'd, and gave more
 To them, than they possess before.

O Gods to youth grant matter sage,
 Gods give repose to quiet age;
 And unto *Romulus* his blood,
 Wealth, issue, honour, all that's good.

Let *Venus* and *Anchises* strain,
 Who give ye *Oxen* free from stain,
 In Wars achievements bear the prize,
 And courteous be to Enemies.

The *Median* now by Sea and Land,
 Fears *Roman* power, and conquering hand:
 The *Scythians* now our friendship crave,
 And haughty *Indians* twice would have.

Now Faith, Peace, Honour, modest look
 And Vertue scorned, which forsook
 Our City, dares return again,
 And blessed Plenty freely reign.

Phoebus, with radiant Bow, Divine,
 Gracious among the *Muses* nine;
 Who doth with Heaven-inspir'd art,
 To crazie bodies health impart:

If he Mount *Palatine* do grace,
The weal of *Rome*, and *Latian* Race,
To farther times and better end,
May he these Centuries extend.

And *Dian* who holds *Aventine*,
And *Algidus*, may she incline
To Prayers of fifteen men, and hear
Our childrens vows with friendly ear.

Then I, and all well skill'd in Lays,
Phœbus and *Dians* name to praise,
Go home, with certain hopes, that *Jove*,
And all the *Gods* these things approve.

The End of the Epodes.



SATYRES.

BOOK I.

SATYRE I. By A. B.

That Men are not contented with their Conditions.

How comes it (great *Mæcenas*) that there's not
A man, who lives contented with that lot
Which choice inclin'd, or chance expos'd him to,
But all applaud what others are and do?

Oh happy Merchant, then the Souldier says,
When by old age and toil his strength decays;
The Merchant when th' insulting billows rise,
And tofs his tottering Ship, Give me (he cries)
The Souldiers life, for he meets in a breath
A joyful victory or certain death.

The Lawyer when he hears his Clients knock
At's gate before the crowing of the Cock,
Admires the Country life, while the poor Swain,
Being from his home up to the City drawn

To

To follow *Law-suits*, does conclude no mens
Conditions happier then the Citizens.

But the whole *rabble* of this sort of men
Would be so numerous it would tire the Pen
Of scribbling *Fabius*; so I'll pass by those,
And draw the matter to this point: Suppose
Jove said, I'll make you what you would be; thou
Who wert a *Merchant*, be a *Souldier* now.
Thou that a *Lawyer* wert, shalt now commence
A *Husbandman*; change sides, and so pack hence,
You t' your new Calling, you to yours; Nay nay,
Now your desires are granted, why d'you stay?
Fond fools! you'll not be happy, though you may.

Is it not reason then great *Jove* should be
Highly incens'd, and declare that he
Will be no more *propitious* unto them,
But all their *vain* and various *prayers* contemn?

This is no laughing matter, nor would I
Bethought to speak all this in *Drollery*,
Though to *blurt* out a truth has never been
(In way of *merriment*) esteem'd a sin.
The flattering *Master* thus his Boys presents
With *Cakes*, to make them learn their *Rudiments*.

But let's leave fooling, and be serious now; (*plough*;
The *Clown* that reads the pondrous Earth with's
The cheating *Tradseman*, and the *Souldier* too,
The *Sea-man* bold, who ploughs the *Ocean* through;
All these their various toils endure (they say)
Meerly with this intention, that they may
When they grow *old*, with peace enjoy that store
Which their industrious *youth* had gain'd before.

Just like the *Ant* (for that's their pattern) small
In bulk, but great in thrift; who draws in all

That ere she can, and adds it to her store,
Which she fore-seeing *want*, had heap'd before ;
And in the rage of *Winter* keeps within,
To feed on what her *providence* laid in.

But neither sword, fire, water, heat, nor cold,
Nor any thing keeps thee from getting Gold,
Only *spurr'd* on with that ambitious *itch*,
To have the world say, *Thou art Devilish rich* :
What good in thy vast heap of *Treasure's* found,
Which thou by stealth dost bury under ground ?
But if it be diminish'd once, thou'lt say
Thy whole estate will *dwindle* soon away,
And if thou *spend'st* not out of it, what pleasure
Can'st thou take in a heap of horded *Treasure* ?
If thy Barn held *ten thousand* sacks of *Wheat*,
Yet thou can'st eat no more then I can eat.
Among thy fellow *slaves* when thou'rt pickt out
To bear all their *provision* about,
With which thy Shoulders gall'd and weary grow,
Thou eat'st no more then one that carried none.

Or (tell me prithee) what the difference is
To him that makes the rules of *Nature* his,
Whether he does a thousand Acres sow,
Or on a hundred does his pains bestow ?

But oh (thou cri'st) men do great pleasure reap
In taking *Gripes* out of a plentiful *heap*.
Yet since out of a *little* thou dost leave
As much as we've occasion to receive,
Why should'st thou thy vast Granaries prefer
Before our Willies, which much lesser are ?
Or if thou hast occasion to take up
Water enough to fill a Butt or Cup,
Why should'st thou say, thou hast a greater will
Out of that *river*, then this *spring* to fill ?

Hence

Hence it proceeds infallibly, that those
 Who to their wills are superstitious,
 Uncurb'd *desire* drives them to this and that,
 Until at last they'd have *they know not what*.

Whilst who confines his mind to Nature's laws,
 The troubled *muddy* water never draws,
 Nor in the *river* does his life expire :

But most of men deceiv'd by false desire,
 " Say, *Nought's enough* ; 'cause they *absurdly* guess
 " At what men are, by what they do possess.

To such a *Miser* what is't best to do?

Let him be *wretched*, since he will be so.

Thus that *Athenian* Monster *Timon*, which
 Hated Mankind, a sordid Knave, but rich,
 Was wont to say, *When ere I walk abroad*
The People hiss me, but I do applaud
And hug my self at home, when I behold
My chests brim-full with Silver and with Gold.

So *Tantalus*, being extreamly drie,
 Courts the swift stream, which does as coyly flie.
 Why laugh'st thou *Miser* ? if thy name should be
 A little chang'd, the Fable's told of thee,
 Who on thy full-cramb'd Bags together laid,
 Do'st lay thy sleeple's and affrighted head ;
 And do'st no more the moderate use on't dare
 To make, then if it *consecrated* were :
 Thou mak'st no other use of all thy *gold*,
 Then men do of their *pictures*, to behold.
 Do'st thou not know the use and power of *coyn* ?
 It buys bread, meat, and cloaths, (and what's more)
 With all those necessary things beside, (wine ;
 Without which *Nature* cannot be suppli'd.

To sit up and to watch whole days and nights,
 To be out of thy *wits* with constant frights,

To fear that *thieves* will steal, or *fire* destroy,
Or *servants* take thy wealth, and run away,
Is this delightful to thee? then I will
Desire to live without those Riches still.

But if the pains of *stomach*, or the *head*,
Or other *sickness* fix thee to thy *bed*,
Hast thou a *visitant* to sit down by thee,
Who with due food and *Physick* will supply thee?
Or make the *Doctor* rid thee of thy pain,
And to thy friends restore thee sound again?
Thy *wife* and *children* thy quick Death desire,
So do thy friends and kindred: Ne're admire
That they don't shew thee *love*, thou merit'st none,
For before all, thou prefer'st *wealth* alone.

If thou thy friends or kindred would'st retain,
And not be liberal, thy task's as vain
As his, who in the Fields does teach an *Ass*
To obey the *bridle*, and to run a *race*.
Make once an end of *gaining*, that the more
Thou hast, the less thou'lt tremble to be poor.
Begin to end thy labour, having got
That which thou did'st desire, and follow not
That rich *Umidius*, whose *chests* did so swell,
He *measur'd*'s money which he could not tell,
So *fordid*, that he never did go higher
Than his mean'st Servants did, in his attire:
And to his dying day in fear he stood,
Lest he should die meerly for want of food;
Till his bold *Concubine* did boldly do
A *Heroes* act, and cut the Slave in two.

But now thou'lt ask me, whether I'de have thee,
A *Miser* or a *Prodigal* to be?
Thou still art in *extremis*; I would not have
Thee *covetous*, nor a vain squandering *Knave*.

'Twixt

*Twixt rough *Visellius* and smooth *Tanaïs*
The *Eunuch*, a vast difference there is.

"*There is a mean in things, and certain lines*
"*Within which virtue still it self confines.*

But I'll return from whence I came; are none
But greedy Slaves delighted with their own
Conditions? Do all praise each others lot,
And pine to see their Neighbours *Goat* has got
A Dug more full of Milk than theirs? and ne're
Themselves with the poorer sort of men compare:
(Though that's the greater number) but aspire
Still to o're-top this man and that, who's higher!

"It curbs the Spirit of that person *which*

"Tugs to grow great, when he meets one more rich.
So when the *Chariots* from the Barriers are
Let loose to run a Race, the *Charioter*
Minds still those Horses which out-strip his own,
Slighting those which by t'other are out-gone.

And hence it comes, we seldom find a man
That says *He has liv'd happily*, and can
Like a *well-feasted guest* depart at last
Contented with that part of 's life that past.

Now 'tis enough; lest you should think that mine
'S like *Crispian* Volumes, I will not add a line.

S A T Y R E II. By A. B.

*That while foolish men shun one Vice, they run into
another.*

THe Players, Empricks, Beggars, and the noise
Of Fiddlers, all the roaring *Damn-me* boys,

And

And all that sort of *cattel* do appear
Extreamly *sad*, and much concern'd to hear
Their friend *Tigellius* is deceas'd ; For he
Did *treat* them with great *liberality*.

While the close *miser*, lest he should be thought
A *prodigal* ; o'th' contrary, gives nought
To his dear *friend* (though ne're so much he need)
To cloath his body, or his belly feed.

If one should ask the *Prodigal*, why he
By an ungrateful sottish *gluttony*,
That brave *estate* bequeath'd him by his friends
And *Ancestors*, so prodigally spends ;
And at great *interest* take up money too,
Meerly in needless *luxury* to bestow :
His answer is, Because he scorns to be
Esteem'd a *sordid* fellow, or that he
Has but a narrow Soul : so up he's cri'd
By some, while others him as much *deride*.

Fusidius • he Usurer fears to have
The Reputation of an *unthrift Knave*,
Rich both in *moneys* out at *use*, and *lands*,
But when he lends, he still detains in's hand
Five times the *interest* from the *principal* ;
And where he finds his *Debtors* prodigal,
Those he gripes most severely : He inquires
For wealthy *heirs* new come of age, whose Sires
Had been close-fisted to them and severe.
Good God ! What persons who shall come to hear
Such horrid actions, won't exclaim ? But oh !
(You'l say) he does't for his livelihood. Oh no !
" You can't believe how much this love of Pelf,
" Makes this vile Slave an enemy to himself.

Old *Menedemus* whom the *Comedy*
Brings weeping in, and living wretchedly

For his lost son, could not himself torment
 More than this sordid Beast. To what intent
 All this is said, if you desire to know,
 It only tends to this design, to show
 "That fools, when they attempt one vice to shun,
 "Into the contrary do madly run.

This man his garment down to th' ground does wear,
 And that so short his privities appear.
 Perfum'd *Rufillus* wears a gaudy Coat,
Gorgonius stinks as nasty as a Goat.

Mendo observe no means, but this mans flames
 Must be allay'd only with Roman Dames.
 Another does a common Quean admire,
 That prostitutes her self to all for hire.

A man of note came from the publick stews,
 And, to applaud his action, he did use
Cato's Divine old Sentence, "Bravely done,
 "Go on, and prosper in what th' hast begun:
 For when the rage of Lust inflames your blood,
 'Tis lawful to come hither, but not good
 Another Nuptial bed to violate.

While *Cupiennius* cries out, I hate
 To be applauded for this nicery,
 Give me anothers wife, she's safe and free.
 " 'Tis worthy the observation of all those
 "That would not have uncleanness prosperous,
 "To see how they are plagu'd on every hand,
 "How often they fall into danger, and
 "How small, and seldom too, they pleasures gain,
 "And those corrupted with much grief and pain.

This leaps from th' top o' th' house, and thinks to fly,
 But breaks his neck; and that's whipt till he die;
 This as he flies, 'mong thieves and robbers falls,
 And that with's purse redeems his Genitals.

This is by Foot-men *buggar'd*, and sometimes
Those *members* which commit these shameful crimes,
Do lose their Heads, and justly too; all say,
None but that rutting *Galba* dares say, *no*.

But 'tis more safe to venture your estate
In *Ships*, that are but of the *second rate*;
Daughters of *Captives* that have been made free,
Yet *Salust* plaid the fool as much as he
That does commit *adultery*; For he had
A *generous* Soul, and would be very glad
Of any good *occasion*, that he
Might but express his *liberalitie*,
(In modest manner though) he would dispend
His *money* to all freely, yet from thence
No damage came to him, no disrepute,
But still he lov'd a gentle *prostitute*.
This was that darling Vice he lov'd to th' life,
But still he cri'd, *I'll meddle with no mans wife*.
Just so *Marceus* did, who heretofore
Only admir'd an *honourable whore*,
And his Paternal Fortune fool'd away
On a *she-thing*, that on the *Stage* did play.
Yet still he said, *I thank my Stars*, that I
With *wives* of other men did never lie.
But if with *whores* and *mimicks* he'd to do,
His *fame* more suffer'd, than his wealth came to:

"What *satisfaction* can it to us bring,
"To shun one *person*, and not ev'ry thing
"That every way does hurt us? To destroy
"Our *reputation*, and to fool away
"Th' Estate our *Parents* left us, certainly
"Is a great vice, which way so e're it be.
So *Vilins*, who had a mind to be
The Son-law in of *Sylla*, how was he

Severely punish'd? Maul'd with Fists, nay more,
 Stabb'd with *Steeletto's*, then kickt out of door. (*stile*)
 (Poor wretch! how was he chous'd with name and
 But *Longareus* lay with her the while.

Now if that Natural *genius* of his
 Should say to him, when he had seen all this,
 Sir, what d' you mean? Do I require, when c're
 I am inrag'd, the Daughter of a *Peer*
 Or any *marri'd* woman? what could he
 Then answer to't? that *woman's* meat for me,
 Who is descended of a *noble* stem.

But *Nature* teaches better things than them,
 And quite *repugnant* too; Great *Nature*, which
 In her own *help* is plentifully rich,
 If we would rightly use them, and *descry*
 What we should *choofe*, from what we ought to *fly*.
 Does it no *difference* appear to thee
 By *lust* to perish, or *necessity*?

Then that thou may'st not that vain work attempt,
 Of which thou surely wilt too late *repent*,
 Pursue not *Matrons*; for the cost and pain
 Will far surmount the *pleasure* thou canst gain.

Nor is their *Flesh* more tender, nor are they
 More *clean-limb'd*, whose *attire* is rich and gay,
 And do with *Jewels* deck their necks and ears,
 (Such as th' effeminate *Corinthus* wears;)
 Nay oftentimes that *Lass*, who's plain and free,
 Wears better Limbs than your great *Madams* be.
 She does her *mercenary* *Flesh* expose,
 Undeckt by *art*, and openly she shows .
 The *ware* the means to utter, nor will she,
 If any part about her handsom be,
 Proudly show that alone, nor strive to hide
 Those parts, which *Nature* has not beautify'd.

So *Princes*, when they *Horses* go to buy,
Into the cover'd parts most strictly pry,
Left the same *Horse*, that's lovely to behold.
With a small *head*, and a *crest* high and bold,
And a round *buttock*, the eager *buyer* cheat,
Because he's lame, or foundred in his feet.

This they do well in; for we should not pry
On their perfections with a *Lynxes* Eye,
And be as blind as *Hypsea* was, when we
Their greater *imperfections* ought to see.

Oh comely legs and arms! (says one) and yet
She is *pin-buttock'd*, and has *long splay* Feet,
Short-waisted, but a *nose* of such a size,
That all the Members shortness it supplies.

Thou canst no part of a grave *Matron* see,
Except her *face*, the rest all cover'd be,
Unless it be of *Catia*, who, although
She be a *matron*, does unvailed go.

If thou attempt *forbidden* wives to win
To thy desires, they are incompass'd in
With *guards* and *walls*; 'twill make thee mad to see
How many things there are to hinder thee.
There's *Guardian*, *Coach-man*, *Tire-man*, *Flatterer*,
A *gown* to th' heels, a *vail* that covers her;
And many more such envious things there be,
Make thee the *Flesh*, as 'tis thou canst not see.

A *Lass* ne're hinders thee, she will appear
In dress transparent, as she naked were;
That thou maist by thine Eye discern, that she
Is straight in th' *waste*, and that her *ankles* be
Not great, and *gouty*; and her feet are neat.

Does any man desire to have a *cheat*
Impos'd upon him? and be made pay down
The *price* e're the *commodity* be shown?

But thou art like the *Hunts-man*, who does go
After the *Hare* up to the knees in Snow,
Which being caught, makes him a chearful Feast,
Yet he'l not touch a *Hare* brought ready drest.

Thou scorn'st that *Lass* thou may'st with ease enjoy,
And court'st those that are difficult and coy.

But dost thou think thy *passions* to appease
With such vain and impert'nent *flames* as these?
Has not wise *Nature* bounded thy desire?

Does it not more avail thee to enquire,
What she can't be without, and what she may,
And pare what ere's superfluous away?

When thou art *thirsty*, must thou only drink
Out of a Golden *goblet*? or dost think
All *meat* is loathsome, when thou'rt *hungry* grown,
But *Turbot*, or the *Pheasant* poult alone?

So when thy *amorous* flames grow strong and high,
Wilt thou not take the next thou canst come by?
Be't *Kitchen* wench, or *Scullion* boy; or else,
Wouldst have that burst, which so extreamly swells?

I'm of another humour, for to me
That *girl* is best, that's easiest; and she
That I can soonest come at; and when I
Ask her the *Question*, says *Yes* by and by,
As soon's my *Servant* is gone forth, or says
She'l gratifie me, if the *price* I raise.

Those that are hard, and tedious to be won,
Are for the feeble *Eunuchs* taste alone:
Give me a *coming* Lady, that ne're stands
Consid'ring long, nor great *rewards* demands;
But when I call her quickly comes to me,
Let her not *ugly*, nor yet *crooked* be,
But of good *colour*, and *clean-limb'd* withal,
Of a good size, not by *Chipeens* made tall;

Nor

Nor let her by her *painting* make more fair
Her *face* and *skin*, than they by *Nature* are.

When such a *Creature* in mine Arms does lie,
She is my *Love*, my *Queen*, my *Deitie* ;
I call her by all names, nor do I doubt
When we our Deeds of Pleasure are about,
The barking *Dogs*, the breaking ope of doors,
And all the House disturb'd with great uproars,
Her jealous *Husband* will return to see,
How he is *cuckolded* by her and me ;
While the poor *woman* starts from off her bed,
Pale and affrighted, 'cause discovered,
And being conscious cries, *Oh I'm undone !*
I shall be fetter'd, and my Portion's gone.

And I without my *Breeches* then must pack,
Bare-foot and *coat-less*, all to save my *back*
From the dire Lash, or to preserve my Purse,
Or else my *Reputation*, which is worse.

" *For to be taken is a crime, 'tis true,*

" *And 'tis a pitiful misfortune too ;*

I dare be judg'd by *Fabius*, who does know
All this is true, for he has been serv'd so.

S A T Y R E III. By A. B.

That men are quick-fighted to pry into other mens infirmities, and connive at their own.

ALL *Songsters* have this humour, that among
Their friends they can't abide to sing a Song
If they're intreated ; but they'll ne're give o're
If not desired. This was heretofore

Tigellius vice ; *Caesar* who could command,
 If by the friendship of his Father, and
 His own, he did intreat but for one Air,
 This *Songster* would not sing; yet if he were
 Once in the *humour*, all the Supper long
 He would to *Bacchus* sing, Song after Song;
 His voice to th' highest *treble* rais'd, and then
 Descending down to th' lowest *base* again.

A most *unsteady* fellow, sometimes he
 Would run, as if pursu'd by's enemy ;
 Sometimes he'd *slowly* walk, as if he were
 The Sacred *host* about the street to bear.
 Sometimes attended with two hundred men
 He'd walk, at other times with only *ten*.
 Now *Kings* and *Princes*, and all great things be
 The *subjects* of his talk : Anon (says he)
 Give me a three-leg'd *board*, a shell to hold
 A little salt, and to keep off the cold
 A *gown*, though ne're so coarse ; if you present
 This poor abstemious person, who's content
 Now with so *little* with a *thousand* pound,
 In five days there will not a *Groat* be found
 In's pocket: He the day in *sleep* doth pass,
 And sits up all *night* long ; there never was
 A thing so much unlike to him as he
 Was to himself : But some may say to me,
 Pray what are you ? Have you no crime at all ?
 Yes, other vices, not perhaps so small.
 When *Menius* absent, *Novius* did upbraid,
 You Sir, d' you hear ? D' you know your self ? (one said)
 Or do you think to cheat us, as if we
 Did not know what you are ? *Menius*, said he,
 Could wink at, and forget his own faults ; this
 Is both a vile and silly love, and 'tis

Fit to be taken notice of, when with blear eyes
 We over-look our own *infirmities*.
 Why should we into our Friends errors pry
 As narrowly as with an *Eagles* eye,
 Or *Basilisks* piercing look? 'twill come about,
 As we do theirs, they'l find our Vices out.

An *angry* man is no way fit to bear
 The jeers, which from the *Wits* he's forc'd to hear:
 They'l jeer him if ill shav'd, or if his Gown
 In a neglected posture hangeth down:
 Or if his Shoos are not well ty'd, though he
 May be as honest as their *Witships* be.
 Though he's a *Friend*, though a great *Wit* does lie
 Within that Body, drest so *clownishly*.

Examine well thy self, see if there be
 The seeds of any Vices sown in thee;
 By Nature or ill custom we discern,
 " *Neglected Fields still over-grown with Fern.*

Let's raise our selves up to this frame of mind,
 To be t' our Friends infirmities as blind
 As *Lovers* to their *Mistresses* can be,
 Who either don't their *imperfections* see,
 Or if they do, they're pleasing to them, thus
Balbinus lik'd even *Agnes Polypus*.

I wish we all would err in *friendship* so,
 And vertue on that *error* would bestow
 A *glorious* name; for as the Father mild,
 If he espies a frailty in his child,
 He does not scorn, nor loath it, nor should we
 The errors of our friends, if any be.

If a Son *squinting goggle-eyes* should have,
 His Father calls him, *Pretty winking Knave*;
 And he whose Child in stature is no more
 Than *Sisyphus* th' *Abortives* heretofore,

Call

Calls him his *Chicken*; if he bend at knee,
 He calls him *Varus*; if he *hurl-foot* be,
 His Father lisping calls him *Scaurus*: Thus
 When a Friend lives something *penurious*,
 Let's call't good Husbandry, and when we find
 One that to *jeer* or *vapour* is inclin'd,
 Imagine his design is but to be
 Very *facetious* in company:
 If he be rough-hew'd, and will talk and rant,
 Count him a *down-right* man and valiant,
 And when we meet with any person that
 Is hot and surly, call him passionate.
 " *This thing joyns friends together, and when joyn'd,*
 " *It still preserves them in a friendly mind.*

But we the very vertues of a Friend
 Do into Vices basely wrest, and bend
 Our mind those vessels to pollute, which are
 Clear of themselves; if any person dare
 Live vertuously among us; *base* and *low*
 We count him then, and if a man be slow
 Of apprehension, we are apt to call
 Him *dull* and *thick-skull'd* fellow; he that all
Cheats, wisely escapes, whose Bosom does not lie
 Expos'd to any kind of injury,
 Though he lives in a treacherous Age, wherein
Malice and *Slander*, and all kind of sin
 Do grow and flourish, ought of right to be
 Esteem'd a *prudent wary* man; but we
 Call him a *subtle Jugler*: If we spy
 An open-hearted person such as I
 Oft shew'd my self to you (*Macenas*) which
 With his perpetual and impertinent Speech
 Disturbs men far more serious, when they
 Do either read or study hard, we say

This

This fellow has not common sense, "*Alas!*

"How inconsiderately do we pass

"*Laws on our selves, unequal and severe,*

"Since no man without *Vices* ever were,

"Or born, or bred, and that man is the best,

"Who's troubled with the fewest and the least.

"A real Friend will with my faults compare

"My virtues; and if all my virtues are

"More than my *Vices*, he that loves me would

"Incline to th' most, as it is fit he should:

"So if to be below'd he has a mind,

"He may by this means the same measure find:

"He that desires his *Wens* should not offend

"His friend, must wink at th' Pimples of his friend.

"He that would have his faults forgiven, must

"Give pardon, if he take it, 'tis but just.

Now since the vice of *anger*, and the rest

Which do our foolish *Nature* thus infest,

Cannot be thoroughly rooted out, why may

Not equal judgment and right reason sway?

And why should not all punishments be fitted

Proportionably to the Crimes committed?

When a man bids his Servant lift a *Dish*

Off from the *Table*, and he eat the Fish

That's left, or lick the *sauce* up, if that he

Should suffer *death*, should not his Master be

Esteem'd more mad than frantick *Labeo*

By all those men, who are themselves not so?

How would the Masters crime the mans transcend

In greatness, nay in madness? If a Friend

Commit a fault, at which thou ought'st to wink,

Or else all men will thee ill-natur'd think,

If thou should'st scorn and hate him for't, and shun

His company, as the poor Debtors run

From the damn'd Usurer *Druse*, who when ere
 The doleful Day of Payment does appear
 To his poor Debtors, if they do not pay
 Both *principal* and *interest*, how they
 Come by't he cares not, he condemns them then
 To stand with naked throats, like Captive men,
 Not to be kill'd, but (that's far worse then it)
 To hear those wretched *Plays* which he had writ.

Suppose my *fuddled* Friend when he did sup,
 Bepist the room, or break my Mistress cup:
 Or if he being hungry took away
 That *Chicken* which i'th' Dish before me lay,
 Must I fall out with him? What then if he
 Should commit theft? Or break his trust with me?
 Or should deny his promise? those by whom
 All sins are equal held, when once they come
 T' inquire into the truth, they're at a stand;
 For common *reason*, general *custom*, and
Profit it self, which is the Mother now
 Of what is *right* and *just*, all disallow
 This fond *opinion*: When in former time
Mankind, which of all creatures is the prime,
 Crept out of 's Mother *Earth*, they were a kind
 Of dumb and nasty *Cattel*; which inclin'd
 To brawl for *Mast*, and Dens to lodge in too,
 With nails and fists, and next with clubs, and so
 In length of time, they fought with Spears and Swords,
 Which need had taught them how to make, till words
 And names by them invented were, whereby
 They did their sense and voices signifie
 Unto each other, then they did begin
 To build them *Forts* to live with safety in.
 Then they enacted *Laws*, that none might dare
 Play either *Robber* or *Adulterer*:

"For before Helens days women have been
 "The cause of cruel wars. When men rush'd in
 On any women which they next came to,
 At the first sight, as wild *Beasts* use to do;
 Till like a *Bull* o'th' herd, a stronger come,
 Kill the first *Occupant*, and takes his room :
 But unremembred di'd those nameless men,
 Wanting th' *Historians* and *Poets* Pen.

We if we do consider former times,
 Must grant that *Laws* were made for fear of crimes;
 As *Nature* can't discern what's right, what's wrong,
 Nor separate good from ill, nor from among
 Those things we ought to *shun*, pick out what we
 Ought to *desire*, nor can't by reason be
 Made out, that he who on the Herbs within
 His Neighbours Garden treads, do's as much sin
 As he that robs a *Church*, and steals away
 What to the Gods there *consecrated* lay.
 Let's have a Rule, by which our pains may be
 Proportion'd to our crimes, and not that he
 Who has deserv'd a little Rod alone,
 Should with a horrid whip be *laskt* to th' Bone.

That thou'lt with *ferule* strike I'll ne're suppose,
 Him that deserves to suffer greater blows;
 While thou hold'st thefts and robberies to be
 Offences only of the like degree,
 And threatnest if thou reign once to chastise
 Our petty faults and foul enormities
 With equal punishments : if it be so,
 That he who is a *wise* man's *wealthy* too,
 A good *Mechanick* skill'd in every thing,
 The only *gallant*, and indeed a *King*.
 What need'st thou wish to be a *King*, since thou
 Art so already ? Thou wilt ask me now

If I don't know what old *Chrysippus* said,
Though a *wise* man perhaps has never made
His Shoos and Boots, yet still a *wise* man is
A *Shoo-maker*; to what end is all this?
Just so *Hermogenes*, though he's dumb, can
Sing well, and is a good *Musician*.
And in this sense, *Alfenus* when he threw
Away his *tools*, and shut up shop, and grew
A cunning *Lawyer*, who had been before
A *Cobler*, was still *Cobler*, and no more:
So the *wise* man's alone in every thing,
The skilfull'st *Artist*, and so he's a *King*.

The Roguing Boys (thou talk'st so like a Sot)
Will pull thee by thy Beard, if thou do'st not
That Scepter in thy hand thy *cudgel* sway,
And in *Majestick*-wise drive them away.
The *cheated* crowd that stand about thee, all
Prepare to kick thee, thou maist bark and brawl
Till thou hast burst thy Royal self, *Most high*
And mighty King, in brief thou Royally
'Giv'st a whole *fartbing*, for thy Bath at once,
And hast no guard t' attend thee but that dunce
Crispinus; But my pleasant friends, if I,
Through folly should transgress, will pass it by,
And when they do bewray their frailties, then
I in requital *pardon* them agen;
And thus I live, though but a private man,
More happy than thy fained Kingship can.

SATYRE IV. By A. B.

A Discourse concerning POETRY.

THE old Greek Poets, *Aristophanes*,
Cratinus, *Eupolis*, and such as these
 Who did write *Comedies*, where e're they had
 One fit to be describ'd, as very bad,
 Such as a *Thief*, or an *Adulterer*,
 Or *Murderer*, or such like men which were
 Notorious in their lives, these all should be
 With a brave *boldness*, and great *liberty*,
 Exprest to th' life, and whatsoever is
 Writ by *Lucillius* does proceed from this,
 Those *Poets* he did imitate, their feet
 And *numbers* only he did change, and yet
 His wit was excellent, his judgment clear,
 Only the *Verses*, which came from him, were
 Harsh and *unpolish'd*; for this was his *crime*,
 Two hundred Verses in one *hours* time
 He ordinarily pour'd out with ease,
 As if he did such *weighty* busineses;
 Yet though his Verses like a *Deluge* flow'd,
 Th' had something still above the common road:
 He lov'd to *scribe*, but could not endure
 The pains of writing Verses good and pure;
 I ne're regard how much an *Author* writes,
 'Tis not the *Volume*, but the *sense* delights.
 "I'll tell you; once *Crispinus* challeng'd me,
 Pointing with's Finger at me, Come (says he)
 Take Paper, Pen, and Ink, fix place, and time,
 Let's both be watcht, try which can swiftest *rhime*;

I thank

I thank my Stars, *Nature* did me compose
 So bashful, and so pusillanimous,
 That I speak *little*, and but *seldom* too,
 But his laborious *lungs* do always go
 Like a *Smiths* Bellows, puffing breath so fast,
 That he his Iron audients tires at last.

What luck that Scribbling Rhimer *Fannius* met?
 That our grave Senate undesir'd have set
 His *silly* Book and ugly *statue* too
 In *Cæsars* Library? Whilst I that do
 Both blush and tremble when I e're appear
 In *publick*, no reherfing wit does care
 To read my Lines to th' undiscerning crue;
 But here's the reason for't, there are but few
 That love a *Satyr* well; most are afraid
 Their Crimes may be like others, open laids

Pick any person out of all Mankind,
 He is to *pride* or *avarice* inclin'd;
 This with the lust for's Neighbours wife runs mad;
 That's for th' unnatural use of some fair *Lad*:
 This loves to gaze on's money still, and that
 Is ravisht with the splendour of his *Plate*;
 This to get *wealth* by *merchandizing* goes,
 Where the Sun sets, from the place where it rose;
 Runs through all dangers head-long, and is tost
 From place to place as *Whirlwinds* blow the dust,
 Fearing lest he should lose his stock, or not
 Increase that vast *Estate* which he had got.
 All these hate Verses, and Verse-makers fly,
 That Beast the *Poet* comes 'ware *horns* they cry:
 To make the People laugh, these Fellows use
 Not to regard what *friends* they do abuse,
 And whatsoe're they write, they forthwith to
 The *Politicians* of the *Conduits* shew,

Or at the *Bake-house*, that Old Women and
The Roguing Boys their jests may understand.

Much good may 't do them, I on t'other side
With the name *Poet* wo'n't be dignifi'd.

Out of their number, whom the world does own
For *Poets*, I'm excluded, being none:

For to compose a *Versè*, or write as we
Do naturally speak 's not *Poetry*.

That noble Title *Poet* those doth fit,
Who have good *Stile*, high *Fancy*, and quick wit;
And therefore some have askt whether, what I
Have written be *Poem* or *Comedy*,

Because no *salt*, no *flame*, nor *spirit* be,
Or in the words or sense which comes from me;
Which would be very *Prose*, but only I
My words to feet and numbers use to tie:

But in a *Comedy* the *Poet* brings
A Father raging in 'cause his Son clings
T' a common prostitute, and does refuse
That wealthy *match* which the old man did chuse,
And being *drunk* walks in the open day
With a *Torch* flaming in a scandalous way.

Pomponius Father, if alive, would thus
Rebuke his Son for being leacherous.

'Tis not enough to make *Versè* smoothly run
With fine *cull'd* words, but if they are undone,
And made plain *Prose*, would as unpleasant be
As the fowre Father in the *Comedy*.

If from the *Versè*s, which I use to make,
And those which once *Lucilius* writ, you take
The feet and measure, and do discompose
The order of those words, and make them *Prose*;
Placing those words before which stand behind,
And to *invert* their order, you will find

The *quarters* of a *Poet* still appear
In every *sentence* scatter'd every where,
Not like this *Verse* ; *When as the cruel jars*
Of wars had broke our iron posts and bars.

So much for that ; We'l take a time to know,
Whether this *Poetry* be right or no :
Now I would only ask whether to thee
A *Satyr* can justly offensive be.
The bawling *Lawyers* and the formal *Judge*,
When they in *Gowns* and with their *Law-tools* trudge,
Make *Malefactors* tremble, while that he
That's innocent contemns their *Pageantry*.
Though thou 'rt a *malefactor*, yet since I
Am no *Informer*, why do'st from me fly ?
No *Books* of mine do prostituted lie
On publick *Stalls* to tempt th' enquiring *Eye*
Of *Passengers*, soyl'd by the greasie *Thumbs*
Of every prying nasty *Clown* that comes.
I seldom do reherse, and when I do,
'Tis to my *Friends*, and with *reluctance* too :
Not before every one, nor every where ;
We have too many that *Rehersers* are,
In publick *Baths*, and open *Markets* too,
In the ceil'd *chambers*, where their *voices* do
Double by *repercussion*, they reherse
Inspid *notions* tortur'd into *Verse*.
This pleases empty *Fops*, who never mind
True *wit* and *sense*, so *rhime* and *feet* they find,

Thou sayst I love to jeer, and study it
To gratifie my own *ill-natur'd wit* ;
Where didst thou pick up this *Report* ? or who
Of my acquaintance e're reputes me so ?
" *That person who back-bites his absent friend,*
" *Or when another does, will not defend*

"His reputation; he that aims to be
 "The jester in all foolish company,
 "Ambitious of the Title of a Wit,
 "A blab of 's tongue, who what e're you commit
 "Unto his trust, discovers and betrays,
 "And impudently lies in what he says:
 "This is a dirty fellow, such a one.
 "Ev'ry true Roman is concern'd to shun.

udge,

I've seen a dozen men together feast,
 And one has rudely jeer'd at all the rest,
 Except his *Friend*, which entertain'd them all;
 But being drunk at last on him did fall,
 When *Wine* (*Truth's* Mother) had unlockt his Brest,
 Reveal'd those thoughts that there did smother'd rest:
 Thou who abhorr'st base Fellows, wilt suppose
 This *beast* free, civil, and ingenious.

Whilst if I do discover and deride
 Some powdred *Coxcombs* vanity and pride;
 Or else some nasty Sloven, thou dost fall
 On me, as envious or Satyrical.
 If in thy presence any person does
 Report *Petillus* Sacrilegious,
 Thou (as thy custom is) wilt him defend,
 And say *Petillus* was thy antient Friend;
 From Children you were conversant, and he
 With Kindnesses was still obliging thee,
 The thought of him does much thy Spirit cheer,
 That he is well, and thou enjoy'st him here:
 But yet thou canst not but admire how he
 Himself could from that *Judgment* so well free.
 Such friends are like the *Scattle-fish*, whose skin
 is white without, but all black juice within;
 This is the *rust* of Friendship, and this vice
 (If any promise in my power lies)

The *quarters* of a *Poet* still appear
 In every *sentence* scatter'd every where,
 Not like this Verse ; *When as the cruel jars*
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 Is white without, but all black juice within;
 This is the *rust* of Friendship, and this vice
 (If any promise in my power lies)

I freely promise thou shalt never find
In all my writings, no nor in my mind.

"If I speak what is *jocular* and free,
"You by the Law are bound to pardon me.
My honour'd *Father*, now deceas'd, did use
Into my mind these Precepts to infuse;
Observe (quoth he) their end who vice pursue,
And thou by that all Vices wilt eschew:
When he did press me to good Husbandrie,
And thrifty frugal courses, and to be
Content with that Estate which he had got,
And did intend to leave me; dost thou not
(Said he) observe the wealthy *Albino* Son
Into what want he is by wildness run?
See what a *shabby* Fellow's *Barrus* grown,
Barrus the Ranting'st Gallant of the Town;
A good instruction for young Heirs, that they
Should not their *Patrimony* fool away!
And when from love of *Whores* he would deter me,
He to *Seltanus* sad Fate would refer me,
That after marri'd Wives I should not stray,
But use my Pleasures in a lawful way.
(Quoth he) upon thy name 'twill be a Brand
If like *Trebonius* thou should'st be *trepan'd*.
Philosophy will with much reason shew
What thou should'st shun, and what *thou* should'st pursue (the
If *thou* canst well observe *those* prudent ways,
In which our Fathers walkt in former days,
And keep thy life and reputation free
From vice or scandal whilst thou 'rt under me,
I'm pleas'd: But when thy mind and body too
By age to full maturity shall grow,
I'll turn thee loose into the World. Thus he
Did in my Nonage wisely nurture me;

When he propos'd a duty to be done,
He'd say, Thou hast a fair example (Son)
For doing this, thou hast before thine eyes
Those which to *honour* and great *power* did rise.

And if he'd have me any vice to flie,
(says he) A man may see with half an eye
This act which now thou art about to do
Is against *honesty* and *profit* too.

Since this mans *name*, and that's who did this thing,
With general *scandal* through the Nation ring.

And as one *Gluttons* death doth much affright
Another, and suspend his appetite
For fear of death, so others infamy
Makes tender Spirits from those vices fly.

Thus I liv'd unconcern'd in all those Crimes
Which ruine young-men in these impious times,
Though I perhaps do'nt unpolluted live,
But have small faults, which men may well forgive;
And which my second thoughts and a *true* Friend,
And *wiser* age may teach me to amend;
For I'm not wanting to my self when I
Do walk alone, or in my *Bed* do lie.

Then I think with my self, this way is best,

And if I follow'r, I am truly blest,

And to my Friends am grateful; but when I
Observe a person doing foolishly,

Should I be such an *Ass* to make the same

Illcourse my pattern, which has been his shame?

These are my private thoughts, and when I light

On a spare minute I do Verses write,

And this is one of those small sins which I
Am guilty of, which if thou should'st deny

To pardon, all of my Fraternity

Would come to help me; for we *Poets* be

A mighty *number*, and as once the *Jews*,
Romans to their *Religion* did seduce,
 So we'll dub thee a Brother of the *Muse*. }

SATYRE V. By A. B.

A journey from Rome to Brundisium.

FROM spacious *Rome* to *Aris* once went I,
 With *Heliodorus* in my company,
 The best for *Rhetorick* that the *Grecians* had ;
 Our *Inn* was small, our *entertainment* bad.
 From whence to *Appii forum* we did ride,
 Where *Sailers* and lewd *Vicinuallers* most reside.
 We made it *two* days work, which might be done
 By those who had a mind in less than *one*.
 The *Appian* Road we did not tedious think,
 We travell'd slowly, and did often drink :
 Here, 'cause the water was unwholsom, I
 Refus'd to eat a *Supper*, but sate by
 While my Friends did ; I long'd to be in Bed,
 For *night* on th' earth her *sable wings* had spread,
 And stuck the *Heaven* with *Stars*, but such a noise
 Rose from the *Sailers* railing at their Boys,
 And their Boys back again at them ! So ho !
 The Boat, the Boat ! Plague on you, where d' you go ?
 (Says one) you Rogue, you over-load the Boat,
 You lye (says t'other with an open throat)
 Hold, hold, now 'tis enough : And thus while they
 Harnest their Mules, and quarrel for their Pay,
 They spent a whole hours time ; the stinging *flies*
 And croaking *Frogs* deni'd me sleep and ease.

And

And now the *Sailer* being got quite drunk,
With nasty Wine, begins to sing of 's *Punk*.
The *Mule-man* does the like of his: both cry
Which should roar loudest for the *Victory*;
At length the *Mule-man* being weary grown,
Falls fast asleep; while to a neighbouring *stone*
The *lazy Mariner* did tie the Barge
With the Mules traces which was gone at large
To graze; and likewise falls asleep till day,
Then we perceiv'd the Barge was at a stay,
There being no *Mule* to draw her; thereupon
Our leaps a *surly* Fellow, and lays on
The *Mule-man* and the *Sailer* head and side
With a tough *Cudgel*, which was well appli'd:
Then in four hours we ashore were set,
We wash'd our *hands* and *faces*, and did eat:
Then after Dinner three full miles walkt we,
And came to *Anxur*, where the houses be
Cover'd with *Polisht* Stone, my honour'd Friend
Macenas and *Cocceius* did intend
To take this *Maritime City* in the road,
Both being sent *Ambassadors* abroad
'Bout State Affairs, and using to compose
All differences which 'twixt Friends arose:
Here I anointed these sore Eyes of mine
With the most true *Collyrium* exc'llent Wine.
Then straight *Macenas*, and three more I see,
Ingenious persons all, and forthwith we
With scorn pass by that petty Village, where
That *Scrivener Luscus* proudly rul'd as Mayor.
With *Mace* and *Chain*, and *Fur*, and *purple-Gown*,
Strutting and *domineering* o're the Town,
And came to *Formia* soundly tired at last,
Where our Friends gave good lodging and repast:

The next day was a blessed day, for we
 Came to a Town where *Wine* was good and free :
 There *Virgil*, *Varius*, and *Plotinus* met,
 Men of such Souls the World cann't equal yet,
 Nor are there any in the World to me
 So much obliging as those persons be.
 But oh ! what love, and what embracing 'twas ?
 And what rejoycing did between us pass ?
 " No man in's Wits can any thing commend
 " Before a real and ingenuous Friend.

Next to a small Maritime Village near
Campania's Bridge we came, the *Townsmen* there
 With Wood and Salt *Macenas* did present
 As fees, 'cause in an *Embassy* he went.

From thence to *Capua* betimes we came,
Virgil and I did sleep, *Macenas* game ;
 That toilsom play at Ball no way complies
 With *Virgil's* stomach, nor with my blear eyes.
 Hence we came to *Cocceius* house, which is
 Seated beyond the *Claudian* Hosteries,
 A stately house, where plenty did abound,
 And there we splendid entertainment found.

And now (my Muse) assist me while I tell
 That memorable squabble which befel
 Between *Sarmentus* that Buffoon, and one
Messius, whose Face with warts was over-grown ;
 And from that Noble antient Familie
 These *Combatants* deriv'd their pedigree ;
 The *Ossian* Nation unto *Messius* gave
 His being, but *Sarmentus* was a Slave.
 Of this condition and original
 These two Tongue-combatants began their brawl ;
Thou Horse-fac'd Rascal (says *Sarmentus* first)
 At which we fell a laughing, like to burst.

Messius

Messius replies, *Well be it so; what then?*
 (And Ox-like tost his head at him agen.)
 Oh! (says *Sarmentus*) *What a dangerous Cow,*
Had not thy horns been quite saw'd off, wert thou,
who art so curst without them? thy old face,
(if possible) is uglier than it was.—
 Since thy great wen on one side, now we find
 Cut out, it leaves an ugly brand behind.
 That botchy face of thine looks as if thou
 Hadst a Campanian Clap upon thee now.
 Thus he abus'd *Messius* face, and bid
 Him come and dance as *Polyphemus* did.
 No vizard, nor yet buskins need'st thou wear,
 Thy face and limbs can't seem worse than they are.
Messius retorts as much; *Thou Dog, (says he)*
When wilt thy slaveship end? for though thou be
Now made a Scribe, thy Mistress right thereby
Is not extinguish'd; tell me, Sirrah, why
Didst thou so often run away from her?
Is not a pound of bread sufficient fare
For such a starveling slave as thou to eat?
 And with such pastime we got down our meat.

At *Beneventum* our officious Host
 Roasting lean Birds, was like himself to roast.
 The pile of fire fell down, and scatter'd flame
 Unto the roof of the old *Kitchen* came,
 The hungry Guests, and Servants worse than those,
 Being afraid their supper they should lose,
 Began to scramble, and did more conspire
 To snatch the victuals, than to quench the fire.

And now th' *Apulian* Mountains did appear,
 Which by *Atabulius* so scorched are,
 These we had ne'er claw'd ore, but that there lay
Trivius to refresh us by the way;

But

But such a curfed *smoak* did there arife
 From the green Boughs they burnt, it ſcorcht our eyes.
 Here I the *Coxcomb* of the *company*
 Till Mid-night did in *expectation* lie
 Of a falſe *Wench*, who promis'd to come to me,
 But ſleep did come, and that more good did do me:
 But what I dreamt, and what on me beſel,
 My body and my ſheets can only tell.

Thence four and twenty miles we were convey'd
 By *Coach*, then in a little town we ſtaid,
 Whoſe name won't ſtand in verſe, but yet there are
 Plain ſigns to know it by, they water there
 (The meaneſt of all things) ſell, while trav'lers may
 With fine bread *gratis* load themſelves away.
 Bread at *Canuſium's* gritty, water there
 Is as at *Equotatium*, very rare.
 Brave *Diomedes* of ſo high renown,
 'Twas he, that built in former time, this town.
 Here *Varins* parted from 's, and weeping went,
 While we his abſence did as much lament.
 To *Rubi* thence, we being tir'd, did get,
 The journey long, and worſe becauſe 'twas wet.
 Next day to Filthy *Barus* we repair,
 The way was worſe, but yet the Weather fair;
 From thence to *Gratia*, which did ſeem to be
 Founded in ſpight of th' Water Nymphs, for we
 Found whoſom Water greatly wanting there,
 But we had exc'llent ſport; for they did dare
 Perſwade me, that their *Incenſe* which they lay
 Upon their *Altars*, would conſume away
 Without a fire, I'll ne're think 'tis true,
 This ſtory fits th' *uncircumciſed Jew*;
 For I well know the Gods live free from cares,
 And ne're concern themſelves in mans affairs,

And

And when as Nature any thing does do,
Which Mortal men are most accusom'd to,
I don't believe that 'tis the careful Gods
Send down this wonder from their high abodes.

Thence to *Brundisium* we our travels bend,
And here my *paper* and our *journey* end.

SATYRE V.I. By Sir R. F.

TO MÆCENAS.

He reprehends the vain judgment of the people of Rome concerning Nobility, measuring the same by antiquity of Pedigree, not by vertue; nor willingly admitting to Magistracy any but such as were adorned with the former. That there was no reason to envy him for the friendship of Mæcenas, as for a Tribuneship; since that was given by Fortune, but acquired by the recommendation of vertue. Lastly, shews his condition in a private life to be much better, than (if he were a Magistrate) it could be.

NOR that the *Tuscans* (who from *Lydia* came)
Have nothing nobler than *Mæcenas* name;
Nor that thy Mothers, and Sires Grand-fire were
Gen'als of old, makes thee as most men, sneer
Thy nose up at poor folks, and such as me,
Born of a father, from a Slave made free.
When thou affirm'st, *It skills not of what kind*
Any is come; if of a noble mind;
Thou deem'st (and right) that before *Tullus* reign,
(Who was a King, yet not a Gentleman)

But such a cursed *smoak* did there arise
 From the green Boughs they burnt, it scorcht our eyes.
 Here I the *Coxcomb* of the *company*
 Till Mid-night did in *expectation* lie
 Of a false *Wench*, who promis'd to come to me,
 But sleep did come, and that more good did do me:
 But what I dreamt, and what on me befel,
 My body and my sheets can only tell.

Thence four and twenty miles we were convey'd
 By *Coach*, then in a little town we staid,
 Whose name won't stand in verse, but yet there are
 Plain signs to know it by, they water there
 (The meanest of all things) sell, while trav'lers may
 With fine bread *gratis* load themselves away.
 Bread at *Cannusium's* gritty, water there
 Is as at *Equotutium*, very rare.
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Any is come; if of a noble mind;
Thou deem'st (and right) that before *Tullus* reign,
(Who was a King, yet not a Gentleman)

Many

Many a man of no degree, no name,
By great achievements to great honours came.

Levinus contrary' (*Valerio's* Son,
By whom proud *Tarquin* was expell'd the Throne)
Him worthless, Ev'n the people (*whom you know*)
They scorn'd; Those fools that honours oft bestow
On undeservers, doating on gay men,
Dazled with shields and coronets. What then
Shall we do, lifted far above their Sphere?

The People to *Levinus* did prefer
A new man *Decius*; yet now, should I
Stand for a place, hoarse *Appius* would cry,
Withdraw! 'cause I'm no Gentleman: and shall,
When *Horace* meddles farther than his Naul.

But Honour takes into his Golden Coach
Noble and base. *Tullus*, what hast to touch
The Purple Robe (which *Cesar* forc't thee quit)
And be a Tribune? Envy thou didst get
Thereby, by whom i'th' dark thou'dst neer been spide.
For when the people see a strange face ride
Up to the ears in Ermins, and a list
(Or more) of Gold; strait they demand, *who is't?*
What was his Father? Just as when some youth,
Sick of the Fashions (to be thought, forsooth,
Handsom) inflames the fairer Sex, to call
His face in question, hair, teeth, foot, and small.
So when a man upon the Stage shall come,
And say, *Give me the Reins that govern Rome,*
I'll manage Italy, the State shall be
My care, I, and the Church likewise: Ods me!
It forces every Mortal to enquire
And know who was his Mother, who his Sire?
Shall then the Off-spring of a Minstrel dare
Displace this General, condemn that Peer?

Novius was one hole lower. Being the same
My Father was, you'd think from *Brute* he came.
But if two hundred *Draies* obstruct a street,
Or with their Trumpeters, three Funerals meet;
Louder than all he chafes with brazen lungs,
And this is something to awe peoples tongues.

But to my self, the son of the freed man
O (*Envy* cries) *The son of the Freed man!*
Masenas, now, Because thy Guest: before,
Because a *Roman Tribune's* charge I bore.
These two are not alike: I may pretend,
Though not to office, yet to be thy friend,
Thou being chiefly in this case so choice,
Not guided by Ambition, popular voice,
Or by a chance: *Virgil* his word did pass
For me, then *Varus* told thee what I was:
When first presented, little said I to thee,
(For Modesty 's an infant) did not shew thee
A long-tail'd Pedigree: I did not say,
I bred Race-horses in Apulia:
Told what I was. As little thou replied'st,
(Thy mode) I go: at nine months end, thou bid'st
Me, of thy Friends, be one. Of this I boast,
That I pleas'd thee (who to *distinguish* know'st)
Not Noble, but of fair and Crystal thoughts.

Yet, if except some few (*not bairns*) faults,
My Nature's straight (as you may reprehend,
In a fair face, some moles.) If (*to commend*
My self) I am not given to avarice;
Not nasty, nor debauch'd, not sold to vice,
Lov'd by my Friends, obedient to the Laws,
Of all these things my Father was the cause.
Who though but tenant to one small lean Farm,
In *Flavio's* School would never let me learn.

When

When great *Centurions* sent their great Boys thither,
 Their left arms cramp't with stones, hung in a leather-
 Bag, with a counting-board; but boldly parts
 With me (a child) to *Rome*: t' imbibe those arts
 A Knight, or Senator, might teach his Boy;
 That who had seen my cloaths, and my convoy
 Of Servants, cleaving through a press, would swear
 Some wealthy Grandfire did my charges bear.
 Himself (*the carefull'st Tutor*) had his eye
 Over them all. In short my Modestie,
 (Vertues first bloom) so warring from this Well,
 He both preserv'd my whiteness and my smell:
 Nor fear'd, lest any should in time to come,
 Blame him he had not bred me still at home
 To his own Trade: or I my self complain;
 (The more his praise my debt,) if I have brain,
 Of such a Father now shall I repent,
 Like some that quarrel with their own descent,
 Because their blood from Nobles did not flow?
 Reason as well as Nature answers, No:
 For if I should unweave the Loom of Fate,
 And chuse my self new Parents, for my State,
 In any Tribe: Contented with mine own,
 I would not change to be a Consuls Son.
 Mad, in the Vulgars judgment: But in thine
 Sober, perchance: because I did decline
 An irksom load I am not us'd to bear.
 For I must seek more wealth straight, if that were;
 And, to beg Voices, many a visit make,
 Must at my heels a brace of Servants take;
 For fear my Honour should be seen alone,
 To go into the Countrey, or the Town.
 There must be Horses store, and Grooms thereto,
 A Litter's to be hir'd too: Whereas now

'Tis

'Tis lawful for me on a Bob-tail Mule
To travel to *Tarentum*, if I wull;
My cloak-bag galling her behind, and I
Digging her shoulders. Not, with Obloquie,
Like *Tullus*, when in *Tiber*-Road he's seen
Attended with five Boys, carrying a skin
Of Wine, and a Close-stool: Brave Senator,
More decently than thou, and thousands more,
I could do that. Where e're I list I go,
Alone, the price of Broth and Barley know;
Croud in at every Sight, walk late in *Rome*:
Visit the Temple with a Prayer: then home
To my Leek-pottage, and Chich-pease. Three boys
Serve in my Supper; whom to counterpoise
One bowl, two beakers on a broad white slate,
A pitcher with two ears (* *Campanian* Plate) * *Earthen*
Then do I go to sleep: securely do't,
Being next morning to attend no suit
In the great Hall (where *Marsya* doth look,
As if loud *Nomio*'s face he could not brook)
I lie till Four. Then walk, or read a while:
Or write to please my self; noint me with Oil:
(Not such as *Natta* paws himself withal,
Robbing the Lamps.) When neer his Vertical
The hotter Sun invites us to a Bath
For our tir'd Limbs, I fly the Dogs-stars wrath,
Having din'd only so much as may stay
My appetite: Loiter at home all day.
These are my solaces: this is the life
Of men that shun ambition, run from strife.
Lighter than if I soar'd on *Glories* wing,
The Nephew, Son, and Grand-son to a King.

SATYRE VII. By A. B.

A Brawl between two Railing Buffoons.

THe venomous railing of that black-mouth'd thing,
 Who lately was prescrib'd *Rupillius King*;
 Against that mungrel *Persian*, and how he
 Reveng'd himself on *King* again; these be
 Things (I suppose) notoriously known,
 The talk of every *Barbers* shop in town.

This *Persian* being rich, his wealth did draw
 Much business, and that business suits in *Law*;
 And with *Rupillius King*, among the rest,
 He had a very troublesome contest;
 He was a surly fellow, proud, and bold,
 And able *King* himself with ease t' out-scold,
 Of such a bitter and *invektive* speech,
 That he even *Billinggate* to rail could teach.

Now as to *King*, since nothing could compose
 The differences which between them rose,
 These two *Tongue-combatants* began their fray,
 When *Brutus* govern'd wealthy *Asia*;
 To th' *Hall* they come contending eagerly,
 Both matcht as equally as *Fencers* be;
 They made an excellent *Scene*: First in the Court
 The *Persian* pleads his cause, and made good sport,
 Our General *Brutus* to the skies he rais'd,
 And his victorious Army highly prais'd;
 Call'd him the *Sun* of *Asia*, and all
 His *Captains* he propitious Stars did call,
 Except that Buffoon *King* (says he) who's far
 More mischievous t' you all, than the *Dog-star*

Is to the Husband-man : thus on he ran,
And by his railing, bore that *buffed* man
Quite down before him ; like a Winter *flood*,
Which drives down every thing that e're withstood
Is rapid *motion*, and by violence
Roots up the trees, and so the Axe prevents.

Thus when two *Warriors* engage in fight,
And both of equal courage, skill, and might,
Honour's their aim, both scorn to yield or run;
The more their *valour*, the more *mischief's* done.
So valiant *Hector* when he did engage
'Gainst stout *Achilles*, such a deadly rage
Did animate them both, that nothing could
Sate their fury but each others blood,
And death of one, meerly 'cause both were stout;
Conquer or die both could, but ne're *give out*.

But when two *Cowards* quarrel, or if one
That *courage* has, contends with one of none ;
(As *Diomedes* once with *Glaucus* did)
The *Coward* yields or runs for 't, and instead
Of blows, gives bribes, and presents to his *For*,
Only to save his life, and let him go.

King rallies up his thoughts, and then retorts
Investives false, and many of all sorts :
Just like a surly *Carman*, whose rude tongue
Out-rails all Passengers, *be 't right or wrong* ;
He had not wit to jeer, but rudely bauls,
And the smart *Persian* Rogue and Cuckold calls.
The angry *Persian* being so much stung
By the reproaches of the *Italians* tongue,
Cries out, Oh *Brutus* ! by the Gods I pray,
Thou whose profession's to take Kings away,
Murder this one *King* for me, thou'lt gain more
By this, then all the *Kings* th' hast kill'd before.

Q

S A T Y R E

SATYRE VIII. By A. B.

A Discovery of Witchcraft.

OF an old *Fig-tree* once the *trunk* was I,
 And as a useless piece of *wood* laid by,
 Till an ingenious *Carpenter* who found
 Me lying so neglected on the ground,
 Took me in hand to form me with his *tool*,
 But whether he should make of me a stool,
 Or a *Priapus*, was a thing that did,
 Long time perplex this politic *work mans* head ;
 Till after long deliberation, he
 For *weighty* reasons made a *God* of me.

Hence does my *Deity* proceed, and I
 Here stand the *thieves* and *birds* to terrifie ;
 The *thieves* I fright away with my right hand,
 And my long *pole* which does erected stand ;
 My Crown of Reeds does drive the *birds* away,
 That they dare not in our new *Gardens* prey.

The *ground* where I now stand was heretofore
 A common *Burying-place* for all the poor,
 Whose carcases in mean small graves were laid,
 And this the publick *Sepulchre* was made
 Forth' *meanest* sort of people, those men which
 Were much the poorer 'cause they had been *rich*.
 The bodies of such *spend-thrifts* here were cast,
 As *fool'd* their means away, and lack'd at last.

A thousand foot in length, three hundred wide,
 Which from the rest a Land-mark did divide,
 Whose plain *inscription* did describe to th' *Heirs*,
 Which ground was *Sacred*, & which ground was theirs

Now men 'ith' healthy *Church-yard* live, and where
 Dead bodies stunk, the living take fresh air,
 And on that green hill now we walk which once
 Was all deform'd and cover'd o're with bones.

But yet the thieves and birds which higher come,
 And haunt this place, are not so troublesom
 To me, as those who *charms* and *poysons* use,
 With which they do poor mortal minds abuse,
 These I can neither hinder nor destroy,
 But in the *silent* nights, by *Moon-shine* they
 Into these Gardens steal, and pick up there
 Dead humane bones and herbs that poysonous are.

Here that old Hag *Canidia* I spi'd
 In a black garment close about her ti'd,
 Bare-foot she walkt, her locks dishevell'd were,
 And that *Witch-major* *Sagana* with her:
 Howling like Wolves, of pale and ugly hew,
 They both appear'd most ghastly to my view,
 With their long nails to scratch the earth they went,
 And with their teeth a *Lamb* in sunder rent,
 Whose blood they pour'd into their new-dig'd pit,
 And conjur'd up th' infernal Fiends with it,
 Such Spirits as could answer to what ere
 They did demand; two Images there were
 Brought by these Hags, by which they did their knacks;
 One made of wool, the other made of wax:
 The Woollen was the greater, that it might
 The little Waxed Image curb and fright.
 This Wax Effigies stood cringing by,
 As sinking under its servility,
 The *Hecate* invokes; *Tisiphone*
 Charmed by t' other: *Serpents* one might see,
 And the infernal Dogs run out and in.
 The bashful Moon for fear she should have been

A witness to these *jugglings* hid her face,
And made our *Sepulchres* her lurking place.

If I lie t' you in any thing I've said,
May the *Crows* with their *dung* pollute my head!
May all the *rogues* and *whores*, and *thieves* in town,
Cast their base Excrements upon my *crown*!

What need I all those tricks to mention, which
Were done by *Sagana* that damn'd old Witch?
And by what *Artifice* the Ghosts and she
Discours'd together with variety
Of tones, now shrill, now flat, and how they did
Hide under ground by stealth the hairy head
Of an old *wolf*, with teeth of speckled *snake*,
Then with the Waxed *image* they did make
The fire to blaze: But that I might not be
A tame *spectator* of this *foolery*,
And those *impostures* unreveng'd behold,
Of both those *Hags* so ugly and so old;
I from my *Godships* entrails backward spoke
As thundring as a *bladder* when 'tis broke;
Away run both the *witches* into town,
Out dropt *Canidia's* set of teeth, and down
Old *Sagana* her *snakes* and *poysons* threw
And all her *conjuring* tools, off likewise flew
Her *Periwig*, 'twould make one break his heart
With laughter, to observe how one sound *farf*
Broke from a *God*, two Witches frights away,
And made them run from one more weak than they.

SATYRE IX.

A description of an impertinent prating Fool.

OF late along the *streets* I musing walkt,
And to my self some learned *whimsie* talkt ;
When lo a wandring *Trifler* to me came,
Whom scarce I knew, save only by his name ;
And with familiar freedom took my hand,
Asking me, *How I did ? At your command*
(Said I) *God keep you Sir.* He following still,
I turn'd about, and stopt to know his will.
What ? don't you know me, man ? (said he) *I too*
A Virtuoso am as well as you.

The more I honour you, Sir, (I repli'd)
And still all ways to shake him off I tri'd ;
In thousand different postures I did go,
Sometimes I walkt *apace*, and sometimes *slow* ;
Sometimes I *whisper'd* in my *Foot-boys* ear,
And all the while did sweat all o're for fear.
Oh happy he ! (to mutter I began)
who hugs himself at an impertinent man !
Oh happy ! who as well himself can feast
On the most foolish talker as the best !

In the mean time his tongue did gallop on,
Letting no street, nor sign, nor house alone :
At last, perceiving I did nothing mind,
(He said) *you'd fain be rid of me, I find ;*
but you, nor I have now not much to do,
't is therefore wait upon you where you go :
Where lies your way ? O Lord, pray Sir do not
our self for me to so much trouble put ;

*My journey lies almost as far's the Tower,
To visit one you never saw before.
That's nothing Sir, I'm perfectly at leisure,
And a long walk with you I count a pleasure.
With that I shrunk my shoulders, hung my ears,
As a dull Ass that too great lading bears.*

*Then he begins: If once you knew me Sir,
You scarce to me would any Wit prefer,
Who is there that can better verses write?
Or who with greater swiftness can indite?
Who of your friends can more gently dance?
Or who can better teach the mode of France?
If you but hear me sing, you will confess,
I do excel the fam'd Hermogenes.*

*Here it was time to interpose: Have you
No mother Sir, nor other kindred, who
May want your company this present hour?
O no; pale death did them long since devour.
The happier they; Nay then, in faith, go on,
Kill me out-right, my friend, since th' hast begun;
My last hour's come, and now I plainly see
Thou wert intended by that Prophecie
Which my Nurse spake, when I an infant was,
Clapping my feet and smiling in my face,
She said; This Boy no poison, nor no steel,
No pain of Cough, or Spleen, or Gout, shall feel,
But by some fatal tongue shall be destroy'd,
Talkers let him, when come to age, avoid.*

*Over against Guild-hall at length we came,
He pelting me, I miserably lame.
Gods so! 'Tis well remembered, hold, I pray,
I have a Cause here to be tri'd to day;
Good Sir come with me in, I'll straight dispatch.
In hast, like dying men, this bough I catcht.*

*In troth Sir I have no great skill i'th' Law,
My nod will keep no Judge or Jury in awe,
I'll softly walk before, and if you make
Good speed, you quickly me may overtake.
Here he perplext stood still, and scratcht his head,
What? shall I lose so dear a friend? (he said)
Or by my absence lose my Cause? Nay Sir,
I pray regard your business do not stir.
Let my Cause sink (or swim) I'll leave it here,
So I my self to such a friend endear.*

*So on he leads, and I found 'twas in vain
To spoil my teeth by champing of the chain;
Straight he resumes his first Discourse; And how?
How with my Lord stands your condition now?
My Lord's a prudent man, and private lives,
Never himself to much acquaintance gives;
You'll raise a mighty Fortune under him,
But yet methinks it would great wisdom seem,
If you would take some course those to prefer
About him, who might still possess his ear
To your advantage, and if I were one,
You might be sure to govern him alone.
You'r quite mistaken Sir, we live not so
As you suppose, nor yet as others do;
No small Intrigues that family does breed,
No plots, nor little jealousies does feed:
None there does look with envious eyes upon
Another's good, but loves it as his own;
Strange and unusual this which you relate,
But so it is, the more I'm passionate
To make one of your number. That you may
Without dispute, if you'll but try the way;
A man so qualifi'd as you appear,
Can't be deny'd admission anywhere:*

*Well, to my self I will not wanting be,
 I'll watch his hours, his servants I will see;
 I will salute his Chariot in the street,
 I'll bring him home as often as we meet:
 We Courtiers strive for interest in vain,
 Unless by long observance it we gain.*

While he did thus run on, who should we meet
 But my friend C—— passing cross the street,
 C—— straight found what kind of man he was,
 Nor to see through him, needed he his Glass:
 So when the usual complements were past,
 I trod on's Toes, and softly him imbrac't;
 I winkt, and shrug'd, and many signs I gave,
 Which silently did his assistance crave:
 But my unmerciful malicious friend,
 Seem'd not to understand what I intend,
 Enjoy'd my misery, and smil'd to see
 What small thin Plots I made to be set free.
 Dear friend! d'you remember who last night
 Did us to dine with him to day invite?
 I will remember it, but yet in troth
 I have no mind to go, for I am loth
 To break a fasting day, as we shall there.
 That's nought, I have a dispensation here.
 I've none (says he) I'm going another way,
 I'll keep my Conscience, and the Church obey
 This said my witty Friend with cruel spight,
 Leaves me even when the Butcher's going to smite.
 Under what cursed Planet was I born?
 By my companion to be left forlorn!
 Condemn'd to suffer this incessant breath,
 And by perpetual chatt'ring talk'd to death.
 But now at last by great good hap there was
 A Bailiff seiz'd on him as he did pass;

O have I caught you Sir, you must with me,
 Pray Sir, will you against him witness be?
 Along they go, I for revenge too joyn'd,
 But in the *Hall* we so great tumult find,
 Such heaps of *Women* follow'd us, and *Boys*,
 That I with ease escapt amidst the noise.
 Sure great was my distress, when even a throng
 Of *Lawyers* was relief against his tongue.

SATYRE X. By A. B.

Another Discourse of POETRY.

I Said indeed, the Verse *Lucilius* writ
 Were rough, 'tis true; and who's so void of wit,
 Though ne're so much his *Patron* or his *Friend*,
 That him against this *censure* can defend?
 But in that very *Page* I said withal,
 That with great *Wit* he does the *City* maul,
 And did commend him for it much. But yet
 Though I allow him that, I don't admit
Lucilius was so thorough-pac'd a *Wit*,
 As to be good at every thing, for so
 That fool *Laberius* Dogrel *Rhimes* might go
 For excellent *Poems*, and be much admir'd.
 Though 't be a virtue, and to be desir'd
 To make an *Audience* laugh well, yet there be
 More things requir'd to make a *Poet*; he
 Must be *concise*, his *Verse* must smoothly flow;
 And not be clogg'd with *needleless* words that grow
 A burden to the *Reader*, who is tir'd
 With reading that which he at first *desir'd*.

Sometimes 'tis good to use a *doleful* strain,
 But most of all the *brisk* and *airy* vain;
 Now play the *Rhetorician*, and then
 To the *Poetick* raptures fly agen.

Sometimes write like a *Gentleman*, whose part
 Is to write easily without much *art*.

A *Drolling* merry style does better hit
 Great matters, than a down-right railing Wit;
 The antient *Comick* Poets on this ground
 Are *imitable*, and to be renown'd,

But those our spruce *Gallants* about the *Town*,
 (Because they understand them not) cry down.
 To sing what *Calvus* and *Catullus* writ,
 Is th' height of all their *learning* and their *wit*:
 He that, say they, in's *Latine* Verses can
 Mix ends of *Greek*, that, that's the only man.
 You aged *Block heads*! who so doat upon
 That *Rhodian* Dunce, Poet *Pytholeon*,
 And think that *Pie-bald* way in which he went
 To be both *difficult* and *excellent*.

But oh! an elegant *discourse* (you'll say)
 Made up of *Greek* and *Latine* words look gay;
 'Tis just like *Chian* Wine when mixt among
 The Wine that to *Falernum* does belong.

When thou wouldst *Verses* make, imagine thou
 Wert for thy *life* to plead thy own cause now,
 As did that criminal *Petillus* once,
 Would'st thou thy *Native language* quite renounce,
 While the Kings Council in their Mother tongue
 Tug for thy *Condemnation*, right or wrong?
 To interlace thy speech, would'st thou incline
 With *foreign* words, and like the *Cannine*,
 Speak a compounded *Gibrish*? But when I
 (Who am an *In-land Poet*) went to try

To make *Greek* Verses, after mid-night, when
Those things are real which are *dreamt* by men,
Romulus straight appear'd to me, and told me,
All men would for as great a *mad-man* hold me,
If I attempt t' encrease that tedious store
Of the *Greek* Poets, too too large before,
As if I should *Coals* to *New-Castle* send;
This to my *Gracian* versing put an end:
While swelling *Alpin* with this thundring Pen,
Murders poor slaughter'd *Memnon*, o're agen,
And by his *barbarous* Poetry destroys
Those things and persons which he goes to praise.

I sport my self with writing Lines, which ne're
Are spoken in *Apolla's* Temple, where
That Pedant *Tarpe* does presume to sit,
And with much boldness judge of little wit;
Nor are they oft obtruded on the *Stage*,
To cloy the Stomach of the *queazle* age,
As now our modern *Fundanus* does,
Who is in scribbling Plays facetious,
And with a subtle *whore*, a cunning *knave*,
Cheating old men, we the same fancy have
In all his Plays. And Tragick *Pollio* sings
In his *three-footed* Verse the deeds of *Kings*:
But our ingenious *Varus* does produce
Better than any the *Hersick* Muse,
And the smooth Rural *Muses* do inspire
Virgil with soft and most facetious fire.

Hence 'tis that I write better *Satyrs* then
That blundring *Varro*, and that sort of men
Who have so often tri'd to write, in vain,
Yet I fall short of our *Lucilius* strain,
Who first invented them; nor will I dare
To strip him from the *Crown* which did adhere

T'his

Th' his brows with so much glory; though I said
His Verses did run muddily, yet they had
More in them that deserv'd our great respect,
Than all those *Vices* which we should reject.

But prithee tell me? Did thy learned eye
Nothing to be reprov'd in *Homer* spie?
Did not *Lucilius* himself think fit
To alter something of weak *Accius* wit?
Did he not laugh at *Ennius* lines, as though
Some things in them were not quite grave enough?
And when of thee he a discourse did move,
Thought thee as bad as those he did reprove?
And what should hinder, but when ever we
Do read *Lucilius* works, we well may see
If 't were the imperfection of his wit,
Or crabbed Nature of the things he writ,
Would not permit the Lines he made to be
Elaborate, or run more evenly?

Or if that any Poet took delight
A Poem in *Hexameter* to write,
Contented only that he had made up
Two hundred Verses when he went to sup,
And after Supper just as many more,
Whose *rhimes* did run as *Cassius* heretofore,
More swift and raging than a Torrent does,
Which being condemn'd to fire, as story goes,
Was burnt to ashes with the Books he writ,
(The just reward of a *volum'uous* wit)
If he were now alive, and all that e're
He found *superfluous*, away should pare,
He'd scratch his head were he a Verse to write,
And often to the quick his *nails* would bite.
"He that would write what should twice reading stand,
"Must often be upon the mending hand,

"Ne're

"*Ne're wmd the praise of th' undiscerning Crew,*
 "*Content with learned Readers, though but few.*

Art thou so mad thy *Poems* to expose
 To *Ballad-singers*, and to *Puppet-shows*?
 Not I (I vow) I'm like the bold *wench*, that
 By all the people being *baited* at,
 Since I (quoth she) am *Minion* to a *Knight*,
 I all the inferior *rabble* scorn and slight:
 Shall such an *Arse-worm* as *Pantillus*,
 Disturb my thoughts? or when *Demetrius* does
 Behind my back traduce me, or that *As*
Fannius (who once *Tigellius* *Crony* was)
 Abuses me, his envious rage to vent,
 Shall I then foolishly my self torment?
 No; let *Macenas*, and such men of wit
 As *Virgil*, will but read what I have writ,
 With many *friends* and *learned* persons more,
 Whose names I do *industriously* pass o're,
 Whom I desire to smile on what I write
 How ill soe'er; But if they should delight
 Less than my *expectation*, I should be
 Exceeding *sorrowful*: But as for thee
Demetrius, thee *Tigellius* that be
 But *Fidling Rogues*, go fret your selves and pine
 'Mongst your *She-scholars* at these lines of mine;
 Sirrah, make all the haste you can, and look
 That all I've said be added to my Book.

The End of the First Book of Satyres.



SATYRES.

BOOK II.

SATYRE I. By Sir R. F.

He dilates upon the advice given him by Trebatius to write the actions of Augustus, rather than Satyres (at things that are dangerous to meddle with) and shews why he cannot obey him.

Some think I am too sharp a Satyrift,
 And that I stretch my work beyond the list.
 Others, what ere I write is needless say,
 And that like mine a thousand Lines a day
 May be spun. What would'st thou advise me now
 (*Trebatius*) in this case? *Sit still.* As how?
 Not to write Verse at all, dost thou aver
 As thy Sense? *I do.* Let me never stir,
 If 'twere not better. But I cannot sleep.
 For that, swim *Tyber* (nointed) thrice: or sleep

Thy

Thy brains at night in Wine. If thou must needs
Write, dare to write unconquer'd *Cæsars* deeds,
Great Rewards following. Father, that being it
I'de fain be at, my will exceeds my wit.
Not every Pen can paint in horrid Field (kill'd,
Thick Groves of Pikes, Spears broke in *French-men*
And a hurt *Parthian* dropping from his Horse.
His justice though thou mayst, and his minds force :
As wise *Lucilius* those of *Scipio*,
Ile not be wanting to my self, if so
Occasion serve. The passage must be clear
When *Horace* words pierce *Cæsars* serious ear :
Whom, stroaking, if we think t' approach : 'ware heels !
Is not that better than in Verse that reels,
To jeer this Gull, that Prodigal, when each (reach)
Man thinks he's meant (tho quite from thy thoughts
And hates thee for't ? what should I do ? being hot
With' head, and seeing double through the Por,
Milonius frisks. *Castor* on Horse-back fights :
The twin of the same Egg in *Clubs* delights.
As many thousand minds as men there be,
I like *Lucilius* (better than both we)
My words in Mæter love t' enclose and bind.
His way was, in his Books to speak his mind
As freely, as his secrets he would tell
To a try'd friend : and took it ill, or well,
He held his Custom. Hence it came to pass,
The old mans life is there as in a Glas.
His steps I follow, whom you neither can
Of *Luca* call, nor an *Appulian*.
For the *Venusian* both their borders ploughs,
A Colony of *Rome*, as old Fame shews,
The *Sabels* thence expell'd to stop that Gate,
And be an Out-work to the *Roman* State.)

Yet

Yet I'de not harm a Chicken with my will:
 For shew and countenance bearing my Quill
 Like a Sword sheath'd; which why should I draw, not
 Set on by Rogues? with Rust there may it rot
 © *Jove*, Father and King: and none bereave
 The peace I seek. But if there do, believe
 Me they will rue 't, when with my keen Stile stung,
 Through the whole town they shall in pomp be sung.
Servius the penal Statutes (anger'd) threats
Canidia to witch them, 'gainst whom she sets:
 A mischief *Turinus*, to all those wage Law
 Where he's a Judg. That every one doth awe
 Them whom he fears, with that where his strength is,
 And that by Natures Law appears in this:
 Wolves smite with teeth, Bulls with the horn (this must
 Be taught them from within.) With *Scava* trust
 His long-liv'd Mother; my head to a goate,
 His pious hand shall never cut her throat.
Not his? No more then an Ox bite, a *Bear*
 Kick thee: but shee shall die of poison. There
 Now lies his skill. Me, whether (in effect)
 The quiet Harbour of old age expect,
 Or Death with sable wings hover about:
 Rich, Poor, at *Rome*, or by hard Fate thrust out
 Into exile; in whatsoever way
 Of life, I must write Verses: that's my play:
 O Child! thy Taper's near the end I doubt,
 And that some great Mans brave will puff thee out.
 Why? When *Lucilius* durst begin this way
 Of writing Verses, and the skins did flay,
 In which the outward-fair disguis'd their shame;
 Were *Laelius* and he that won a name
 From *Carthage* raz'd, offended with his wit?
 Or did they winch, *Metellus* being hit?

And *Lupus* stript and whipt in Verse? yet he
 Spouted his Ink on men of each degree:
 None spar'd but *Vertue* and her friends. Nay when
 Retir'd were from the Stage, and croud of men,
Scipio's exalted vertue, and the mild
 Wisdom of *Lalius*: Till the Broth was boild,
 They both would play and toil with him, ungirt.
 Though I in wit, and in condition, short
 Am of *Lucilius*: Envy shall confess
 Against her will, I've liv'd nevertheless
 Amongst *great men*: and (thinking to have stust
 Here, for her rotten teeth) find I am tough,
 If learn'd *Trebatius* take me at my rate,
 Nay truly I can find nothing to bate;
 Only I warn thee, lest through ignorance
 Of settled Laws thou come to sonie mischance:
 If any write base Verses against other,
 It bears a suit. If base, I grant: but Father,
 If any write good *verse*, that man is prais'd,
Cæsar the Judg. If I the street have rais'd
 By barking at a Thief, my self being none,
 The *Bench* with laughter cracks, I (freed) go home.

SATYRE II. By A. B.

The benefits of Temperance and Frugality.

HOW great a vertue 'tis, and how it tends
 To th' good of *humane* life (my worthy friends)
 To live *abstemiously*, is not to be
 Learn'd at great Feasts made up of *luxury*,
 Amongst your polish'd *Tables* spred in State,
 Loaden with *Dishes* of stupendious Place,

R

Whose

Whole various splendour does amaze the Eye,
 And make the *puzzled* appetite pass by
 What's good, and *choose* the worse : but when you be
 Fasting, then come sift out this *truth* with me.

This is not my Sense only, but *Offellus*
 That Country *wit*, this truth did long since tell us,
 A prudent man, yet walkt not by a *rule*,
 Nor learn'd the formal *Precepts* of the School.

You'l ask, why fasting? give me leave, I'll tell you ;
 You can no more with a full gorged belly
 Know *vice* from *virtue*, then a Judg that is
 Corrupt, discern 'twixt truth and falsities.

Suppose you had hunted hard, or us'd your force
 To ride and *manage* a high-metled *Horse* :
 Or you whose life before *luxurious* was,
 Should'st on a *Roman* Souldiers duty pass,
 Or should'st at *Tennis* play with might and main,
 Whilst the delight makes you ner'e mind the pain ;
 Or had you been at *Quoiting*, and had thrown
 Into the yielding Air a pondrous *stone*,
 Till your much exercise had driven away
 That sustenance which on your stomachs lay,
 When you are very dry and hungry grown,
 Then I'd fain see you let *coarse* food alone ;
 Or drink no *Wine*, unless you can procure
 Racy *Canary*, or what *Claret's* pure,
 Or if the *Butler's* absent, or the *Main*
 By storms protects her *Fish* from being slain,
 A crust of bread dipt into salt well may
 The barking of your empty stomachs stay.

You'l ask me how this virtue may be got ?
 " True pleasure in the daintiest Dish does not
 " Consist, but in our selves, and any meat
 " Is to us *Venson*, if obtain'd by *sweat* :

" But

"But no delicious Banquets can invite,

"Or gratifie the gorged *appetite*.

I doubt I shan't perswade you, but that men
Will feed upon dry *Peacocks*, rather then
The Fat, but common Fowl: Mens Palats be
Corrupted with the very *vanity*

Of things, and still desire to taste that food
That's very *dear*, and think it therefore *good*.

Peacocks with us the best esteem obtain,
Not for their *Flesh*, but for their gaudy *Train*,
As if it would mens Palats gratifie,
To eat those *Feathers* they extol so high:
Or that the glorious *shew* would not be spoil'd,
When you shall see a *Peacock* stript and boil'd.
Although the flesh of *Hens* and *Peacocks* do
In nothing differ, it appears that you
Are fool'd with various *colours*: Be so still
You'l wonder how I have attain'd this skill.

When you've a *Pike* presented in a Dish,
You ask *impertinently*, if that Fish
In the main *Sea*, or in *fresh* waters caught?
And madly praise *Mullets* of three pound weight,
Which you must cut in pieces; but I see
Most men meerly with *shews* delighted be:
Pray, for what reason do most men dislike,
(Though they love *Mullets* large) a well-grown *Pike*?
Their *curiosity*'s the reason for't,
'Cause Nature made *Pikes* long, and *Mullets* short.

When a mans *stomach* is once hungry grown,
He slights no food, the coarsest bit will down;
But the luxurious *Glutton* says, I wish
A pondrous *Mullet* wallowing in my dish;
Such fellows do only deserve to eat
With ravenous *Harpyes*. I could wish their meat

Would with moist weather stink, and loathsome grow,
 But their *fresh Fish* and *Venson* will do so ;
 And to their glutt'd Stomachs nauseous be,
 By their too fullsome *superfluity*,
 When the cramb'd *Glutton* over-charg'd with meat,
 To get new stomach does sharp *Salads* eat.

Yet sometimes homely Diet does appear
 At mighty *Princes* Tables ; for *Eggs* there
 (Which are so common) sometimes may be seen,
 And the black *Olives* on their Boards have been.

Though with the *Crier Gallo* 'twas not thus,
 Who was for *Luxury* so infamous,
 Because he *Sturgeon* first did bring to's Board,
 What can't the *Sea* Mullers enough afford ?

The *Turbet* in the Sea did safely rest,
 And *Storks* lay unmolested in their nest,
 Till your luxurious May'r (that would have been)
Ingeniously brought their destruction in :
 And now if any other person thou'd
 Cry up the roasted *Cormorant*, rare food !
 Our *Roman* youth, who've only vicious wit,
 Would praise and imitate both him and it.

Yet (as *Offellus* held) there's difference great
 Betwixt the sordid and the frugal meat,
 And men in vain do *luxury* eschew,
 If they do *Sordidness* the while pursue.
 So *Avidienus*, whom we do justly brand
 With name of *Dog*, would eat wild *Cornels*, and
 Kept till 'twas sowre all the *Wine* he drunk,
 And all his Oyl intollerably stunk,
 Which from his nasty horn, he, drop by drop,
 Distill'd upon the *Colwort* Sallet top,
 With his own hand, but he would never spare
 To douse it o're with his dead *Vinegar*,

Though

Though on his *Birth-day*, or his *Wedding-day*,
Or other *feast*, clad in his best array.

What *Diet* then should a *wife* man be at ?
And which of these two should he imitate ?
Keep the mid-road, and both extreams beware,
Here lurks a Dog, and a fierce Wolf lies there.
So *cleanly* he should be as not t' offend
By's *nastiness* the stomach of his friend ;
Not be extream on either hand in's treat,
Nor by *too much*, nor by *too little* meat ;
Nor like *Albucius* of old, who when
He entertain'd his *friend* would beat his *men* :
Nor negligent as *Navius*, who at Feasts
With *greasse* water would present his *guests*.
This is a great vice also. Now, pray mind,
What good in *frugal* Diet you may find.

First you'l be very *healthy* ; for you know
Much harm to us from *various* meats do flow :
Think on that only *Dish* which was your fare,
How blith and healthy after it you were !
But when men fell to mingling *roast* and *boild*,
And *fish* and *fowl* together, health was spoild !
The sweet meats turn'd to *Choler*, and tough *phlegm*,
Bred a disturbance in the *maws* of them :
Observe how *pale* and *sick* a man does rise
From board, *confounded* with varieties ;
" *Nay when the body's over-charg'd, the mind*
" *Is also in the discomposure join'd,*
" *And on the ground inhumanely does rowl,*
" *That part of Heavenly breath, the precious soul !*

While he that does a slender Diet keep,
Can on the sudden lay his limbs to sleep,
And in the morning rise so fresh to do
Whatever *business* he's inclin'd unto.

And yet this *temperate* person sometimes may
 Increase his *Table* on some *Holy-day*,
 Or when he means his body co *carefs*,
 Which is brought low by his *abstemiousness*;
 "For years will steal on men, *old age* must be,
 "Because 'tis feeble, handled tenderly.

But if *decrepit* age on some men seize,
 Or if they fall into some sharp *disease*,
 What *tender* usage can be added more,
 Then they being young and lusty had before?

Our *Ancestors* stale *Venson* us'd to praise,
 Not that they could not *smell* it in those days,
 But 'twas with this intent, that if a *Guest*
 Came some days after th' ending of the *Feast*,
 'Twere better he should on cold *Venson* fall,
 Than for the *Master* to devour it all.

I would to God I had been brought forth then;
 In that *first* age among those *worthy* men.

D'you value reputation, which to th' ear
 Is gratefuller than *Verse* or *Musick* are?
 Great *Turbets*, and such costly *Dishes* do
 Beget you damage and discredit too;
 Besides your *Parents* and your *Friends* you must
 Enrage, and prove to your own selves unjust;
 And then in vain you will desire to die,
 Not being worth a Groat a *Rope* to buy.

You'll say, such a poor sneak as *Thrasius*,
 Justly deserves to be rewarded thus:
 But you've a great *Estate*, wealth without end,
 As much as will suffice three *Kings* to spend.

What then? Can there no better way be found
 To spend that *Wealth*, with which you so abound?
 "Why should so many *brave* men want? and why
 "Should the Gods ancient *Temples* ruin'd lie

"While

"While you are *rich*? Vile wretch! Why wilt not thou
Out of thy needles store something allow
For thy dear *Countrys* good? canst thou suppose
Thy *fate* alone will still be *prosperous*;
Oh, how thine enemies will laugh at thee,
When thou 'rt reduc'd to want and *beggary*!

Which of the two can certainest rely
On his own temper in *adversity*?
That man whose pamper'd body and his mind,
Have ever been to *luxury* inclin'd,
Or that's *content* with little, and doth fear
What may fall out, and wisely does prepare
In time of *peace* things requisite for *war*.

Now that you may believe this to be true,
When I was young I this *Offellus* knew,
A man of great Estate, yet spent no more
Then afterwards, when *robb'd* of all his store.
A man might see him with his *cattel*, and
His *children* tilling his allotted land,
And patiently bearing that he is
Farmer of that Estate which once was his.

I never durst eat any thing (he'd say)
But *Caul* and *Bacon* on a *working-day*;
But if an ancient *friend* with me had been,
Whom a long time before I had not seen,
Or a good *neighbour* came to visit me,
When *rainy* weather me from work set free,
I made him welcome, not with *costly* Fish,
A *Pullet*, or a *Lamb* serv'd for his dish;
Dri'd *Grapes* and *Nuts* his second Course were made,
And double *Figs* were on the Table laid;
Then after Dinner 'twas our *recreation*
To pass the *Grace-cup* round on Reputation.

A health to *Ceres* that our Corn might grow,
 And smooth'd with *Wine* the wrinckles of our brow,
 Let *Fortune* rage, and raise commotions new,
 Can she make me live meaner (Boys) or you?
 For *Nature* ne're appointed him or me,
 Or any else, *proprietors* to be
 Of our own lands, though now the time is his
 To turn me out, yet his *unthriftiness*
 Or *ignorance* of *tricks* in law, or else
 Who e're *survives* him, him at last expels.
 This *Farm* which now by *Umbrenas* name is known
 Was mine, but none can say, *it is his own*;
 " 'Tis thine, and mine, and his, live bravely then,
 " And in all troubles *quit* your selves like men.

SATYRE III. By A. B.

That every man is in something or other mad.

DAMASIPPUS and HORACE.

Dam.

THOU writ'st so seldom, that there does appear,
 Scarce a new *Poem* from thee twice a year,
 But vainly spend'st thy time in looking o're
 Those things which thou hast written heretofore:
 I'm vext at thee, that thou do'st thus resign
 Thy self up to the sway of *sleep* and *wine*;
 The *Muses* negligently laid aside,
 And we of what we so *desire* deni'd.

Hor. What would you have me do?

Dam. Here thou hast been

Retir'd ever since *Christmas* did begin,

Now

Now thou'rt at leisure, let's have something from thee
That may appease our *longing*, and become thee ;
Come, strike up man, — one Verse. —

Hor. No, 'twill not do.

Dam. Thou blam'st thy harmless *pen*, nay the *wall* too
Endures thy causeless rage for native guilt,
'Cause 'twas in spite of *Gods* or *Muses* built.
Thou did'st pretend, that if thou once could'st be
Out of this *Town* from *noise* and *business* free,
And to some little Countrey *Vill* retire,
In a mean *Cottage* by a little fire,
How many *admirable* lines should we,
As the effects of thy *retirement* see ?
Else to what end did'st thou *incumber* thus
Thy self with *Eupolis*, *Archilochus*,
Menander, *Plato*, and such Books as those,
If thou'lt not write at all ? do'st thou suppose
That by declining *virtue* thou shalt be
Protected from the jaws of *Calumny* ?
Thou wilt be laught at for an *Ass* ; come, loath
Those lewd enchantments of that *Syren* sloath ;
Else all that honour which about thee shin'd,
Got by thy excellent parts must be resign'd.

Hor. 'Pox on your too true counsel. Now (I pray)
The Gods to send a man to shave away
That formal *beard* of thine ; but prithee how
Cam'st thou me and my *humour* thus to know ?

Dam. Since my *Estate*'s consum'd I go no more
To the *Exchange*, as I did heretofore,
But having now no business of my own,
To other men I am a *Broker* grown ;
In former time, I gave my mind to know
Whether a *statue* were well made or no ;

What

What was well *carv'd* or *painted*, and what ill,
 And how to sell or buy them I had skill.
 If a rare *picture* any where I found,
 I would not care to give a thousand pound.
Gardens and *stately houses* I could buy
 And sell to great *advantage*, so that I
 When I was seen thorough the *City* ride,
Here comes the Purchaser, the people cri'd.

Hor. I know it, and I can't but wonder how
 Thou com'st thus cur'd of that *distemper* now.

Dam. I'll tell you what seems strange, & yet 'tis true,
 My *old* disease was driv'n out by my *new*.
 As in some *bodies* there is wont to be
 The *Head-ach* cured by a *Plurisie*,
 Or one that has a *Lethargy* endur'd
 Grows *frantick*, and beats him by whom he's cur'd.

Hor. Be thou as *frantick* as thou wilt, so as
 Thou wilt not serve me as the *Doctor* was. (mad,

Dam. Good friend, don't cheat thy self, ev'n thou art
 And all the world are very near as bad.
 If what *Stertinius* the *Stoick* saith
 'Mong prudent men, does merit any Faith,
 That grave *Philosopher* at first taught me
 These *admirable* precepts, and 'twas he
 My Spirits in my great *affliction* chear'd,
 And will'd me wear this *Philosophick* beard;
 And from *Fabritius* Bridge return agen
 With spirit *undisturb'd* and calm, for when
 All my Estate was gon, I thither went
 My *Cap* pluckt o're my eyes, with an intent
 To *drown* my self, I fortunately spi'd
 That learned *Stoick* standing by my side.
 What do'st thou mean (qd. he) young man? take heed
 That thou do not an unbecoming deed,

Thou'rt

Thou'rt driven to this by *shame* that's very bad,
Fearing 'mong *mad* men to be counted *mad* :
Consider first what *madness* is. and then
If 't be in thee, and in no other men,
Go bravely *hang* or *drown* thy self for me,
I'll never speak a word to hinder thee.
He who to *vitious folly* is inclin'd,
And is by *ignorance* of truth led blind,
Is by the *Stoick* counted out of 's wits,
This *definition* all degrees befits :

All persons, nay great Princes, every one
It *comprehends*, but the wise man alone ;
Nay give me leave, and I'll *demonstrate* how
He who calls thee *fool's* as much *fool* as thou.

Like *Traw'lers* passing through a Wood, when they
Range up and down missing their ready way,
This to the right, that to the left hand strays,
One error fools them both, though several ways.
And tho thou think'st thou'rt *mad*, yet even he
Is not a jot less *mad* that laughs at thee,
Both to *Fool-coats* have like propriety.

There is one sort of *fools* that start and quake
At the *Chimeras* which their fancies make,
Cries out *rocks*, *fire*, and *water* him detain,
When he is only walking on the *plain* :
Another which is full as mad as he,
Though in his *humor* he goes contrary,
Runs through all *fire* and *water*, ventures life,
Though Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Wife,
Or (which is more) his *Mistress* should stand by,
And warn him of the danger he is nigh,
Crying aloud, *Take heed* ; he'd care no more
Then *Fusius* the Actor heretofore

When

When he the part of *Hecuba* did play,
 And should present her sleeping, down he lay,
 Drunk and asleep; *Catien* the Player who
 The part of *Polidore* did also do,
 Though he cri'd, *Mother 'tis I call you, wake,*
 A thousand *Catieni* could not make
 Her stir: I think that all the Vulgar be
 In several humours as stark *mad* as he.

To buy old *Statues* you suppose I'm mad,
 But was not he that *trusted* me as bad?

Hor. May'st thou now *borrow money* of me, and ne'er
 Pay me a *farthing* on't agen, if e'er
 I say thou'rt *mad*. Can it with madness stand
 When thou art still on the receiving hand?
 But is not that *Shop-keeper* madder far
 Who flights a *ready-money Customer*,
 And deals with thee on *Credit*? for suppose
 A *Debtor* should acknowledg that he owes
 A Thousand pounds to's *Creditor*, and shou'd
 Give it him under's hand, this is not good;
 Nay, if he seal a *Bill* or *Bond* for't, or
 What e'er binds *Debtor* to his *Creditor*,
Recognizances, Statues, Mortgages,
Judgments, and Executions, all these
 A cunning *Knave* that knows the *Querks* of Law
 Will no more value, then he does a straw:
 When you *arrest* him he will laugh at all
 Those troubles which on other men befall,
 And thorough all the *Cobweb-laws* escapes,
 Varying his *tricks* as *Proteus* did his shapes.
 If by the *conduct* of affairs we can
 Judge of a *mad* or of a *prudent* man,
 Thy *Creditor*'s a *Coxcomb*, who takes pain
 To write in's Books what's ne'er *crost* out again.

Come,

Come, says *Stertinus*, hearken ; nay, come near,
And mind what I shall tell you, whosoe're
Is by a vain and lewd *ambition* swai'd,
And he whom sordid *avarice* has made
Look like a *Skeleton*, all those that be
Given up to a destructive *luxury*,
To doating *superstition* are inclin'd,
Or any such *distemper* of the mind,
Are all stark *mad*. The *Miser* stands much more
Then other men in need of *Hellebore* :
I doubt, all that *Anticyra* produces,
Was meant by Nature only for their uses.
Staberius by his Will his Heirs injoyn'd
T' engrave on's *Tomb* what Wealth he left behind.
And if they would not do it, he design'd
They should a hundred pair of *Fencers* find
To treat the *route*, and should provide a *feast*
Assumptuous as if *Arius* were their Guest,
And as much *corn* as e're in *Africk* grew,
This is my will (says he) what is't to you,
Whether't be well or ill ? you will not be
My Unckles, and leave your estates to me.

Hor. I think *Staberius* was a prudent man.

Dam. What do you think of his great *prudence* than,
When he injoin'd his Heirs they should engrave
Upon his *Tomb* what monies he did leave
Behind him ? and in all his whole life time
Thought *Poverty* to be the greatest Crime,
And abhorr'd nothing more, and if he shou'd
Have di'd less *rich*, he thought himself less *good*.

" For every thing *divine* and *humane* too,
" *Virtue*, *wit*, *comeliness* and *honour* do
" Submit their necks to *riches* splendid sway,
" Which whosoever heaps together, may

Be *noble, valiant, just, and wise*; nay, *King*,
 Or (if 'twere possible) a higher thing :
 He hop'd by's *Wealth* to get *immortal* fame,
 As if he had by *virtue* rais'd the same.

How contrary was *Aristippus* mind
 To this? That great *Philosopher* enjoyn'd
 His men to throw his *Gold* o' th' *Lybian* shore,
 Because the weight on't made them *travel* slower ;
 Which was the *madder* of these two think you ?

Hor. I think there's no comparing of those two,
 For that *Example* ne're prevails *with me*,
 Which *shows* the *truth* but by its contrary.

Dam. Should a man load himself with *Lutes*, and yet
 To *play* or *sing*; have *neither will, nor wit* :
 Should one that knows not how to make a *Shoe*,
 With *Auls* and *Lasts* cramb'd in a *Budget* go :
 Should one to buying *ships* and *anchors* fall,
 Who has no skill in *Merchandize* at all,
 A *mad* man and a *Buzzard* he would be :
 Call'd by all *People*, and deservedly.

What difference is there 'twixt these and those,
 Who study *gold* and *silver* to enclose,
 And know not how to use the *Wealth* they gain,
 But from it as from *sacred* things refrain?

If one by a huge heap of *corn* should stand
 Watching all day with a long *club* in's hand,
 Yet every grain thereof must let alone,
 Though ne're so hungry, and the *corn* his own,
 But rather feeds on bitter *barks* of trees,
 And for his drink takes *Vinegar* and *Lees*,
 Though millions of *Pipes* in's *Cellar* lie
 Of as good *wine* as e're blest taste or eye,
 And lies in *straw* in his old age, while all
 His rich attire to *moths* and *worms* do fall

To feed on, or to rot in's Chest. 'Tis true
Such men seem mad but to a very few,
Because most people are as mad as these,
And much afflicted with the same disease.

Do'st thou *hoard* up all thy Estate for one
Who was thy Slave, or is perhaps thy Son,
Whom thou, accurs'd old wretch, thine heir wilt make
That he in *drink* may spend it for thy sake?
And all lest thou should'st want: How much a day
Could'st thou from thy vast Treasure pare away,
That thou might'st feed on good and wholesome *meat*,
And wear *apparel* useful, clean and neat?

If thou can'st live in any manner, why
Do'st thou forswear thy self, and *cheat* and *lye*,
Plunder and *filch* from others? art thou in
Thy perfect Senses? if thou should'st begin
To *stone* the very *slaves* which thou did'st buy;
That thou art mad, the *Boys* and *Girls* would cry.
If by thy *perjury* thy guiltless *wife*
Is by the *Judge* condemn'd to lose her life,
That thou might'st get new Portion with another;
Or if by *poison* thou destroy thy Mother,
Meerly t' obtain her jointure, how canst thou
Be perfect in thy *understanding* now?

This is not done at *Argos*, where such things
Are done, and licenc'd by *inhuman Kings*:
Nor as *Orestes* once his Mother slew,
Which by her *crimes* she had provok'd him to.
Dost thou suppose the *frenzie* of his brain
Seiz'd not till after he'd his Mother slain?
Or was he not out of his wits before
He bath'd his *sword* in her *maternal* gore;
Besides since that he was accounted mad,
He did no act *reprovable* and bad;

He

He ne're attempted *Pilades* to kill,
Nor yet *Electra*; only he said ill
To both, and curst them both, calling her *Witch*,
And rail'd at him with all bad Language, which
From his enraged heart and tongue could flow,
Utt'ring what *gall* and *choler* stir'd him to.

Opimius, that Miser, was as mad,
For he did need that money which he had
Laid up in *store*; and us'd to drink the bafe
Vejentan Wine on solemn *Holy-days*,
In coarse *Campanian* Earthen pots, and on
Week days drunk Wine whose taste and spirit's gone.
This fellow fell into a *Lethargy*,
And his rejoicing *Heir* ran presently,
And ransackt all his *pockets* for his Keys.
An honest nimble *Doctor* this Disease
Cur'd in this manner; first he gives command
Into his room to bring a *Table*, and
Upon it all his money out to pour,
And bring in divers men to tell it o're,
So rais'd him presently out of his *fit*,
And gave him this wholsom advice with it;
*If thou keep not thy wealth thy self, thine Heirs
Will greedily seize on't, as if 'twere theirs.*
What, while I am alive (says he) yes (says
The *Doctor*) therefore have a care always,
That thou may'st live, make that thy business too.
What (says the Miser) would you have me do?
Your *veins* (the *Doctor* says) will fail, you'd die
Unless with *meat* and *cordials* you supply
Your fainting *stomach*: Nay, there's no delay,
Come, take this *Cordial*. Sir, what must I pay
For't? (quoth *Opimius*) O (the *Doctor* cries)
This *Physick's* of a very little price.

How

How much is that (*Opimius* says.) Four pence
(The Doctor said.) Alas what difference
(Says this damn'd Miser) is 't whether I die
Of this *disease*, or by their *thievery*?

Hor. Who then are in their senses?

Dam. Those that be

Not *fools*.

Hor. But what do you suppose is he
That's *covetous*?

Dam. A fool and mad man too.

Hor. Must he be *wise* that covets not?

Dam. No, no.

Hor. Why (*prichee Stoick*?)

Dam. I will tell thee why:

Suppose a *Patient* in his sick bed lie;
This man has not the Plague (the Doctor cries.)

Is he well therefore? may he safely rise?

No (says the Doctor) for the man may be
Afflicted with some other *malady*.

This man perhaps is not a *perjur'd* Knave,

Nor yet a *sordid avaritious* Slave,

Thank his good Stars for that; yet if he be

O're *impudent*, or else *ambitious*, he

Is mad and must pack to *Antycira*,

For what's the odds, whether you throw away

All your *estate* into the *Sea*, or not

Dare to make use of that which you have got?

Opidius a wealthy person, who

Had good old Rents, and at *Cannisum* two

Very good *Farms*, which he 'twixt both his Sons

At's death divided (as the story runs)

Calling them to his Bed, he told them thus;

Since I've observ'd thee (my *Tiberius*)

Tell o're thy *Nuts*, and in some private place
 To hide thy *Play-games* with a careful face,
 While thou (my *Aulus*) carelessly would'st play
 With thine, and lose them, or give them away;
 I am afraid lest *madness* should possess
 The minds of both, though in a *different* dress,
 And make one turn a *Prodigal*, and t'other
 Be *covetous*, contrary to his Brother;
 And therefore he did beg of Heaven, that
 One Son might ne're *diminish* his Estate,
 Nor t'other his *increase*, but be content
 With that which he had thought *sufficient*,
 And *Nature* had confin'd them to; and lest
 The *itch* of *glory* should their minds infest,
 He by an *oath* injoin'd them, that if e're
 Either of them were *Alderman* or *Maïor*,
 He should b' incapable to make a *Will*,
 But live like one run *mad*, or *out-law'd* still.

Thou mad man! wilt thou spend what e're thou hast
 In *gifts* and *presents*, only that thou maist
 Walk on th' *Exchange* in state? or else maist be
 Set up in *Brass* to keep thy memory?
 When thy Hereditary *Lands* th' ast sold,
 And spent thy Fathers *Silver* and his *Gold*:
 Must you forsooth have such applauses made
 As great *Agrippa*, *Cæsars* Kinsman had?
 Or shall the Coward *Fox*, though crafty, dare
 With the *magnanimous Lion* to compare?

A Countrey fellow that by chance did meet
 With *Agamemnon*, ask'd him in the street,
 Why (*Agamemnon*) why didst thou forbid
 That *Ajax* body should be buried?
 I am a King (said *Agamemnon*.) Nay
 Then (quoth the Clown) I have no more to say.

But my commands were just, (the King replies)
And if to any they seem otherwise,
I'll give him free leave to discourse the things.
The Countrey Clown repli'd, *Greatest of Kings,*
Heaven grant you may triumphant bring away
Your conquering Navy from the conquer'd Troy.
Propose the Question (cries the King) and I
Will give an answer to't: Speak. Pray Sir, why
(Reply'd the Clown) should that Heroick wight
Ajax, who was so eminent for might,
And had so oft preserv'd the *Grecians*, not
Second to any but *Achilles*, rot
Above ground uninterr'd, that *Priam* may,
And all his baffled *Trojans* laugh, and say
He by whose hand so many *Trojans* were
Deni'd their Graves, now wants a *Sepulchre*.
Why not? (says *Agamemnon*) being mad,
Did kill a hundred sheep, and said he had
Kill'd that renowned man *Ulysses*, and
That I and *Menelaus* fell by's hand.
But when at *Aulis* you did basely slay
Your beauteous Daughter, and on th' Altar lay
Her body like a *Calf* for Sacrifice,
Vile man (said the *Plebeian*) were you wise?
Why not? (says *Agamemnon*.) Quoth the Clown;
Pray what has *Ajax* in his madness done?
He with his Sword kill'd Cattel, but his hand
From murdering's wife and children still abstain'd;
True, he curs'd you and *Menelaus* too:
But to his friend *Ulysses* he did do
No wrong: Nor yet to *Tenace* (says the King)
That I my *Navy* from the Shore might bring;
The *Gods* with blood I wisely pacifi'd.
Mad King! it was your own (the Clown reply'd.)

Yes (quoth the King) with my own blood, 'tis true,
 In which I did no *act* of madness shew;
 "Who false things (says the Clown) with true, and bad
 "With good, together huddles, is stark mad;
 And whether it be out of folly done,
 Or rage, and madness, still the thing is one:
Ajax in killing harmless sheep as mad,
 And you in acting your great crime was bad;
 Killing your guiltless Daughter to appease,
 Those vain imaginary Deities;
 Upon deliberation too; is your heart well
 And pure, when as it did with passion swell?
 If any in a Coach about should bear
 A fine white *Lamb*, and garments for't prepare
 As for a Lady, furnish it with money
 And Servants, call it his dear, duck, and honey,
 Provide a Husband for't; the *Magistrate*
 Must seize upon this *Lunaticks* Estate,
 And then the *Guardianship* of him commit
 To the next *Kin* of his who has more wit.

But what if one his Daughter sacrifice
 In stead of a mute Lamb, is that man wise?
 No man will say't; and therefore wherefoe're
 Is vicious folly, madness too is there;
 And he's a mad man who is given to vice,
 That fool whom brittle *Honour* does intice,
 Is so transported with the various sound
 Of *Drums* and *Trumpets*, that his Brains turn round.

Now as to *luxury*, reason doth shew,
 That foolish *Prodigals* are mad men too:
 There's *Nomentanus*, who as soon as e're
 He had receiv'd a thousand pounds, which were
 Left him by's Father, he proclaimed straight
 The *Fowler* and the *Fisherman* should wait

Upon his Worship, and all *Tradesmen* come
And bring their *wares* next morn to him at home!
Lands, Pimps, Buffoons, and all that impious crue
Of *sheerking Tradesmen*, which young *Squires* undo.
What followed then? They instantly appear
With their *Commodities* from far and near.

The *Band* being at *Rhetorick* the best,
Makes a set Speech at th' instance of the rest;
May it please your Worship, (quoth she) *whatso'e're*
I or my Brethren have at home, or here,
is at your service, send for't when you please.

Now mark the silly answer which to these
This *youngken* gives; *Poor Huntsman* thou dost go
In heavy Beate, and watch all night in th' Snow,
And for my *Supper* bring'st a *Boar* to me:
Thou *Fisherman* in the tempestuous *Sea*
Tak'st me a *Dish* of excellent *Fish*, while I
Glutt'd with *wealth* and *sloth* supinely lie,
Unworthy such a *Fortune* to possess;
Your *merits* must make my great *fortune* less;
You *Huntsman*, there's a *hundred pounds* for you;
Here *Fisherman*, take you a *hundred* too;
Pimp, for thy *Wives* sake, take a *tripple sum*,
For if I send at *mid-night* she will come.

Aesop the *Players* Son, that *Prodigal*
In his *luxurious* prank, out-ranted all;
He pluck'd a *Pearl* out of his *Doxies* ear,
Which when he had dissolv'd in *Vinegar*,
He quaffs it at a draught, as who should say,
(Damn me) I drink a *thousand pounds* a day.
Had he been madder if he'd thrown away
That *Pearl* into the *Bog-house* or the *Sea*?

Those Sons of *Arrius*, who were arrant *Twins*
In *luxury*, *toys*, *love*, and such vain *sins*;

No food upon those *Gallants* Tables came,
But *Nightingals* which could sing *Walsingham*.
How shall I rank them, 'mong the wise, or no?
Must they to th' *Senate*, or to *Bedlam* go?

If one who wears a *beard* should make *Dirt* pies,
Or please himself with *Chariots* drawn with *Mice*,
Or ride a *Hobby-horse*, or at *Push-pin* play,
Who would not swear his wits were fled away?

If Reason does convince us that to fall
In Love, is the most *childish* thing of all;
And there's no difference if thou play'st with *dirt*,
And such vain *toys* (as when a *child* thou wert)
And now thou'rt grown a man thou do'st *adore*,
And whine and vex for some fair crafty *Whore*.

Pray, tell me, can you do like *Polemon*?
Who being drunk, run with a Garland on
Into the School of grave *Xenocrates*,
With *Ribons*, *Cushions*, *Handkerchiefs*; all these
He privately took off and threw away
When he heard what that *temperate* man did say;
And grew a grave man from a *Cock-brain'd* fool,
So that he did succeed him in that *School*.

If you should offer to a *froppish* Boy
An Apple, he'd refuse't; and if you say,
Take it (my pretty Child) he will deny;
But if you do not give it him, he'll cry.

A puling Lover's such another *Ass*,
Who being shut out by his cunning Lass,
Hankers about the door: What shall I do,
(Thinks he) shall I return to her or no?
And though he *uninvited* would have gon,
Yet when by her he is but call'd upon;
Shall I go now (says he) or rather find
Some way to ease the troubles of my mind?

Shut

Shut out ! and straight call'd in ! and shall I go ?
If she should beg her heart out, I'd say, No ;

Parmeno was much wiser, though a Slave,
Master (says he) *those things which neither have*
Reason nor measure, are not fit to be
Dealt with by Rule and rationality.
In that vain toy call'd Love, these mischiefs are,
War, Peace, ill grounded peace, and groundless war ;
If any man should strive to fix and stay
Those things which by their Nature will away ;
This way and that by every wind are blown,
And on blind Fortunes waves tost up and down,
He does as ill, and is as much a fool,
As if he would be mad by art and rule.

When thou do'st laugh because a kernel hits
Thy Chambers roof, art thou in thy right wits ?
And when thou do'st thy *Mistress* entertain
With *Childrens* prattle which cannot speak plain,
How canst thou possibly be thought more wise
Than little *Children* are, which make Dirt pies ?
Now to all *Lovers* follies add the guilt
Of all the blood which has by them been spilt,
Both of themselves and others, with the Sword
Let their devouring foolish Fire be stir'd.

Was it not stoutly done of *Marius* ? who
First his own *Mistress*, then his own self slew :
Was he not frantick ? or wilt thou acquit
Him of that crime, of being out of 's wit,
But of great wickedness wilt him accuse,
To give nick-names to things as people use ?

There was an old man in the morn would go
Fasting about the streets, with hands wash't too ;
And to the Gods he'd vehemently pray,
That he might ne're by Death be ta'ne away,

'Tis a small thing to you, ye Gods (quoth he)
To give to one man Immortality.

If any Master were about to sell
Such men for Slaves, and should the Buyer tell
That they were persons perfect and compleat,
Unless h' except their *minds*, he is a Cheat.

This sort of people does *Chrysippus* place
Among the *fools* innumerable race.

A *superstitious* Mother, whose young Son
Sick of a *Quartan* lay, as he had done
Five months at least, to *Jupiter* did pray;
"Oh *Jove*, who pains do'st send and take away,
"If this poor Child of mine may be (quoth she)
"Once from this shivering *Quartan* Ague free,
"On the next day thou do'st a fast command,
"I' th' morn in *Tyber* he shall naked stand.

Now when the Doctor, or good luck (that's more)
Did to his former health this Boy restore,
His doating Mother, by her *Zeal* beguil'd,
Into the River put her Fev'rish Child;
Whose coldness did the Fever bring again,
So she her Son, which she would save, hath slain:
But how came she so much out of her Wits?

Hor. Perhaps she's troubled with *Religious* Fies.

Dam. *Stertinius*, that Eighth wife man, told me
This as a friend, that I might armed be,
When any man hereafter call'd me mad,
I in revenge might say, *he is as bad*;
And teach him to look back, that he might find
That unknown part o' th' bag which hangs behind.

Hor. After those losses which thou didst sustain,
May'st thou sell every thing for so much gain;
But prithee tell me, *Stoick*, to what kind
Of madness do'st thou think I am inclin'd,

(For

(For there are several sorts) but I suppose,
That I am free from ev'ry one of those.

Dam. When up and down the streets *Agave* bore
Her poor *Child's* Head which she cut off before,
Did she conceive that she was *mad*, (think you?)

Hor. Well, *I'm a fool*, I must confess, 'tis true;
Nay, *I'm mad* too; but (prithee) let me know
What kind of *madness* I'm addicted too.

Dam. I'll tell thee; First, thou hast a *building* brain,
Next, though thou'rt but an *Urchin*, thou would'st fain
Appear a *proper* Fellow: Thou laugh'st at
That little Fencer *Turbo's* strutting gait
When he's in Arms, with what a Spirit he goes,
And art not thou as much *ridiculous*?

Do'st thou conceive 'tis fit for thee to do
What e're *Macenas* power prompts him to?
Wilt thou who art so much below him, dare
With such an *eminent* person to compare?

A careless *Calf* by chance did tread upon
A nest of young Frogs, when the *old* was gon;
One that escap'd did to his *Dam* declare,
That by a huge great *beast* her young ones were
All trod upon and kill'd. *How big was he?*
Was he as big as I am now? (quoth she:)

Then swell'd her self. *Bigger by half* (repli'd
Frog junior.) *What thus much* — *bigger* (cri'd
The Beldame Frog) and still she did swell on,
Until at last, *Oh, Mother!* (says the Son)

Forbear your swelling, for you cannot be
(Though you should burst your self) *as big as he*:
This Picture very much resembles you.

Add Poetry to all thy madness now,
Which mixt with other *Vices* is the same,
As if thou should'st pour *Oil* into the flame:

Yet if a *Poet* had been ever known
To be a sober fellow, thou art one;
I'll not speak of thy horrid *choleric*ness—

Hor. Hold (prithee *Stoick*) hold.——

Dam. Nor of thy *dress*
That's so *phantastical*, and so above
Thy Purse and Quality; nor of thy love
T'a thousand *wenches* and a thousand *boys*:

Hor. Good *Damasippus* follow thine own toys;
And now for shame my *peccadilloes* spare,
Which no *proportion* with thy Vices bear.

SATYRE IV. By T. F. Esq;

A Character of a Belly-god.

CATIUS and HORACE.

Hor.

WHence Brother Catius, and whither bound so fast?
Cat. Oh, Sir, you must excuse me, I'm in haste,
I dine with my Lord Maior, and can't allow
Time for our eating Directory now,
Though I must needs confess I think my Rules
Would prove *Pythagoras* and *Plato* fools.

Hor. Grave Sir, I must acknowledg 'tis a crime
To interrupt at such a nick of time;
Yet stay a little Sir, it is no sin;
You're to say Grace e're Dinner can begin;
Since you at food such *Virtuoso* are,
Some Precepts to an hungry Poet spare.

Cat. I grant you Sir, next pleasure ta'ne in eating
Is that (as we do call it) of repeating;

I still

I still have *Kitchen-Systems* in my mind,
And from my *Stomach's* fumes a brain well lin'd.

Hor. *Whence, pray Sir, learnt you these ingenious arts,
From one at home, or hir'd from foreign parts?*

Cat. No names Sir, (I beseech you) that's foul play,
We ne're name *Authors*, only what they say. (on,

1. "For *Eggs* chuse long, the round are out of fashi-
"Unfavorly and distasteful to the Nation,
"E're since the brooding *Rump* they're addle too,
"In the long Egg lies *Cock-a-doodle-do*.

2. "Chuse *Coleworts* planted on a soil that's dry,
"Even they're worse for th' wetting (verily!)

3. "If Friend from far shall come to visit, then
"Say thou would'st treat the wight with mortal *Hen*,
"Don't thou forthwith pluck off the *cackling* head,
"And impale Corps on *Spit* assoon as dead;
"For so she will be *tough* beyond all measure,
"And Friend shall make a trouble of a pleasure;
"Steep't in good *wine* let her her life surrender,
"O then she'l eat most admirably tender.

4. "*Mushromes* that grow in Meadows are the best,
"For ought I know there's *poysen* in the rest.

5. "He that would many happy Summers see,
"Let him eat Mulberries fresh off the Tree,
"Gather'd before the Sun's too high, for these
"Shall hurt his Stomach less than *Cheshire* Cheese.

6. "*Ausidius* (had you done so 't had undone ye)
"Sweetned his Mornings-draughts of *Sack* with *Honey*,
"But he did ill to empty veins to give
"Corroding *Potion* for a *Lenitive*.

7. "If any man to *drink* do thee inveigle in,
"First whet thy *whistle* with some good *Metheglin*.

8. "If thou art bound, and in continual doubt
"Thou shalt get no more in till some get out,

"The

" The *Muscle* or the *Cockle* will unlock
 " Thy bodies *trunk*, and give a vent to *nock*;
 " Some say that *Sorrel* steeped in *Wine* will do,
 " But to be sure put in some *Aloes* too.

9. " All *Shell-fish* (with the growing *Moon* increase)
 " Are ever when she fills her *Orb* the best;
 " But for brave *Oysters*, Sir, exceeding rare,
 " They are not to be met with every where;
 " Your *Wall-fleet Oyster* no man will prefer
 " Before the juicy *Grass-green Colchester*;
 " *Hangerford Cranfish* match me if you can,
 " There's no such *Crawlers* in the *Ocean*.

10. " Next for your Suppers, you (it may be) think
 " There goes no more to't, but just *eat* and *drink*;
 " But let me tell you Sir, and tell you plain,
 " To dress 'um well requires a man of *Brain*;
 " His *palat* must be quick, and smart, and strong
 " For *Sauce*, a very *Critick* in the tongue.

11. " He that pays dear for *Fish*, nay though the best,
 " May please his *Fishmonger* more than his *Guest*,
 " If he be ignorant what *Sauce* is proper,
 " There's *Machiavel* in th' menage of a Supper.

12. " For *Swines-flesh*, give me that of the *wild Bore*,
 " Pursu'd and hunted all the *Forest* o're,
 " He to the liberal *Oke* ne're quits his love,
 " And when he finds no *Acorns*, grunts at *Jove*;
 " The *Hamshire Hog* with *Pease* and *Whey* that's fed
 " Staid up, is neither good alive nor dead.

13. " The tendrels of the *Vine* are Sallads good,
 " If when they are in season understood.

14. " If *Servant* to thy Board a *Rabbit* bring,
 " Be wise, and in the first place carve a wing.

15. " When *Fish* and *Fowl* are right, and at just age,
 " A feeders *curiosity* t' assuage,

" If

"If any ask, Who found the Mystery?

"Let him enquire no farther, I am he.

16. "Some fanſie *Bread* out of the *Oven* hot,

"Variety's the *Gluttons* happiest lot.

17. "It's not enough the *Wine* you have be pure,

"But of your *Oil* as well you ought be sure.

18. "If any fault be in thy *generous Wine*,

"Set it abroad all night, and 'twill refine,

"But never ſtrein'r, nor let it paſs through *linen*,

"*Wine* will be worſe for that as well as *Women*.

19. "The *Vintner* that of *Malaga* and *Sherry*

"With damn'd ingredients patches up *Canary*,

"With *Segregative* things, as *Pigeons Eggs*

"Straight purifies, and takes away the dregs. (caſe.

20. "An o're-charge'd ſtomach roasted *Shrimps* will

"The cure by *Lettuce* is worſe than the diſeaſe.

21. "To quicken appetite it will behove ye

"To feed couragiously on good *Anchovie*.

22. "Westphalia *Ham*, and the *Bologna* Sawſage;

"For ſecond or third courſe will clear a paſſage,

"But *Lettuce* after meals! Fie on't! the *Glutton*

"Had better feed upon *Ram-alley-Mutton*. (rage,

23. "'Twere worth ones while in *Palace* or in *Cot-*

"Right well to know the ſundry ſorts of *pottage*;

"There is your *French Pottage*, *Nativity Broth*,

"Yet that of *Fetter-lane* exceeds them both;

"About a limb of a departed *Tup*

"There may you ſee the green *Herbs* boiling up,

"And *fat* abundance o're the *furnace* float,

"Reſembling *Whale-Oil* in a *Greenland* Boat.

24. "The *Kentiſh Pippin*'s beſt, I dare be bold,

"That ever *Blue-cap* *Coſtardmonger* ſold.

25. "Of *Grapes*, I like the *Raiſins of the Sun*;

"I was the firſt immortal *Glory* won,

"By

" By mincing *Pickle-Herrings* with these *Raisons*

" And Apples: 'Twas I set the world a gazing;

" When once they tasted of this *Hogan Fish*,

" Pepper and Salt *Enamelling* the Dish.

(ter,

26. "'Tis ill to purchase great Fish with great mat.

" And then to serve it up in scanty *Platter*;

" Nor is it less unseemly some believe,

" From Boy with *greasie* Fist *Drink* to receive;

" But the Cup foul within is enough to make

" A *squeamish* creature puke, and turn up *stomach*.

27. " Then *Brooms* and *Napkins*, and the *Flander* tyle,

" These must be had too, or the Feast you spoil,

" Things little thought on, and not very dear,

" And yet how much they cost one in a year!

28. " Would'st thou rub *Alabaster* with hands sable,

" Or spread a *Diaper* cloth on dirty *Table*?

" More cost, more worship: Come, be *A-la-mode*,

" Embellish *Treat*, as thou would'st do an *Ode*.

Hor. O learned, Sir, how greedily I hear

This elegant *Diatriba* of good cheer!

Now by all that's good, by all provant you love,

By sturdy *Chine* of Beef, and mighty *Jove*,

I do conjure thy gravity, let me see

The man that made thee this discovery;

For he that sees th' Original's more happy

Than him that draws by an ill-favour'd Copy;

O bring me to the man I so admire!

The Flint from whence brake forth these sparks of fire,

What satisfaction would the Vision bring?

If sweet the stream, much sweeter is the spring.

SATYRE V. By A. B.

A way to grow Rich.

ULYSSES and TIRESIAS.

U. **T**O all that thou hast told me heretofore,
 Prithee, *Tiresias*, add this one thing more;
 By what designs and means may I now be
 As *wealthy* as I have been formerly?
 Why do'st thou laugh?

Tir. Is't not enough, that thou
 (Thou crafty Fellow) art restored now
 To *Ithaca*, and do'st thy *Gods* behold
 Which thy *progenitors* ador'd of old?

U. Oh, thou *unerring* Prophet do but see
 How naked I'm return'd, how beggerly,
 (As thou fore-told'st) my *Closets* rifled all,
 And that Estate which I my own could call,
 Is all consum'd by those *Gallants* that lay
 Courting my Wife, while I have been away;

"An honest man, and of a Noble house,

"If poor, is no more valu'd than a Louse.

Tir. Well then, since *poverty* affrights thee so,
 In brief I'll tell thee how thou rich shalt grow:
 If any Friend send thee a brace of *Pheasants*,
 Or any other rarities for *presents*,
 To thy next *wealthy* neighbour, if he's old,
 Send them away, so they're not given, but sold:
 And if thy *Garden* or thy *Field* bring forth
Melons, or any other Fruits of worth,
 Send to some *wealthy* man a taste e're thou
 Do'st any of it to thy *Lar* allow;

"For

" *For in this age our muck-admiring Elves*
 " *Adore rich men more than the Gods themselves.*

Though perjur'd Rogues, ignobly born and bred,
 Murther'd their Brothers, and their Countrey fled,
 Yet wait upon them when they do command,
 And let them always have the upper-hand.

Ul. What? Shall I give the wall to such a base
 Inferior Rascal as old *Damon* was?
 At *Troy* I ever scorn'd it, there did I
 Contend with Great ones.

Tir. Thou'lt a Beggar die.

Ul. This heart will stoutly bear such things as these,
 I have endur'd far greater in my days:
 But prithee, learned Doctor, tell me how
 I may get heaps of Gold and Silver now.

Tir. I've told thee, and I'll tell it thee again,
 Thou art a fellow of a subtle Brain;
 Enquire what old Rich men are like to die,
 Observe their humours, keep them company,
 Ply them with Presents still, that thou may'st be
 Nam'd in their wills an heir, or legatee;
 And if perhaps one or two subtle men
 Nibble the bait, and straight whip off again,
 And scape thy hook, and thou art cheated so,
 Do not despair, nor yet thy art forgo.
 Next, if there be a Law-suit great or small,
 That side that's rich, and has no child at all
 Be for, though unretain'd, and let thy Tongue
 Beat down his Adversary, right or wrong;
 Be the man ne're so honest, and the suit
 Never so just, or of so good repute,
 If he has Children, or a Wife that may
 Produce him Children, throw his Cause away.

But say to thy rich childless Client ; Sir,
 May't please your worship, or your honour ! (for
 "Titles of Honour, and such terms as these,
 "Do Mortals tender Ears most strangely please.)

'Tis not your money, but your virtues have
 Made me your friend, your servant, nay your slave ;
 I know the Riddles of the Law, and can
 Manage your Suits : and I'll give any man
 Leave to pluck out mine Eyes, if ever he
 Can cheat or fool you, leave your Cause to me ;
 I'll take such care that you shan't lose a Groat,
 Nor yet be laugh't at ; bid him take no thought,
 But away home to's Countrey-house, and there
 His mind and body both repose and cheer !
 Or else do thou thy self turn Advocate,
 And for thy Client never cease to prate :
 Endure the scorching heat, the piercing cold,
 And then thou shalt the gazing Clown behold
 Jogging with's Elbow those that next him stand,
 Look, look (says he) how he endures it, and
 How eagerly he pleads there for his friends,
 Sure he has all the Law at's Fingers ends :
 The Fish will come in shoals then to be caught,
 And thou may'st fill thy Net at every draught.

Or if a rich man have an only Son
 Lies dangerously sick and drawing on,
 Be n't too officious to th' old man, lest he
 Thy purpose through thy diligence should see ;
 But gently scrue thy self into him, and
 Get thy self writ down, Heir at second hand,
 That if to's Child any distaster come,
 Thou next in order may'st supply his room ;
 'Tis ten to one but this design will take,
 And so his great Estate thine own thou'lt make.

If one desire thee to peruse his *Will*,
 Seem to deny't, thrust it away, but still
 So as to glance thine Eye on it, and see
 What *Legacies*, and who's the *Legatee*;
 Let thy quick eye run all the Paper o're,
 Whether thou'rt *Heir* alone, or join'd with more.

Oftimes an o're-grown crafty Scrivener, which
 By being in Offices grows wise and rich,
 Cheats the next Kindred of th' expected pelf,
 Leaves the right *Heir* out, and puts in himself,
 Makes him both needy and ridiculous too,
 (As *Aesop's* Fox did serve the gaping Crow.)

Ul. Art thou inspir'd? or do'st thou go about
 On purpose with these *ridling* words, to flout
 And to delude me?—

Tir. No, *Laertes* Son!
 Whate're I say, will, or will not be done;
 For great *Apollo* hath bestow'd on me
 This admirable *knack* of *Prophecie*.

Ul. If it be lawful then, prithee unfold
 The meaning of this Fable which th' hast told. (the

Tir. The time shall come when our young *Emperor*,
 Who does derive his Royal Pedigree
 From the Divine *Aeneas*, at whose beck
 The sturdy *Parthians* shall submit their Neck,
 And he shall grow so great by Sea and Land,
 All *Princes* else shall stoop at his command:
 Some crafty Courtier, as *Coranus* was,
 Shall have a mind t' a handsome strapping Lass,
 And wed that Dog *Nasica's* Daughter, who
 Will nor a Groat on him with her bestow,
 Nor yet will put her off at any rate,
 Unless to one that has a vast Estate:

But here's the cheat, he bids th' old man read o're
His Will, which subtly was contriv'd before.
The griping *slave* thinking he has his end,
Denies to view the Will, and does pretend
He aim'd not at the Wealth, but to have one
Of Honour and of Merit to his *Son*.

What need I stand gazing on's Will (thinks he)
My Daughter must have all whate'er it be :
But being much intreated, does peruse
The Will at last, and after divers views,
Finds nothing is bequeath'd to him or his,
But even to hang himself, or mourn for this.

One thing more I would have thee mind ; where e're,
Thou of an old rich *doating* man do'st hear,
Who's govern'd by his *Serving-man*, or by
His crafty *Wench* ; join in society
With those, and praise them to their Master, so
To him behind thy back they'l praise thee too :
This trick will help thee much ; but nothing can
Avail so much as working on th' old man.

(he
erw,
If he writes *Verses* ne're so like an *Als*,
Exol them to the skies ; and if he has
A mind t' a *Wench*, send thy *Penelope* ;
Do't of thine own accord ; be sure that he
Don't ask thee for her ; freely her present,
And wish she may to's *Worship* give content :

Ol. D' you think my Wife, who is so virtuous
And modest, who so stoutly did oppose
Many *suitors*, and continued chaste,
Will be *seduc'd* to anothers *lust* at last ?

Tyr. They'd little Souls, and knew nothow to treat,
Or to present a *Lady* that's so great :
Theirs was but *Kitchin love*, they did desire
To fill their *Bellies*, not to slake their fire ;

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And wish she may to's Worthip give content.

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And modest, who so stoutly did oppose
To many *suitors*, and continued chaste,
Will be *seduc'd* to anothers *lust* at last?

Tyr. They'd little Souls, and knew nohow to treat,
For to present a *Lady* that's so great:
Theirs was but *Kitchen love*, they did desire
To fill their *Bellies*, not to slake their fire;

So thy *Penelope* continued chaste;
 If she of one old man but once should taste,
 She'd share the gains with thee, and cease no more
 Then *dogs* from sheep, when they've kill'd sheep before.
 Nay wonder not at this that I have told,
 I found it all too true when I grew old.

A damn'd old *Hag* who did at *Thebes* die,
 Order'd this *Funeral* solemnity
 By her last Will; her body she would have
 Anointed o're with Oil, and to her Grave
 She order'd him who was to be her *Heir*,
 On's naked Shoulders her oil'd Corps to bear,
 And if by th' slippriness he let her fall,
 What e're she left, he was to forfeit all:
 He while she liv'd, did (I believe) pretend
 Great love to her, she'd have it without end.

Walk warily, and see thou be not found
 Wanting in duty, nor too much abound;
 To sickly men, and such as are morose,
 A prating fellow is most tedious.

Yet sullen silence affect not at all,
 But *Davus*-like be something *Comical*,
 Thy Head on one side lean'd, as if he were
 A man of whom thou stood'st in mighty fear:
 Be very dutiful, and if the Air
 Blow ne're so little, bid him have a care
 Of his most precious *tender head*, and when
 He's in a Croud, get him straight out agen,
 And with both shoulders thrust aside all those
 Who do his easie coming out oppose.

And when he falls to talking bow thine ear,
 If his own praises he delights to hear,
 Ply him with high *Encomiums*, and fill
 Him Bladder-like with swelling words, until

He lifts both hands up to the very skies;
An honest servant! 'tis enough, he cries.

And when at length thou by his death shalt be
From this great care and tedious service free,
And being broad awak'd shalt hear it read,
Ulysses *quarter-heir to him that's dead*,
Then with a loud voice cry; *And is he gon,*
What? Have I lost my dear Companion?
Where now shall I another Patron find,
Who's of so just and of so stout a mind?
Nay weep a little, if thou canst; 'tis good
Thy inward joy should not be understood.

And if th' *interment* should be left to thee,
Be sure thou do't with *pomp* and *decency*;
The *Neighbours* all about will celebrate
A *funeral* that's mang'd in great State.

If one of th' oldest *Cobbeirs* chance to be
Infirm in's body, or *cough* dangerously,
Apply thy self to him, tell him he shall
Buy what to thy share by the will does fall;
Whether 't be house or ground, tell him thy mind
Is more to money than to land inclin'd.

But *Proserpine* recalls me to my Cell,
I must obey and go; *Live long, farewell.*

SATYRE VI. By Sir R. F.

He saith he lives content with what he hath, and wishes no more. Then compares the Commodities of the ease he enjoys in the Countrey, with the discommodities of businesse and troubles which accompany the City life.

THis was my wish, *A moderate scope of Land,*
A Garden with a plenteous Spring at hand :
And to crown these a plump of trees : Heaven gave
Better than this ; 'Tis well, no more I crave
Good Mercury, make but these things endure ;
If neither by ill ways I did procure,
Nor by ill ways shall waste them : if I scape
Longings : O that yon Nook, which doth misshape
My Field, were added ! O that I might find
A pot of Gold ! as (Hercules so friend)
He did, who hir'd to delve anothers ground,
Bought the same Land he digg'd with what he found :
If what I have please me : it thou incline,
When I pray, Make my Flock, and all that's mine
Fat, but my wit ; and as th'ast ever done,
Stand my great Guardian. Therefore (when being flown
Out of Roms Cage into the Woods, I put
Discourses in rough Verse, and horse my Foot)
Nor Fevers kill me, nor Ambitions itch,
Nor sickly Autumns making Sextons rich.
FATHER MATUTE : *or Janus (if that style*
Affect thee more) from whom their births, and toil,
According to the Julian year men date,
Wish thee Pauspicate my work. When straight
Thou thy self hurriest me away to Rome
To be a Surety : Quick, lest some one come

Before

Before, that's more officious ; Rain, or Blow,
And though the Colds shrink day to nothing, go
I must : and after, wrestle through a Croud,
And crack my Lungs, & undo my self aloud :
Injure who e're is slower. Name of Mars !
What mean you ? whose Solicitor ? (Thus curse
Those men, upon whose Corns I tread) O ! you
Hasting to serve Mæcenas, care not who
You run o're. I'll ne're lie ; this grieves me not :
'Tis Musick. But anon, when I have got
Esquilias misty Top, thousand affairs
Of other men flie buzzing in mine ears,
And sting me back and sides ; Roscius requests
To morrow, too, you'd help him i'th' Requests.
The Secretaries pray you'd not forget
A business that concerns the Publick ; Great,
And new, to day : stay Quintus, get this Bill
Sign'd by Mæcenas : If I can I will.
Nay, thou can'st do't ; and presses me. 'Tis now
A seven years past, Macenas doth allow
Me of his Family, only t' advise
Whom he should take into his Coach in journeys,
To whom commit his Meddals : What's a Clock ?
Which Fencer will beat (think'st thou) or which Cock ?
'Tis a hard Frost : Will't bear another Coat ?
With such like trifles as are safely put
In leaking ears. This Prentiship have I
Serv'd under Envy's lash, more and more daily.
Our Friend Bowl'd with Mæcenas th'other day,
I, and they sate together at the Play : (Street,
(Some men have Fortune !) Blows there through the
A bleak news from the Change ? straight all I meet ;
Good man : (for thou be'st near the Gods must know)
Do'st hear ought of the Dacians ? In sooth, No.

*Thou'lt ne're leave jeering. Hang me, if I do.
The Lands then which the Emperor promis'd to
The Souldiers in SICILIA, shall they be
Allotted: to them, or in Italy?*
Swearing, I nothing know: *Well, Go thy ways
For a deeppis of secrecie! and gaze,*
Mean while my Taper wasts: scarce time to pray:
O Fields, when shall I see you? O, when may
I, roul'd in Books, or lull'd in sleep and ease,
Opium life's cares with sweet forgetfulness?
When shall I taste the *Pythagorean* Bean
With sav'ry broth, and Bacon without lean?
O nights, and suppers of the Gods, which I
And mine, consume in my own Family;
Where my Clowns, born within doors, tear the feast
I tasted to them; where the lawless guest
Dries the unequal Cups, as his Complexion
Asks soaking showres, or moderate refection.
Then talk we not of buying Lands, nor school
Other mens lives: nor whether *Cesars* Fool
Dance well, or not: But things of more concern,
Are our discourse, and which men ought to learn:
Whether to happines do more conduce
Vertue or wealth? if we our Friends should chuse
For ends, or honesty. What's understood
Truly by Goods? and which is the chief good?
My Neighbour *Cervius*, interweaves his old
Fables, as thus: *Aurelius* wealth extoll'd,
(Forgetting with what cares it tortures him)
I'll tell you a Tale (quoth he:) *Once on a time,
The Countrey Mouse receiv'd in her poor house,
Her ancient and good friend the City Mouse;
A mighty Huswife, and exceeding nigh,
Yet free in way of Hospitality.*

*In short, the Chick-pease she had laid for board,
 And unthrasht Oats she sets upon the Board,
 Brings scraps of Bacon in her mouth, and dry
 Barley; desiring with variety
 (Had it been possible) to have o'recame
 The stately niceness of the City-dame.
 When the good wife her self on her Straw-bed,
 (Leaving the best) on Chaff and Acorns fed.
 At length, her guest: Friend, how canst thou indure
 To live in this Rock-side, moapt and obscure?
 Wild Woods prefer'r'st Thou to a Town, and Men?
 Come go with me. Since all shall die, and when
 We go, our Mortal souls resolve to dust,
 Live happy whil'st thou may'st, as one that must
 Be nothing a while hence. Drawn by this spell,
 The Countrey Mouse skips lightly from her Cell,
 And both their way unto the City keep,
 Longing by night over the walls to creep:
 And now 'twas mid-night, and her foot each sets
 In a rich house: where glittering Coverlets
 Of Tyrian Die, on Ivory-beds were past,
 And many Offals of a great feast past,
 Lay in the Pantry heapt. Her Rural mate
 Pray'd to repose under a Cloth of State;
 The City Mouse, like an officious Host,
 Bestirs her self to fetch bak'd, boil'd, and roast,
 And plays the Carver, tasting all she brings,
 She thinks the world well chang'd; and Heavens good things
 Stretching, enjoys; when straight flies ope the room,
 And tosses both out of the wrought Couch plom,
 Running like things distracted, but much more
 When with Molossian Dogs the high roofs roar.
 Then said the Countrey Mouse, No more of this,
 Give me my Wood, my Cave, and Roots with peace.*

The

The same by another Hand.

THis, this the sum of all my wishes was,
 In a small *farm* my life obscure to pass,
 Where I a *Garden* and a *Spring* might see,
 A little *Grove*, or at the least a *Tree* :
 But here the *bounteous* Gods have given me more,
 Than all my *largest* hopes conceiv'd before :
 'Tis well, I'm *thankful*, and no more I wish,
 But only that they should *continue* this.

If by no *wretched* gain I ever yet
 Made my self *guilty*, that I might be *great* ;
 If by no *vitious* course, or *squandering* way,
 I shall my life to *poverty* betray ;
 If I send up to Heaven no *prayer* like these,
 " O that kind Heaven would give me to possess
 " That narrow spot of ground which near me lies,
 " And o're my *Garden* walks too high doth rise !
 " Oh, that some *luckie* bit of Fortune wou'd
 " Bring to my hands such unexpected good,
 " As once she did to a hir'd *Plough-man*, who
 " While he with usual hopes the Field did plough,
 " He found of *hidden* treasure so great store,
 " He bought the Field wherein he toil'd before.

No, if my mind be equal in desires,
 And to no more than what I have aspires,
 Then let just Heaven keep my Estate from harm,
 Keep my *Lambs* safe, that they may keep me *warm* :
 Let me enjoy what's needful, and what's fit,
 Have all things *fat* about me but my *wit* !
 May the Gods be propitious still to me,
 And be my guardians as they use to be,

And

And now in this so close and silent life,
Stole from the arts of Court and Cities strife,
What should I write but Humorous *Satyres* here?
Satyres the Woods inhabitants always were.
Here no *ambitious* Raptures heat my head,
Here no *infection* through the air is spread;
Here I in midst of *tempests* am secure,
Nor fear the fall of *Chimneys* every hour;
Here all the stormy winds that chance to rise,
Only bring sounder *sleeps* unto my eyes:
Or if sometimes their fury they do spend
On some tall Oak, and it asunder rend,
Their very *mischief's* useful here, and by
Their rage my wood-mans labour they supply.

But hold, while I my self thus flatter here,
Reck'ning before each *pleasure* of the year,
I had forgot that I *subpena'd* was,
And up to London suddenly must pass;
Away I must, and ride through *thick and thin*,
There to arrive before the *Term* begin;
To *Horse* I must what ever wind doth blow,
Whether the days do long or shorter grow;
For all my *shrugging*, yet away I must;
Thither I come, and through the *croud* I thrust:
Methinks the *streams* I do already feel;
As I pass through, sometimes I kick ones heel,
Sometimes anothers *Corns* I tread upon,
While they do curse and cry, *whither d' you run?*
What ails you? why so fast? do not you see
That we by these before us hindred be?

To my *Mæcenæ*s House I still press through,
Remembring to what *company* there I go,
That, that indeed is sweet to me; for there
Is pleasant *company* and healthy air

To

To me, who from the Sea-coals and the noise
 Escap'd, a while a *mouthful* there injoys;
 But when I tired and puffing thither come,
 A hundred strangers business do *hum*
 About my ears, a hundred trifles fall
 Upon my head, back, shoulders, covering all.
 Of my whole life the greatest part I've spent,
 Not with my *self*, or to my own content,
 But in that *pomp*, which I of all things hate,
 Th' acquaintance of *chief Ministers of State*,
 Though all th' *employment* I had with them was
 Only to help some idle hours to pass:

*Sir, my Lord such a one desires that you
 Would be at Westminster at two:*

*There did a Merchant, Sir, for you inquire,
 Your aid in some rich project to desire:
 I pray Sir get his Graces hand to this,
 He knows me, and it reasonable is.*

And if I say I'll do my best in it,
 Oh Sir (says he) if you but think it fit
 To speak a word, th' *event* I need not fear,
 And then some *Bribe* they whisper in my ear;
 All's but for them to exercise their *pride*,
 And all that wait for *business* to deride,
 While we within in private shut the while,
 With such vain *tattle* do the time beguile:
What is the clock? 'tis very cold to day,
How do you like these Verses, or that Play?
 Such were the grave affairs of *State*, that we
 Transacted in our envi'd *secrecie*;
 Yet by this means, 'twas nois'd about the Town
 That I a mighty *favourite* was grown:
D'ye hear the news? (says one) our friend did ride
 Last night with my Lord Chancellor side by side;

He is a rising man, and happy me,
 I him to day at least two hours did see
 In private with his *Highness*, and his *Grace*
 Gave him a Friendly *smile* as he did pass.

When once the World hath taken this report,
 Then all the *Mounseurs* brisk about the Court,
 Where e're I meet them kindly me salute,
I are well met Sir, you know without dispute
How matters go. (say they) for now you are
Acquainted with all States-mens secrets here.

And how? and how? and when d' ye expect the Fleet?

When will the King set forth the Queen to meet?

I know not. Come, you're such another man!

Let all the Gods their judgments on me rain,

If I know any thing. *And what d' ye hear,*

When did the Portuguez resign Tangier?

Is all in Ireland quiet still or no?

When will my Lord Lieutenant thither go?

Which way are things accommodated there,

For the old Irish, or the Purchaser?

Still I persist that I do nothing know,

At my reserv'dness they much wonder show;

That I'm a close and trusty man they swear,

Fitt to be made a *Privy-counsellor*.

Thus I my time to such vain *fopperies* give,

And only in my wishes truly live:

"Oh, when shall I the Countrey see again,

"When in a meadow, or a shady plain,

"Shall I once more securely read and sleep,

"And no account of the days motion keep?

"But by a pleasant thoughtful idleness

"Of humane life make the long journey less:

"Oh Beans and Bacon! O delicious meat!

"Such as the first and innocent men did eat,

"Of

"Of fruits, for which Pythagoras was wise,
 "When he all other dainties did despise ;
 "Ob nights and suppers fit for Gods to eat,
 "For even the Gods have sometimes lov'd retreat.

There o're my merry Servants I am King,
 Yet fear no Poison in what e're they bring.
 There free from all the gentle rudeness, which
 The Laws of *Drinking* in the City teach,
 One takes a *Brimmer* up, another cries,
Hold, hold, pray not too much, that will suffice.
 All drink what e're they please, and none by stealth
 Need put this *Glass* by, or escape that *health*.
 There no *discourse* of other men comes in,
 Nor who this *Race*, who did that *Cock-match* win,
 Nor who commands the *fashion* of the Town,
 Who the best *Actor* is, *Lucy*, or *Mohune* ?
 We talk of things that nearer us concern,
 And which 'tis more *material* to learn,
 What kind of life a prudent man should chuse,
 Or to be *rich*, or to be *virtuous* ;
 What into strongest *friendship* men doth bind,
Profit and *interest*, or the Goods o' th' *mind* :
 What of true *happiness* the nature is,
 What are its measures, properties, degrees.
 C—— the while (for he too did the same)
 Forsook the *world* with me, and thither came.
 C—— still mingles things that are more gay,
 Rough *Morals* with old *Stories* doth allay :
 Yet not that all our talk should *stories* be,
 But only when they genuine come and free :
 Then if some new arriv'd *half-witted* Guest,
 (Half-witted sure he needs must be at best,)
 Admires the *City* and the *glories* there,
 How splendidly these *Lords* or those appear,

Against

Against him which such *railery* disputes,
And with a *Moses* Argument confutes.

By Mr. A. Cowley.

AT the large Foot of a fair *hollow* tree,
Close by plow'd grounds, seated *commodiously*
His antient and *hereditary* house,
There dwelt a good *substantial* Countrey Mouse,
Frugal and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet one who nobly once did entertain
A *City* Mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,
A Mouse of high degree, who lost his way
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there
For a days *lodging*; the good hearty *Host*
The antient plenty of his *Hall* to boast,
Did all the stores produce that might excite
With various taste the *Courtiers* appetite,
Chickens and *beans*, *pease*, and *oats* and *wheat*,
And a large *Chestnut*, the delicious meat
Which *Jove* himself were he a Mouse would eat;
And for a *haut-guest* there was mixt with these
The *sword* of *Bacon* and the *coat* of *cheese*,
The precious *relics* which at Harvest he
Had gather'd from the *Reapers* luxury:
Freely (said he) fall on, and do not spare,
The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care.
And thus at ease on Beds of *straw* they lay
And to their Genius sacrific'd the day:
Yet the nice Guests mind
(Though breeding made him *civil* seem and kind)
Despis'd this Countrey Feast, and still his thought
Upon the *cakes* and *pies* of *London* wrought.

Your

Your bounty and civility (said he)
 Which I'm surpris'd in these rude parts to see,
 Shews that the Gods have given you a mind
 Too noble for the fare which here you find :
 Why should a Soul so virtuous and so great,
 Lose it self thus in an obscure retreat ?
 Let Savage Beasts lodge in a Countrey Den,
 You should see *Towns*, and *manners*, and know men,
 And taste the *generous luxury* of the Court,
 Where all the Mice of quality resort,
 Where thousand beauteous *shees* about you move,
 And by high fare are *pliant* made to love.
 " We all ere long must render up our breath,
 " No Cave or Hole can shelter us from Death ;
 " Since life is so uncertain and so short,
 " Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.

Come (worthy Sir) come with me and partake
 All the great things that Mortals happy make.

" Alas, what virtue has sufficient arms
 " To oppose bright Honour and soft pleasures charms ?
 " What wisdom can their Magick force repel ?
 It draws this Reverend *Hermit* from his Cell.
 It was the time when witty Poets tell,
 That *Phœbus* into *Tethys* bosom fell,
 She blusht at first, and then put out her light,
 And drew the modest Curtains of the night.
 Plainly the truth to tell, the Sun was set,
 And to the town the wearied travellers get
 To a Lords house, as Lordly as can be,
 Made for the use of *pride* and *luxury*
 They come ; the gentle *Courtier* at the door
 Stopt, and will hardly enter in before.
 But this, Sir, you command, and being so,
 I'm sworn to obedience ; and so in they go

Behind

Behind a *Hanging* in a spacious room,
The richest work of *Mortelacks* noble Loom,
They wait a while their wearied Limbs to rest,
Till silence should invite them to their *feast*,
About the hour that Cynthia's silver light
Had toucht the pale meridies of night.
At last the various Supper being done,
It hapned that the *company* was gone
Into a room remote, Servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a Ball.
Our *Host* leads forth his *stranger*, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind:
Still on the *Tables* half fill'd Dishes stood,
And with delicious *bites* the floor was strew'd,
The courteous Mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat *varieties* are blest:
The industrious *peasant* every where does range,
And thanks the Gods for his lifes happy change;
Loe in the midst of a well freighted *Pye*
They both at last glurtd and wanton lie:
When (see the sad reverse of prosperous fate,)
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait,
With hideous noise down the rude Servants come,
Six Dogs before run barking into th' room,
The wretched *Gluttons* fly with wild affright,
And hate their *fulness* which retards their *flight*.
Our trembling *Peasant* wishes now in vain,
That *rocks* and *mountains* cover'd him again:
Oh, how the change of his poor life he curst,
This of all lives (said he) is sure the worst.
Give me again ye Gods my Cave and Wood;
With peace let *tares* and *acorns* be my food!

SATYRE VII. By A. B.

HORACE and DAVUS.

The miseries of a Debauched Life.

DAV. I've over-heard you, and a mind I have (Slave,
To speak a word t' you, but being but your
I am afraid. —

HOR. — Who art thou, DAVUS?

DAV. — Yes,

DAVUS, who always to his Patron is,
A Slave so loving, and so true, that he
Deserves at length that you should make him free.

HOR. Go on, and use *Decemlers* freedom now,
(Because our *Ancestors* did that allow)
Speak what thou hast a mind.

DAV. — Most men delight
In Vice continually, and with all their might
Pursue their lewd designs: Many there be
Float up and down with much *inconstancies*:
Now they will lead a virtuous life, but then
They quickly tumble into *vice* agen.

How fickle *Priscus* is! sometimes he'll be
With ne're a Ring on's hand, sometimes with three:
And every hour he'll vainly change his *Gown*;
Sometimes he'll lodge i'th' noblest house in Town,
Straight in the meanest Cottage he will lie,
And thence come forth looking so nastily.
Now he at *Athens* studies hard, but straight
Away he comes to *Rome* to fornicate.
So various in his life, as if he'd been
Born in all shapes *Vertumnus* e're was in.

That

That Gamester *Volanerius*, when the *Gowt*
Had rack'd and shrunk up all his joints throughout,
A Fellow by the day he hir'd and fed
To take the *Dice*, and throw them in his stead.

"How much more constant men in *Vices* be,

"So much the easier is their misery :

"'Tis better far to keep an equal pace,

"Then sometimes slack and sometimes stretch the *Trace*.

Hor. Yet all this while thou tell'st not to what end
(Thou fleering Knave) these sullen words do tend.

Dav. They're meant of you. —

Hor. Why so (you *Rogue* ?)

Dav. — You praise

Mens fate and ways who liv'd in former days,

And yet if any *God* move you to use

The like your self, you obstinately refuse,

Either because you don't conceive what you

Your self affirm thereof is right and true ;

Or else the *truth* you faintly do defend,

And are not such a man as you pretend ;

And when you stick so fast, you do desire

In vain to pluck your feet out of the mire.

The Countrey you admire when you are at *Rome*,

But when into the *Countrey* you are come,

A *City* life you above all things prize,

And *Rome* you vainly do extol to th' skies.

When you are not invited forth to sup,

Your own safe *Diet* you do so cry up,

Pretending if you e're go forth, 'tis still

To please your Friend, but sore against your will :

And you're so pleas'd, and count your self so blest,

When you are not invited out to feast.

But if *Mæcenæ* send for you to come,

How all the house rings with your noise at home !

What, not the Barter come yet? — Jack! — who's there?
Where are these Rogues, my Servants? does none hear?
 And then away you post t' your Patrons feast,
 Where *Milvius* that Parasite, and the rest
 Which feed upon him, curse and rail, and speak
 Base words of you, when they away must sneak.

One (I confess) did tell me to my face,
 You did your pleasure in your Belly place;
 And call'd you *smell-feast*, *feeble*, *slug-gard*, *so-t*,
 What they could think, as *Glutton*, and *Tofs-pot*.

Now since you are as bad as I can be,
 Nay perhaps worse, why should you rail at me,
 As if you're better? when you but disguise
 With vertuous names the foulness of your vice.

When you were with anothers wife in bed,
 And simply by his Slave discovered,
Trapan'd and apprehended, were not you
 A verier *fool* than I? — Nay, never go
 To fright me with your surly countenance;
 Bridle you passion, don't your *fi-st* advance,
 While I impartially declare unt' you
 That which *Crispinus* Slave reveal'd to me.
 You're for a *married* woman, while your poor
 Slave *Davus* is content with a poor —
 Which of our crimes are greater, yours or mine?
 When heat of blood does me to th' flesh incline,
 I take a *common wench*, with whom I do
 Such things as humane Nature prompts me to;
 And having done, I presently depart,
 My *name* not blemish'd by it, nor my heart
 Solicitous, where those who next there lie,
 Be handsomer or richer men than I.

But when you lay your *Ornaments* aside,
 And sneak along for fear you should be spi'd:

Are you not what you seem, when you become
Instead of a grave *Senator* a *Groom*?
And are into anothers Lodgings led,
With an old Cap to hide your powdred head;
'Twixt lust and fear such a contest is in you,
Your flesh and bones still trembling do continue.

What difference is't if you are bound for hire
To be destroy'd, whether by *Sword* or *Fire*?
Or to be thrust into a nasty Chest
With head and heels contracted to your breast,
Where by the Maid you have secured bin,
The *Band* that's privy to her Mistress sin.

Has not th' abused Husband then just power;
Both o're his wife, and o're her Paramour?
More just o're the *Adulterer*, yet she
Nor place nor habit shifts, nor *publicly*
Commits the sin; the woman is in fear,
And believes not your promis'd love to her:
But you're a voluntary *Slave* t' your lust,
And with that raging *Tyrant* do intrust
All your estate; your *safety*, *liberty*,
Repute and *life*, things which so precious be.

And when you have escap'd from all those Snares,
A man would think you should be full of fears,
And would by this take *warning* now, but you
Seek how to sin, and to be plagu'd anew.

Oh! you that make your self so oft a Slave,
What *brute Beasts* are so mad, that when they have
Made their escape by breaking off the chain,
Will to the snares expose themselves again?

You say, you are no *Adulterer*, nor I
A *Thief*, because I warily pass by
Your *plate*; but were the punishment away,
You to Adultery, I to Theft should stray.

*What, not the Barber come yet? — Jack! — who's there?
Where are these Rogues, my Servants? does none hear?*

And then away you post t' your Patrons feast,
Where *Milvins* that Parasite, and the rest
Which feed upon him, curse and rail, and speak
Base words of you, when they away must sneak.

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Such things as humane Nature prompts me to;
And having done, I presently depart,
My name not blemish'd by it, nor my heart
Solicitous, where those who next there lie,
Be handsomer or richer men than I.

But when you lay your *Ornaments* aside,
And sneak along for fear you should be spid:

Are you not what you seem, when you become
Instead of a grave *Senator* a *Groom*?
And are into anothers Lodgings led,
With an old Cap to hide your powdred head;
'Twixt lust and fear such a contest is in you,
Your flesh and bones still trembling do continue.

What difference is't if you are bound for hire
To be destroy'd, whether by *Sword* or *Fire*?
Or to be thrust into a nasty Chest
With head and heels contracted to your breast,
Where by the Maid you have secured bin,
The *Band* that's privy to her Mistress sin.

Has not th' abused Husband then just power,
Both o're his wife, and o're her Paramour?
More just o're the *Adulterer*, yet she
Nor place nor habit shifts, nor *publicly*
Commits the sin; the woman is in fear,
And believes not your promis'd love to her:
But you're a voluntary *Slave* t' your lust,
And with that raging *Tyrant* do intrust
All your estate; your *safety*, *liberty*,
Repose and *life*, things which so precious be.

And when you have escap'd from all those Snares,
A man would think you should be full of fears,
And would by this take *warning* now, but you
Seek how to sin, and to be plagu'd anew.

Oh! you that make your self so oft a Slave,
What *brute Beasts* are so mad, that when they have
Made their escape by breaking off the chain,
Will to the snares expose themselves again?

You say, you are no *Adulterer*, nor I
A *Thief*, because I warily pass by
Your *plate*; but were the punishment away,
You to Adultery, I to Theft should stray.

Are you my *Master*, and so much a *Slave*,
To those ill powers which Dominion have
O'er men and things? and have so often been
Freed from your slavery, yet again get in?

Add this thing to the rest, which seems to me
An *Argument* of great validity,
If he that does a *Slave* serve and obey,
Is a *Slaves Vicar* (as you Scholars say)
Or but his Fellow-slave, pray tell me then
What must I be to you? for even when
You rule o'er me you are a wretched *Slave*,
To other powers, and no true motion have,
But are like wooden Puppets mov'd about,
Not by your Nerves within, but Wires without,
Hor. "*Who then is free?*"

Dav. "*He that is wise, and can*
"*Govern himself, that, that's the true Free-man;*
"*Whom prisons, want, nay Death, can't terrifie,*
"*Who quells his vain desires, and valiantly*
"*Contemns the froth of popular applause,*
"*And squares his actions all by virtues laws:*
"*No outward thing can alter him at all,*
"*And Fortune's baffled if on him she fall.*"

Can you pick a description out of this,
Which may express your self? — Your high *Mistress*
Demands a hundred pound a time of you,
And if not given her, pouts and looks askew,
And in a *pet* she thrusts you out of door,
Flings water on you to affront you more:
Then in another mood she calls you back;
And are you free? Come, come, withdraw your neck
Out of this shameful Yoke, and say I'm free,
Which you in this condition ne'er can be;

For

For you've a *Master* rigid and severe,
Does o're your mind and body domineer;
And though you're tir'd, and able scarce to stir,
He cruelly rides on with *switch and spur*.

Pray Sir, when you so many hours lie lazing,
On some rare piece of Painting vainly gazing,
Wherefore are you more innocent than I,
When on a *Battel* I do cast mine eye,
With *Char-coal* or *Red-oker* rudely done,
And see the *Fencers* nimbly strike and shun
Each others blows, in various postures, so
As if the Fight were real, not a Show:
I must be call'd a loytering Rogue, but you
In ancient Painting for a Critick go.

If I pursue a hot well-sented Cake,
I am call'd Rascal; but when you do make
Your sumptuous Banquets with all luxury,
You must a noble person counted be:
Pray wherefore should my petty luxurie
Be far more prejudicial to me,
Then yours that's greater is to you? if I
Indulge my Belly, I'm lash'd presently:
And are not you punish'd as much as that,
Who on your Belly spend your whole Estate?
Feasts to perpetual Feasters odious are,
And Drunkards feet refuse their paunch to bear.

If a poor Boy sell his stolen Comb to buy
A bunch of Grapes, we blame him presently;
And yet that Belly-slave goes blameless, that
To gratifie his paunch sells his Estate.

Besides all this, you are not the same man
For two hours space together, neither can
You tell which way to pass your time away
As you ought, when you have a leisure day,

But Vagrant-like you from your self do flie,
Sometimes with wine or sleep you vainly try
To ease your mind, but wheresoe're you go
Your guilty Conscience dogs and pricks you too.

Hor. Where's e're a stone? —

Dav. — At whom Sir would you throw,
If you could find a stone? —

Hor. 'S death! where's my Bow?

Dav. Alas! my Master's grown stark raging mad,
Or else make Verses, which is full as bad!

Hor. Get hence, or to my Farm else, where I have
Sent eight already, I'll send thee th' ninth Slave.

S A T Y R E VIII. By J. W. Esq;

A description of an unhandfom Treat,

H O R A C E and F U N D A N U S.

Hor. **H**ow lik'd ye wealthy Nasidenus feast?
For yesterday, intending you my guest,
?I was told me you were there, and from noon too.

Fund. Troth we were never merrier. (*Hor.*) *As how?*
(And if it ben't too troublefom) declare
How he receiv'd you; what your bill of fare.

Fund. Our first encounter was a *Lucan Bore*,
Kill'd, the wind *South*, for so the *Master* swore;
About the Dish lay *Lettince, Radish, Beets*,
And such as whet the squeasie appetites,
As Skirworts, Pickled Herrings, and next these,
A poynant *sauce* made of the *Coan Lees*:
This took away, two pretty *Stripplings* come,
One wip'd the *Table*, t'other swept the *Room*;

And,

And, as you have seen an *Attick* Virgin go
To *Ceres* Sacrifice; straight other two,
A *Black* the one, brought each his *bucket* in,
This full of *Cacub*, that of *Chian* wine:
When straight mine *Host*; *Macenas*! if you like
Afullier bodi'd, or a *greener*, speak;
I have 'um both. (Hor.) *Poor wealth!* — But *prithie* say,
What wine your company? (*Fund.*) On the first bed lay
My self, next me *Thurinus*, and below
Was *Varius*; On the second, *Balatro*,
With him *Vibidius*, both *Macena's* guests;
On the third, lay the *Master of the Feasts*
Twixt *Nomentan*, and Buffoon *Portius*,
That swoops whole *Custards*, e're ye say, *what's this*;
For his sake, t'other came, who understood
The way of eating, and with his Finger cou'd
Point out each *sauce*, and what was in't; while we
Eat Fish and Fowl, and such like *trumpery*;
Though yet, the best in season, as the *Plaise*,
And *Turbats* Belly which he carv'd me, was.
Next, came the blushing *Apples*, gathered
The *Moon* encreasing; how they differed
From others, he can tell you best; when thus
To *Balatro* began *Vibidius*;
We've fed our selves top full, and now must die
Quite unreveng'd, unless we drink him dry;
And calls for bigger Glasses; at which word
Mine *Host* lookt as he'd have sunk under board;
So went and came his colour, dreaming least
T'have met with such stiff *Drinkers*, or a jest
So home, but rather thought, t'ave seen his Wine
Deaded their *palats*, for 'twas hardly *fine*;
But to small purpose, for the *Rundlet* now
Was set a *tilt*, and round the *brimmers* go;

Only

Only some one or two of the *prime* Guests
 Made little spoil: — But see! A second Feast;
 A *Lamprey* stretcht at length, swimming as 'twere
 Amidst a shoal of *shrimps*; On which, *Mine Heer*,
 Cries *note, This Fish was big with young when caught,*
Or otherwise, 't ad not been worth a Groat;
 Then, for the rare *Potage*! But taste it pray!
 The *Oil* in it is right *Campania*,
 'Thas more *ingredients*, as *Caviare*,
 The best *white Pepper*, *Lesbian Vinegar*,
Italian Wine. (But this, I dare be bold)
 Not a drop of 't was less than five years old;
 All this was in the boiling (that once done
 Pour that of *Chios* in, or better none:)
 I was the first e're boil'd *Elegampane*,
 And 'Ringoos in it; from *Curtillan*, came,
Salt-water-craw-fish pickled, better far
 Than such as brought us from beyond Sea are:
 While thus mine *Host*, a piece of *Tapstry's* fall
 Rais'd such a dust, it spic'd us, Dish and all;
 We thought at first, 't had been the *house*, but when
 We saw there was no danger, *cheer'd* agen;
 But he (poor man) hung down his head, and cri'd
 As if his Son had at that instant dy'd;
 Nor gave he ov'r, till *Nomentanus*, *thou*,
Fortune our Foe, *thou art a scurvy Puss!*
Ab what a cruel Vixen th'art! ah how
Do'st thou delight to mock us here below!
 'Twas even as much as *Varin's* Towel could do
 To keep his laughter in, when *Balatro*
 Gib'd on, *And since the course of life is such,*
We can't (quoth he) *admire your pains too much;*
Is't fit, to make me handsomly receiv'd,
You should disquiet your self, and thus be griev'd,

For fear the Bread be burnt, or the Potage
Ill season'd, to be sure that every Page
Perform his office right: add to all this
What other accidents may fall amiss;
As this o'th' Hangings was, or that a Clown
Should stumble in, and run the Cup-board down;
But (General-like) Masters of Feasts reveal
That temper by cross his, the good conceal:
At which, mine Host, Gods blessing on your heart!
So good a man, and boon Companion th'art;
And with it clapt his Sandals on; when straight
There went a whisper round the beds. Hor. *But what?*
What laught y'at next? Fund. *Vibidius* cries, *I think*
The Bottle's broke, that we can get no drink;
And while they laught at what was past, quoth he,
Balatro seconding, *Mine Host for me!*
How lively he returns! he looks as pert,
As if he'd help our late mischance by art:
Which said, his Boys brought in a Charger fill'd
With several things; a Crane cut up, and grill'd
With Salt and Flower; and fed with figs (to chuse)
The well grown Liver of a Milk white Goose,
The Shoulders of some Hares, by much the best
Of all the body, a broil'd Black-birds breast:
Ring-doves, their thighs cut off; things excellent
Had he not run so Damn'd a Lecture on't;
As the cause why, drawn from their Nature too:
But we reveng'd our selves, I'll tell ye how;
We did not taste one bit, but fled it more,
Than if a Witch had shook her Kercher o're.

The End of the Second Book of Satyres.



EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I. By Sir R. F.

TO MÆCENAS.

He says he dismisses his trifling studies, and embraces those that tend to vertue: yet so as not to swear to any Masters words. And that these studies are such, that there is none but may be better'd by them, if he but lend a patient ear thereunto. In the end he reprehends the depraved judgment of men placing vertue after wealth and honours, and caring more for the things of the Body than the things of the Mind.

MÆcenas mention'd in my Odes, to be
Mention'd in all I write; thou would'st have
(Enough seen, and applauded on the Stage)
To the old sport; I have not the same age,

For the same mind. Upon *Alcides* post
 His Arms hung up, e're his won Fame be lost ;
 The *Fencer* that is wise, retires. I hear
 A voice sound daily in my cleansed ear,
 From an old Horse, lest he (*derided*) lag,
 And broken-winded, in the last act flag.
 Therefore Love-songs, and all thole toys adieu,
 My work is now to search what's good, what's true :
 Lay in Precepts, which I straight may draw
 Out for my use. If thou demand, *whose Law*,
 What Guide I follow : Sworn to no mans words,
 To this and that side I make Tacks and Bords.
 Now plung'd in billows of the *active* life,
 At vertues Anchor ride contemplative ;
 With *ARISTIPPUS* now yield to the stream,
 More studying to get wealth, than to condemn.
 As nights are long to them their Mistress fails :
 To Hirelings, days : To curb'd Wards years are Snails :
 To slow and so unpleasant my Time flows,
 Till seriously I act, as I propose ;
 That which alike boots rich and poor, if done,
 Alike hurts young and old, if let alone.
 I rest, these rules I to my self apply.
 My eyes will never pierce like *Lyncens* eye,
 Nor not to noint them though if sore they are :
 Nor, of a Wrestlers strength, if thou despair,
 Neglect to salve the knotted Gowt. If more
 Deni'd, 'tis something to have gone thus far.
 Revenge and Avarice boil in thy heart :
 There's words and sounds will cut off a great part
 Of thy disease. Swell'st thou with love of praise ?
 There is a Charm too which this Devil lays ;
 Reading a good Book thrice devoutly over,
 The Envious, Wrathful, Sluggish, Drunkard, Lover :

No Beast so wild, but may be tam'd, if he
 Will unto Precepts listen patiently.
 'Tis Vertue to flie Vice : and the first Stair
 Of Wisdom, to want Folly. With what Care
 Of Mind, and toil of Body, we *avoid*
 Mean wealth, and honours *hunt* (Ambition's God!)
 Th' unwearied Merchant runs to farthest *Ind*,
 Through Fire, through horrid Rocks, Riches to find:
 What thou thus fondly doat'st on, to despise,
 Sit, learn, and hear from those that are more wise.
 Whose Sword hath won him honour in *true* Fights,
 Dusty *Olympick* Lawrels, that man slights,
 (Above those toys, and in his own self rowld.)
Gold excels Silver, Vertue excels Gold.
O Romans, Romans, first seek *money*; then
Vertue. This drops from every Scriv'ners Pen.
 This is the Doctrine old and young men preach,
 Carrying a black Box danging at their Breech.
 If of *Sesterces* fourty thousand lack
 Six or seven thousand only, though you make
 It up in Virtues, Coutage, Eloquence,
 Faith, and the like; you're a *Plebeian*, Hence.
 But playing in the streets, the children sing
 Another Song: *He that does well's a King.*
Be this a wall of Bress, to have within
No black accuser, harbour no pale sin.
 Now (sadly) which is better, *Otho's* Law,
 Or the Boys Song, which gives a Regal awe
 To him does well? A Song oft sung of old
 By manly *Carii*, and *Camilli* bold.
 Counsels he better, that says, **M O N E Y G E T**,
If thou canst, well: but if not, get it yet,
 That thou some piteous Play may'st neerer see?
 Or he that bids thee, *Brave, erect, and free,*

To face proud Fortune? If R O M E 's people now
Object, *Why plac't on our Bench wot'st not Thou*
The same with us? abhorr'st not what we hate?
Affect'st not what we love? My answer's, That
The flie Fox once to the sick Lion made:
The foot-steps that way all make me afraid,
And from thy Den that I perceive no treads.
The People, 'Tis a Beast with many heads.
What, or whom should I follow? some buy places:
Some for rich Widows trade with Beads and Glasses,
And feed old men with Gifts, like Fish with Bread,
That they on them may afterwards be fed.
Many grow fat with Usury. But well,
Let sev'ral men have sev'ral minds. Now tell,
How long will any in the same mind stay?
Baia? The World hath not a sweeter Bay,
The Rich man cries: when straight the Sea and Lake
The joy of their arriving Lord partake.
Who, if an ominous Hare (forsooth) come thwart
To morrow; *Smiths unto the THEANUM Car*
The Iron work. Has he at home a wife?
No life (he says) *like to the single life.*
If not, *None blest* (he swears) *but married men.*
What knot can hold this changing Proteus? Then
The poor man (laugh) alters his eating room,
His Barber, Bed, and Bath: and sick of Rome
As much as rich men that keep Barks, to float
Upon the water, goes and hires a Boar.
If thou meet one, by an ill Barber nocht,
Thou laugh'st: If one in Scarlet breeches bocht
With Frize, *thou laugh'st.* But what if my mind fight
With it self? *Seek* that which it *slighted, slight*
That which it *sought?* all Rules of Life confound?
Turn like the Tide, build, raze, change square to round?
Thou

Thou think'st me mad in *fashion*, and laugh'st not,
 Nor that I need to have a Doctor got,
 And to be plac'd in *Bedlam* by the Maior :
 Though thou'rt my Patron, and consum'd with care
 At the least fingers aking of thy friend
 That honours thee, and doth on thee depend.
 In sum, *a wise man's only less than Jove,*
Rich, free, fair, noble ; last a King, above
The common rate of Kings : But chiefly sound,
 That is to say, Unless his Spleen abound.

E P I S T L E II. By Sir R. F.

TO LOLLIO.

*He says Homer in his Poems teaches fuller and better
 what is honest, than some Philosophers ; bringing ar-
 guments to prove the same. That in the Iliad, what are
 the incentives of war to foolish Kings and Nations, is de-
 scribed : and in the Odysses, by Ulysses example, what
 vertue and wisdom can do, is shown. Then exhorts to
 the study of wisdom, as that which will heal the diseases
 of the mind, which he reckons up. But teaches withal,
 that men must from their tender age accustom them-
 selves to such like Precepts.*

W Hil'st thou (Great Lollio) in Rome do'st plead,
 I, in *Præneste*, have all H O M E R read,
 Who, what's our good, what not ; what *brave*, what *base*,
 Fuller than *Cranior*, and *Chrysippus* says.

Why

Why I think thus (unless thou'rt busie) hear.
 The Lines, that tell how *Greeks* and *Trojans* were
 Involv'd in a long War for *Paris* love,
 Rash Kings and Nations foolishly reprov'd.
Antenors counsel was, to send the Cause
 Of the War back. *PARIS* says, No: *What Laws*
Compel Kings to be safe? *NESTOR*, to piece
 The difference, runs, betwixt the Kings of *Greece*
 And *Tethy's* son: *One* boiling with Love's flame,
 With anger both. The *PRINCES*, *They're* to blame,
 And the poor *PEOPLE* smart for't. Mischief, Strife,
 Fraud, rage, and lust in *Town*, and *Leaguer* rise.
 Again what *virtue* and what *wisdom* can,
 He shews us in th' example of the * Man * *Ulysses.*
 Of *Ithaca*: who (*Troy* in ashes laid)
 The Towns and Manners prudently survey'd
 Of many Lands; and through the *Ocean* vast,
 Returning home with his Companions, past
 Many sharp Brunts, not to be sunk with storms
 Of adverse Chance. Thou know'st the *Sirens* charms,
 And *Circe's* Cups: which had he greedily
 And fondly tasted with his Fellows, he
 Had serv'd a Whorish Dame, and liv'd a Dog
 On his own vomit, or mire-wallowing Hog.
 The Suitors of *Penelope* were meer
 Puppets made only to devour good Cheer:
 Raskals, who minded nothing but their skin,
 And, that perfum'd and sleek, to sleep therein
 Till it was Noon: then thought it brave, to wake
 With the same Lutes with which they rest did take.
 Do Thieves sit up all night to kill and steal,
 And cannot we rise to intend our Weal?
 But if in health thou wilt not stir about,
 Hereafter thou shalt run (though with the Gout)

To a Physician : and unless thou knock
 For Candle, and a Book, with the first Cock :
 Unless to studies, and to honest things
 Thou bend thy mind ; with Love's or Envy's stings
 Thou'lt lie awake tormented. If a Fly
 Get in thy Eye, 'tis pull'd out *instantly* :
 But if thy *Mind's* Ey's hurt, day after day
That Cure's deferr'd. Set forth, thou'rt half thy way.
 Dare to be wise : Begin. He that to rule
 And square his life, prolongs, is like the Fool
 Who staid to have the River first pass by,
 Which rowls and rowls to all Eternity.
 Money is sought, and a rich wife for brood,
 And a sharp Culter tames the savage Wood.
 Let him that has enough, desire no more.
 Not House and Land, nor Gold and Silver Ore,
 The Body's sickness, or the Mind's dispel.
 To relish wealth, the palat must be well.
 Who fears, or covets : House to him and Ground,
 Are Pictures to blind men, Incentives bound
 About a gouty Limb, Musick t'an ear
 Dam'd up with filth. A vessel not sincere
 Sowres whatsoe're you put into't. Abstain
 From pleasures : Pleasure hurts, that's bought with pain.
 The Cov'tous always want : your pray'rs design
 To some fixt mark. The envious man doth pine
 To see another fat : Envy's a Rack ;
 Worse, no *Sicilian* Tyrant e're did make.
 Who cannot temper wrath, will with undone
 What, in his haste, he may have done to one,
 To whom he (possibly) would be most kind.
 Anger is a short madness : Rule thy mind :
 Which reigns, if it obeys not : fetter it
 With chains, restrain it with an Iron bit.

The Quiry moulds the Horses *tender* mouth
 This Riders will. The Beagle from his *Youth*
 Is train'd up to the woods, being taught to baul
 (A *Whelp*) at the Bucks heads nail'd in the Hall.
 Now Boy, in the *white* Paper of thy breast.
 Write VERTUE: Now suck precepts from the best.
 A pot well season'd, holds the primitive taste
 A long time after. If thou make no haste,
 Or spur to over-run me, I am One
 For none will stay, and will contend with none.

The same by Dr. W.

W Hile you at *Rome* (my honour'd *Lollius* plead,
 I *Homer* at *Praneste* once more read.
Aquinas ne're so well, nor *Lumbard* taught
 So fully yet, *what's fair, or fit, or naught*.
 My reason's this (if y' have no busie hours)
 The story that relates *Paris* amours,
 And *Greece* spent with the tedious *Trojan* Leager,
 Shews us how silly *Princes* are, how eager
 The giddy *Rout*: That should be mov'd which seems
 The cause o' th' war, *Antenor* wisely deems.
 But *Paris* to enjoy his stoln delight,
 Thinks scorn to yield. *Nestor* to set things right
 'Twixt *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* strives;
 While *Love* the One, and both their *passion* drives.
 "The *Officers* are mad, and still the smart
 "Lights out the *Commons*; still they have the art,

What with their *mutinies*, their plots, their sin,
To lose as much without, as those within.

But then, what vertue and good *conduct* can
Perform you'l see ; *Ulysses* is the man
Troy wisely gain'd, he many *Cities* next
Views and their various *Laws*, is oft perplext
In hazards, storms, himself and his he saves,
Not to be drown'd in *Fortunes* roughest waves.
The *Strens* charms you know, and *Circe's* bowl
Which had he quast with's Drunken-train, his soul
H'had lost, a brutish servant to the *whore*,
A *Shag-tail Cur* h'had been, or miry *Bore*.
We are that *ront*, methinks, those Idle Knaves
Made to be cramm'd, *Penelope's* lewd *braves*,
Rising at Noon to wash, and powder hair,
And then with noise of *Fidlers* lull our care.

Will you not wake ? *Felons* are only stirring
For *mischief* ; for your safety you're *demurring*.
You'l easier now, then with a *Dropsie* run,
Call for a *Book* and Light before the Sun.
Your early thoughts in Vertue unemploy'd,
Will be with *Love* or fretting *Envy* cloy'd.
You'l move an *Eye-sore* streight ; and is it sense,
To let the *Mind* be cur'd a *Twelve-month* hence ?
Begin : 'tis half the work : assume the power
To live : expect not for a fairer hour.

So stays the Clown till th' hasty *Brook* be dri'd,
But th' everlasting streams still still do glide.

We gripe for *money* still, marry for Goods,
(Such *Wives* are fruitful) grub and fill our *woods*.
Who hath enough, why should he wish for more ?
Did ever goodly *seat*, or Farms, or Store,
The sickly *Landlord* of his *Quartan* ease,

Or of his cares? the *Owner* must have health,
 Who reaps a satisfaction from his wealth.
 The carking Heart's not eas'd by bags or land,
 (No more then *Bleared-eye* by *Titians* hand,
 Or *Gout* by *pultis*, or the *Ear* in pains
 With *Rheum*, by *Ferabosco's* melting strains;)
 But what it holds, like musty *Bottle* spoils.
 "Pleasures ill bargains are, if bought with toils,
 "Desires are endless, till you fix the end,
 "Envy consumes for fatness of a friend;
 "Envy the worst of *Plagues*, the *Tyrants* scourge,
 "Anger let loose, th' unwary mind doth urge
 "To actuate revengeful thoughts, in haste,
 "Which afterward in cold blood you'l distaste.
 "Anger's a shorter phrensis. *Passion* reigns
 "If 't be n't enslav'd, but curb it in with chains.
 The manag'd *Colt* is by the *Horseman* taught
 T' observe the *Riders* check: the *Whelp* is brought
 (Since first he trail'd the *Buck-skin* in the *Hall*)
 To hunt abroad the *Stag* unto his fall.
 Now (hopeful *Boy*!) counsels that wholsom are
 Take early next thy heart: the season'd *Jar*
 Will hold his scent: now run, I'll but give aim,
 I'll neither stop the *swift*, nor help the *lame*.

EPISTLE III. By A. B.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

Advice to follow his Studies.

IN what part of the World *Claudius* fights now,
 I (My *Julius Florus*) I desire to know:
Claudius our great *Augustus* Son in Law,
 Whether to *Thrace* his Army's march'd away,
 Or whether Icy *Heber* them detain,
 If on the *Hellespont* they still remain;
 Or fruitful *Asian* hills and plains, or what
 The learned troop of *Drusus* will be at.
 These things I mind too, and what eminent wit
 Will to posterity dare to transmit
 Those mighty things, which done by *Cesar* are,
 How wisely he makes Peace, how stoutly War:
 What excellent piece will learned *Titius* write,
 The *Roman* admiration and delight;
 He that so bravely dares transfer the flame
 Unto us *Romans*, which from *Pindar* came,
 That scorns to dabble in the vulgar lakes,
 And into the *Ocean* a brave Voyage makes:
 How does he do? What does he say of me?
 By his propitious *Muses* aid will he
 Translate the Verses writ with *Theban* fire,
 And tune them smoothly to the *Roman* Lyre,
 Or with a tragick buskin does he rage,
 And with high stately language fill the Stage?
 And (prithee) how does *Celsus* deal by me?
 That most incorrigible *Plagiary*,

Who has been warn'd so oft, and must be more,
To search for *wit* and *sense* from his own store ;
And leave off *pilfering* out of Books that be
By others writ, and plac'd i'th' *Library*.

"*Lest all the plunder'd Birds should flock together,*

"*And from his gaudy back pluck each his feather ;*

"*And he of his stoln colours like the Chough,*

"*Stand stript, and make all the Spectators laugh.*

But what art thou about ? With what rare stuff
Does thy *Muse* load her thighs ? th' hast wit enough,
And that well *polisht*, not absurdly rough. }

If thou wilt *Orator* or *Lawyer* be,

Or fall'st upon delightful *Poetry*,

Thy wit away the *Laurel* justly bears ;

"*But if thou canst shake off those seeds of cares,*

"*Where e're Coelestial wisdom draws thou'lt go,*

"*This work, this study, great and mean men too*

"*Should set upon, if we design to be*

"*Dear to our selves, and to Posterity.*

I prithee send me word, whether or no

Thou do'st such kindness to *Munatius* shew,

As betwixt Friends and Brothers ought to be ;

Or is your *breach* since you did disagree

So ill *patcht* up, that it will never close,

But every foot to it's old rancour grows ;

Yet whether height of *blood*, or want of *wit*,

Inflam'd your untam'd spirits, 'tis not fit,

That your *fraternal* knot should be untid,

In what part of the world so e're you 'bide ;

I've a fat *Heifer*, which I'll gladly burn

In *sacrifice* for your desir'd return.

EPISTLE IV. By A. B.

To TIBULLUS.

That he should live comfortably, and without Cares.

TELL me *Tibullus*, thou that do'st so far
 Indulge such trifles as my *Satyres* are,
 What shall I tell my friends that thou dost do
 Now in that *Countrey* thou'rt retir'd into?
 Writing whole *Volumes*: or hast thou thy mind
 Wholly to th' healthy woods and walks confin'd?
Considering only to enjoy and do
Things which become a wise and good man too.
 Thou art no thick-skull'd block-head; for wise Heav'n
 To thee an understanding Soul has giv'n.
 And with a fair *Revenue* does thee bless,
 Which thou know'st how to enjoy as well's possessor.
 "What could a Nurse for her dear Child beseech,
 "More then right understanding, and plain speech?
 "To live belov'd in honour and in health,
 "To eat wholesome Diet, and to want no wealth?
 "When thou'rt tost up and down 'twixt hope and care,
 "Inflam'd with anger and shrunk up with fear:
 "As soon as such a day is overpast,
 "Comfort thy self, that that's to be the last:
 "When an hour comes that brings thee joy and bliss,
 "If unexpected, Oh! how grateful 'tis!
 And when thou'rt minded to laugh heartily
 At a right Hog of *Epicurus* Sty,
 Come see me, thou shalt find me plump and fair,
 I, of this Corps of mine, take special care.

EPISTLE V. By Sir R. F.

TO TORQUATUS.

He invites Torquatus to supper, which he says will be a frugal one. Exhorts him (bidding farewell to Cares, and the desire of Riches) to give himself to Mirth; and (seeming a little light-headed with the joy of Augustus his birth-day) lashes out into the praises of drinking. Names three things whereof he is studious in his entertainment, and the first of these, Cleanliness.

IF thou (a Guest) on a joyn'd-stool canst sup,
 And in a small Mefs all the broth sup up:
 I shall at home expect thee by Sun-set.
 Wine thou shalt drink of middle age, and wet
Minturna's growth hard by. If thou hast ought
 That better is, command it to be brought,
 And treat thy Host. Already the Logs burn,
 And the scow'd Pans shine, on thy score. Adjourn
 Light hopes, and Riches strife, and *Mosco's* Cause
 To morrow; *CÆSAR's* birth-day gives a Pause
 To toil, and leave to sleep. Without offence
 We may spin out with chatting Eloquence
 The Summer night. What do I care for wealth,
 Unless to use? 'Tis a mad kind of stealth,
 For one to rob himself, t' enrich his Heir.
 I'll quaffe, and sprinkle Roses, and not care
 Though I'm thought wild for this. The rare effects
 Of Wine! Love, hid in Blushes, it detects:
 Hopes it ensures: it makes the Coward fight:
 Learned the Ignorant: the sad heart light.

Whom

Whom have not flowing Cups eloquent made?
 Whose debts (though ne're so great) have they not paid?
 I am the Man: and my charge I will make it,
 (Willing, and not unfit to undertake it)
 To have the Forms clean rubb'd: the Napkins such
 As may not curl our Noses up to touch:
 That in the Platters thou maist see thy face:
 That no false brother carry from the place
 Ought that is spoke: that all of a Suit be,
Septimius? Brutus? Sure Cards, these. Let's see:
 Then (if not taken up with better chear,
 Or by his Girl) *Sabinus* shall be here.
 Each Guest may bring his shadow. But the sweat
 Will be offensive, if too close we set.
 Thy number, write: and (all things laid aside)
 Thy Clients bobb'd, out at the back door glide.

EPISTLE VI. By A. B.

TO NUMICIUS.

Not to trouble himself with worldly matters.

N*umicius* to admire nothing at all,
 Which in this world to *Mortals* may befall,
 Is one, if not the only thing, which can
 Make and continue thee a happy man.
Philosophy renders some men so bold,
 They're not affrighted when they do behold
 The Sun and Stars so variously appear,
 In all the different seasons of the year:

Or in unusual *motions*, why should'st thou
Be more *transported* with the things below?
Why should'st thou mind the *treasures* of the earth,
Those *Gems* to which *Arabia* gives birth?
Or *Silver*, *Gold*, and *precious Gems*, with which
Both *Indies* do the rest o'th' world enrich?
Pleasure or *Honour*, or those *gifts* which come
From the self-ended Citizens of *Rome*,
With what a *mind* and *look* should these things be
Possess'd, or but *reflected* on by thee?
He that the contrary to this does *fear*,
His *passions* like th' *Admirers* passions are.
A mind disturb'd, which way soe'er it come,
On one side and the other is *troublesome*;
And sudden *apprehension* of all things,
To those that *fear* or *love* much terror bring.
What is it to the purpose, whether we
Desire and *fear*, and sad or joyful be?
Who when a thing befalls him, bad or good,
If more, or other, then he thought it wou'd
Doth presently look blank upon't, and grow
Astonish'd both in mind and body too.
The *wiseman* is an *Ass*, the *just man* grows
Unjust, if they would be too *virtuous*.
Go now, and gaze upon thy massie *plate*,
Thy *Brass* and *Marble pillars* made for *State*;
Thy costly *Hangings* of rich *Tapestry*,
And costly *Garments* of the *Tyrian* Die,
And hug thy self when thou shalt *thousands* see,
While thou art making *speeches*, gaze on thee.
Rise early in the *morn*, away to th' *Hall*,
And till 'tis late at *night* there *tag* and *bawl*,
Lest *Marius* grow rich before thee, he,
Who is by *birth* inferiour much to thee.

Shall

Shall such a *sneaking* fellow, as he is,
Be thy *example*, when thou should'st be his?
" *What e're is hidden time will bring to light,*
" *And that will vanish, which now shines so bright,*
" *Nay thou, who on th' Exchange and at the Hall*
" *Art so well known, and honour'd too by all,*
" *Forsaking all these things, must go at last*
" *Where our Fore-fathers are, whose days are past.*
If thou do'st any sharp *disease* indure,
Use all thy Wits to get a *present* cure.
" *Wilt thou live well? who would not? Virtue is*
" *The only way to gain true happiness.*
And therefore all thy vanities thrown by,
To it *courageously* thy mind apply.
" *Make that thy business, and do not suppose*
" *That to talk much is to be virtuous.*
That words together put will *virtue* prove,
As *Trees* together put will make a *Grove*.
But if *wealth* be thy aim, pursue thy Trade,
Take heed no other *Merchant* do invade
Those Ports thou traffick'st to, and take from thee
Thy *businesses* which now so *gainful* be.
Heap up a *thousand talents*, then one more,
Add a third thousand, and then make 'um four.
" *This mighty Monarch Money to us sends*
" *Fair Wives, great Portions, Reputation, Friends,*
" *This makes us Noble, though our Birth be base,*
" *And gives our persons comeliness and grace;*
" *That man who has his pockets lin'd with Chink,*
" *All men ingenious and handsom think.*
The *Cappadocian King*, though he had store
Of *Slaves*, was in's Exchequer very poor:
But be not thou like that unhappy King,
T'abound in one, and not in every thing,

Lucullus was desir'd (the story says)
 To lend a hundred Cloaks for some new Plays:
 Where should I have so many Cloaks (said he)
 But yet I'll look, and what I have send t'ye.
 A little after this he sends them word,
 That he 5000 Garments could afford,
 Which in his house lay by unknown to him,
 And that they might have part or all of them.
 That house is much unfurnish'd where there are
 Not many things superfluous, and to spare;
 Goods which the *Owner* knows not of, but may
 Be unconcern'd when they are stoln away.
 If (as *Mimnermus* said) nothing can be
 Delightful without love and jollity:
 Then live in love and jollity; farewell:
 If thou of any better Rules can'st tell
 Then these, impart them to me candidly;
 If not, I pray, make use of these with me.

The same by J. W. Esq;

If then, *wealth* only makes, and keeps man blest,
 I Make that thy first of *works*, and leave it last:
 If publick *Honour*; buy some proggng *Slave*,
 May point thee who goes by, what *names* they have,
 Pluck thee by th' *sleeve*, and tell thee such or such
 Are worth your hand, you can't reach't out too much:
 His *interest* lies here, and t'others there,
 Make 'um your friends, and you are *Consul* clear.
 Thus putting on a *pleasant* face to all,
 As their years are, this *son*, him *father* call.
 If *eating* be the business, let's away
 In order to't; we stay too long, 'tis day;

Rouse

Rouse our dull Servants, make one take the *Nets*,
 Another hunting *Poles*, a third the *Spear*,
 And so returning through the gaping *Fair*,
 Lead a tall *Mule* home laden with a *Boar*,
 Not *kill'd* (as they suppose) but bought before.
 Let's *bathe* on a full stomach, as forgot
 Whether convenient for our *health*, or not.
 Right *Cerites*, lawless; very *Greeks* that think
 Their Countrey far of less esteem than *drink*.
 If (as *Mimnermus*) nothing's to be done
 That has not *Love*, and *Pleasure* in't, Let one
 Live, and fare well; And if you've better cheer,
 Impart it pray, if not, be merry here.

EPISTLE VII. By A. B.

TO MÆCENAS.

*That Liberty is more acceptable to a Friend, than costly
 Entertainment.*

I Promis'd when I left you last, 'tis true,
 Within five days to come again to you
 Into the Countrey, and you look'd for me
 All *August* long, to come accordingly;
 Yet I have *fail'd* you: now I'll tell you why;
 Not that I slight such *worthy* company;
 But your hard *drinking* kills me. I profess,
 "You'd love me better, if you'd love me less.
 If you'd have me live long and *healthfully*,
 Give me now I am *well* that *liberty*
 Which were I *sick*, I'm sure you would allow;
 For I fear *sickness*, though I'm *healthy* now.

In these hot *Dog-days*, when each little thing
That stirs the *blood*, does mortal sickness bring.

Autumn the *Sextons* harvest, when we meet
Mourners and *funerals* in every street:
When *Women* send their *Children* out, for fear
They should be stifled by the *City* air.
The *Lawyers* venting mercenary breath,
Brings *Fevers* and (a happy riddance!) *death*.

But when the *Winter* comes, and Heav'n bestows
The *shabbed* ground with frequent *frosts* and *snows*;
Then comes your *Poet* to the waters side,
Where he t' *indulge* his body will abide,
And *study* very little. And (if you
Will give me leave) I'll wait upon you too
When *gentle Zephyr*' blows (as *Poets* sing)
And the first *Swallow* ushers in the *Spring*.

Your favours do *enrich* me, not like those
Which the *Calabrian* Inn-keeper bestows;
Who with crabb'd choaky *Pears* his guests did treat,
And *rudely* over-pressed them to eat.

Eat (if you love me) all these *Pears*, says he;
No (says the guest) I thank you heartily,
I've eat enough already. Put up, pray,

Those you can't eat, and carry them away,
(Says the free Host:) No (replies the Guest)
You are too liberal to me in your *Feast*.

Nay fill your pockets, (quoth the Host) these toys
Are grateful presents to your *Girls* and *Boys*.

I'm as much oblig'd t' you (says his friend)
As if with *Pears* you me home laden send.

Do as you please (says the Host) but what you leave,
I've *Hogs* which will be ready to receive.

"Thus *Prodigals* and *fools* are free of that
"Which these do *vainly* slight, those vainly hate:

Such

Such roots *ingratitude* do always bear,
 And will yield only that from year to year;
 Whilst he that is both good and wise declares,
 That he for *worthy* men himself prepares,
 And can discern good men from bad, as well
 As he can *silver* from *brass-money* tell.

'Tis my design to answer th' expectation
 Of all the *worthy* persons in the Nation.
 But if you'd have me never leave you more,
 My former *strength* of body, pray restore;
 My black curl'd *locks*, which on my *forehead* grew,
 And my bewitching nimble *tongue* renew.
 Revive my witty merry *sprightly* vain,
 And in my *Cups* my *amorous flames* again;
 Oh! make me weep, or run stark mad, nay die
 For Love, if my coy *Mistress* should deny.

*A little Fox with hunger slender worn,
 Crept through a crevice int' a bunch of Corn,
 And, having fill'd his paunch, struggled in vain,
 With his great belly, to get out again:
 A Weezle spi'd him tugging at the chink,
 Gave him this good advice, Friend if you think
 E're to creep out, you must become as thin
 As you were when you did at first creep in.*

I will apply this Fable, and restore
 To you what e're you gave me heretofore.
 I love not to be *cram'd*, for I despise
 Those drowfie *Banquets* which the *Vulgar* prize:
 Not for *Arabias* wealth would I destroy
 That ease and freedom which I now enjoy.

You've often prais'd me for my *modestie*,
 And I've declar'd that you have been to me
 A *Father*, nay a *King*, both to your face,
 Nor said I less when you were nor in place.

Try me, if I can *cheerfully* resign
 All those rich things your *bounty* has made mine.
 'Twas not ill said by young *Telemachus*,
 Son of *Ulysses*, who did answer thus
 To *Menelaus*, proffering to bestow
 A Horse upon him, Sir, I do not know
 What to do with your Horse; for *Ithaca*
 Is an ill place to keep a Horse in; Hay
 And Grass are very scarce there, and there's no
 Plains or Campaigns for Horse to gallop through:
 Therefore pray keep your Presents, for they be
 Fitter by half for you, than th' are for me.

Mean things become mean men. I now do not
 Admire *Rome's* stately Palaces a jot,
 But quiet *Tybur* and *Tarentum* be
 My aim to live in for my *privacie*.

Philippus, a great Lawyer, when he came
 From pleading home at night, grown old and lame,
 Complain'd much, that the Court too distant was
 From the *Carina's* that's his dwelling place.
 The story says, that he by chance espy'd
 One trim'd, that did i'th' Barbers shop abide,
 Paring his nails with's *Penknife*; calls to's boy
 (A Lad that was ingenious to obey
 And quick t' observe his Masters mind) says he,
Demetrius, Go, ask and bring word to me
 What yonder idle person is, and who,
 And what Patron he is related to;
 Where he was born, and what estate he has,
 What his name is, and who his Father was.

The Boy went, ask'd, and told him presently,
Volteius Mena was his name, and he
 A Cryer by profession, of a small
 Estate, but he giv'n to no vice at all;

Sometimes he up and down did *trade* to get
Money, then stay'd at home and liv'd on it;
 Play'd with his little *Children* when alone,
 And in a small house liv'd, but 'twas his own;
 Follow'd his business, but his leisure days
 Spent at th' *Artillery* ground, or seeing *Plays*.
 From his own mouth (says he) I long to know
 Whether all this which thou relat'st be so.
 Therefore go tell him that his company
 I much desire, pray him come sup with me:

The *Lad* goes, comes, and tells his Master, Sir,
 I told the Gentleman, but he'll not stir,
 Neither indeed would he believe that you
 Invited him, or what I said was true.
 But wondring with himself, 'tis strange! says he,
 What! an old, rich, great Lawyer, and so free!
 But he was civil, and put off his hat,
 Thank'd you, as who should say—here's this for that.
 Did he deny me? —Yes perversely too,
 And slights, or else stands much in fear of you.

Next day the Lawyer in his sight appears,
 As he sold *Fripery* to the *Wastcoateers*:
 Gives him the first salute; surpris'd hereat,
 The bashful Merchant lowly doffs his hat,
 And goes t' excuse the meanness of his trade,
 Complains that he thereto a *slave* was made;
 Begs *Philips* pardon, that he did not come
 To *Supper*, when he was invited home;
 But that which did seem to afflict him worst,
 Was that he did not visit *Philip* first.
 Come (says *Philippus*) you've no other way
 For pardon, but to sup with me to day.
 I'll wait upon you, noble Sir, says he.
 The Lawyer tells him, that the hour was three,

Bids him i'th' interim mind his *calling* so,
That he by *trading* might the richer grow.

He talk'd at *Supper* what e're came in's way,
Said what he *should*, and what he *should* not say :
At length he takes his leave, and hies him home
To Bed. Next morning he does thither come,
And is observ'd so often there to wait,
And nibble at the *Lawyers* dangerous bait,
That he became his *Client*, after that
He every day at *Philips* table sat,
And on the *Holy-days*, when there were no
Pleadings, to *Philips* Countrey-house they go
In his brave gilded *Coach* together, where
Volteius prais'd the *Sabin* fields and air :
Which when the *Lawyer* found, it pleas'd him much :
Says he, *My bodies constitution's such,*
That hither I'll for good and all retire,
And live at ease here ; only I desire
The company of such a friend as you,
That is so prudent and so cheerful too.
And if you'll purchase something in this Town,
One hundred pieces I will give you down,
And I will lend another hundred t' ye,
Meerly t' enjoy your pleasant company.
So (not to make more words on't then I ought)
A small *Farm* there, at length the *Merchant* bought.

Now he that was so spruce a *Citizen*,
Became one of the herd of Countrey men ;
Of *Sheep* and *Oxen's* all his talk, and how
To plant young *Trees*, and go to *Cart* and *Plough*.
To all his *Studies* now he puts an end,
And to grow *rich* his mind does wholly bend.

But when his *Kids* were stolen, and *Sheep* did rot,
His *Oxen* kill'd at plough, his fields did not

Bring forth according to his expectation,
 Griev'd with these heavy losses, in a *passion*,
 He takes his Horse at *Midnight* and away
 To th' *Lawyers* house, whom when the *Lawyer* saw
 With such a *rustick* discontented look,
You look (says he) *my friend, as if you took*
Overmuch care and pains. Truly, says he }
My honour'd Patron, if you would call me
 By any name that fits me, let it be
A miserable wretch; and I intreat
 You, by the *Gods* and all that's good or great,
 By all that's dear to you, that you'll restore
 Me to that *life* which I enjoy'd before.

As soon as *Philip* had considered, what
 Difference there was 'twixt what he would be at,
 And what he so declin'd, *Let him* (says he)
Return to what he has been formerly.

What fits us best is best; 'tis good and meet,
To make our shoes according to our feet.

The same by S. W.

I Promis'd but five days from you to stay,
 And now all *August* I have been away;
 But (dear *Macenas*) if you'd have me live
 Lusty and strong, that *freedom* to me give,
 (Now I fear *sickness*) as you would allow,
 And bid me take, if I indeed were so.
 Excuse your friend till sickly *Autumn's* o're,
Autumn that is in *funerals* never poor;
 When the fond *Mother* for her child looks pale,
 And a full term, and business crouds the *Hall*;

Where,

Where, whilst the drudg *Solicitor* attends,
 A *Fever* hastes his will, and Law-suit ends.
 But if sharp *Winter* cloaths the fields with snow,
 Your *Poet* down to your Country-house will go,
 And living there obscure, himself will spare,
 And only for his *book* and *health* take care:
 With hopes to visit you again at *Spring*,
 And the first tidings of it with him bring.

Not as my Country *Host* his *Pears* does force,
 Have you return'd me full; *Our fare's but coarse*,
Tet feed (he says) *I thank you I've done well*,
Do better then, these fruits we never sell:
Your Servant Sir. Nay those you shall take home,
You will more welcome to your children come.
I am oblig'd, as much as if I did.

Take what you please; but I should thus be rid
Of that, with which I must to th' Hogs be kind,
Who strait shall have, what ere you leave behind.

"So Fools and Prodigals no gifts bestow
 "But what they hate, or what they do not know.
 Yet this rank soyl a *thankless* crop does bear,
 Nor will it better yield another year;

But a *wise* man, though he the difference knows

'Twixt gold, and trifles, when he these bestows,

"For worthy hands, says he, they were design'd;

"Nor me less worthy, say I, shall you find.

But if I must always with you remain,

Let me my *youth* and *beauty* have again;

My lussy *back*, smooth forehead, and black *hairs*

Now all impair'd, or chang'd, by *age* and *cares*;

Return my mirth and *raillery* again,

And *Cynare*, whose loss I grieve in vain.

Once on a time, through a very little hole,

A hungry Fox into an Hen-roost stole,

*And glutted there with Poultry, all about,
But all in vain, sought where he might get out:
The hole too strait was grown, his paunch too wide,
Which, at a distance, when the Weazel spy'd,
"Sir Reynard said she, you must be as thin
"If you'd get out as when you first came in.
Urge me but thus, I'll quickly all resign,
Yet not so foolish am I to repine,
And a Swains sleep, before full tables chuse,
Though for both Indies I'd no freedom lose.*

My Modesty you heretofore have prais'd,
Nor have I less your worth with titles rais'd;
Father and King were the worst names I gave,
My self in every place I stil'd your *slave*;
And judg you now if I can well restore,
Or unsay what so oft has been said o're.

Telemachus was wiser to refuse
Great *Menelaus* proffer; "I've no use
"For *Courfers*, said he, nor have we good feed,
"Or running with us, for so high a breed.
"Rather, great *Atreus Son*, thy gifts retain,
"And let them, where they better suit, remain.

A little does a little man content,
Give me no *Palace*, but a *Tenement*;
A Cottage at *Tarentum* will suffice,
And *Rome* compar'd with *Tybur* I'll despise.

Philip the famous *Orator*, one day
As from the Bar he came, and thought the way
To him grown old, and wearied with the throng,
Thence to his *Chamber*, ne're seem'd half so long,
Seeing i'th' shade, close by a *Barbers* door,
One newly trim'd, that with light knife ran 'ore
Each single nail, and pair'd it with such grace
As if he studied to out trim his face;

"Go (said he to his boy) inquire his Name,
 "What Father, whose Retainer, whence he came?
 "He's call'd Volteius Mena (says the boy)
 "A Cryer, that does little wealth enjoy,
 "But a good Name, (that to th' whole world is known;
 "Who sometimes business has, and sometimes none.
 "Just enough for a livelyhood, which yet
 "He does as freely spend (he says) as get.
 "Of mean acquaintance, but a house of 's own,
 "And when he's either tir'd, or work quite done,
 "Can to a play or wrestling-wager go.
 "All this I from himself desire to know,
 "(Replies the Sage) bid him to supper come
 "This night, whilst I before walk softly home.
 "How now! *Ans* please you Sir he'd scarce believe
 "I came from you, and wondring did receive
 "The invitation. What else? And by me
 "Returns his thanks. Deny'd then must I be?
 "I think so, and he you does scorn, or fear,
 "Or else invited thus, would scarce forbear.
 Philip next morning, as to Court he went,
 Menas Good morrow did with his prevent,
 And greeting gave the day, and ease from cares,
 As to the People he expos'd his Wares.
 Volteius to excuse himself began,
 His pedling trade, and mercenary Chain,
 That his commands he had not sought at home,
 Nor was so happy as to see him come;
 "All this I'll pardon (said the Counsellor)
 "But on condition you no more defer
 "Your coming to me, whom I now invite
 "The second time, to sup with me this night.
 "You shall command me, (Mena said;) Let three
 "(Philip return'd) the latest minute be,

"Till then your business mind—But Supper's come ;
 Where when they'd freely talkt, my *Guest* goes home.
 Yet like a *Fish* that nibbles at the past
 So long, that by the gills he's caught at last ;
 By often *visits* he becomes more bold,
 Turns *Client*, and unbid a room does hold
 At every Feast ; By *Philip* is desir'd,
 To go where i'th' *Vacation* he retir'd ;
 And out they ride. *Mena* commends the air,
 And *Sabine* fields, with fruits all gay and fair.
 Which *Philip* hears and smiles ; but *mirth* and *ease*,
 What may himself, or new *retainer* please,
 Being his care, he gives him fifty pounds,
 And lends him fifty more to buy such grounds ;
 Which done (for I'll make all the haste I can)
 My *City Cryer* is turn'd *Countrey-man* :
 Prunes his grown *Vines*, can stoutly hold the Plough,
 Climb a tall Elm, and trim its highest bough ;
 Dies at his labour, and with *care* grows old,
 And equals nothing to fat land, but *Gold*,
 But when his Goats by Thieves, Sheep sell by th' rot,
 The field his hopes and charges answer'd not,
 His *Cattel* dy'd, his *Ox* at plough was slain,
 Himself no longer able to restrain,
 At midnight up he gets, and in a rage
 Rode post to *Philips* house, his furthest stage ;
 Whom as the *Lawyer* saw all rough with hair,
 And never shav'd since they together were ;
 " *Volteius* said he, you too thoughtful look,
 " As if more care than what is fit, you took.
 " Undone good Patron, said he, I'm undone,
 " And by the name of Wretch must hence be known.
 " By your self therefore, and the Gods y' adore,
 " Your own good Genius, I your help implore,
 " That

"That but this once you'd ease me of my pain,
 "And turn me to my former life again.
 He whose past state the present doth excell,
 Let him take quickly up if he'd do well.
 Return in time; For reason this requires,
 That a mans own foot measure his desires.

EPISTLE VIII. By A. B.

TO CELSUS.

That pre ferment should not transport him.

GO when I bid thee Muse, and with my friend
 Celsus, who now on Claudius does attend
 As Secretary and companion too;
 Much health bid him, *Live merrily*, and do
 His business prudently, and if he doubt
 What kind of business I am now about;
 Tell him I promise excellent things, but I
 At present live not well, nor pleasantly.
 Not 'cause the *Hail-storm* broke our *Vines*, nor yet
 Because our *Olives* by the immoderate heat
 Are shrivel'd up, nor cause my Flocks that lie
 In Fields remote are sick, but because I
 Am sick in mind more then in body; for
 I can't endure to hear what men say, nor
 To learn a *Physical receipt* that may
 My great distemper cure or but allay.
 My learn'd and true *Physician* me offends,
 And I do peevishly rail at my friends,
 Because they offer to deliver me
 Out of my much bewitching *Lethargie*;
 "Those things which hurt me most I most pursue,
 "And what is good for me I still eschew.

"As

"*At Rome I Tybur love, and when I'm come.*

"*To Tybur, I am mad to be at Rome.*

After all this ask how he does, and know

How he proceeds, and how all matters go.

Ask him how he does *Claudius* please, and how

He and the *Regiment* do cotton now:

If he says, Well; tell him, I'm glad to hear

That happy News; then whisper in his ear

This truth; "*In this promotion, Celsus, we*

"*As thou demean'st thy self, will value thee.*

EPISTLE IX. By A. B.

TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

On behalf of a Friend.

Great Sir, *Septimius* understands how vast
 That *Princely* love is which on me you cast,
 And by entreaties hath prevail'd with me,
 That I should praise him and present him t'ye
 As a man worthy every where to be
 Receiv'd into your breast and Family,
 Who only worthy men and things elect.
 He thinks I'm honour'd with that great respect
 To be your bosom friend, he knows my power
 Better then I my self, for till this hour
 I never tri'd it on you, and I us'd
 What arguments I could to be excus'd:
 But fearing lest I might too far disown
 Those *Princely* favours you on me have thrown,
 And so be thought such a dissembling Elf,
 That's only beneficial to my self,

There.

Therefore that I may not be thought to be
Ingrateful (that's the worst of infamy)
 I've put on *suburb-brows*, and if you can
 Once pardon a *necessitated* man,
 Who waves his *modesty* to serve his friend,
 Accept this person which I recommend
 Into your Household, and take this from me,
 A stouter, better man you ne're did see.

EPISTLE X. By Sir R. F.

TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

He praises to Fuscus Aristius (a lover of the City) the
 Country life, with which himself was delighted, and re-
 counts the several Commodities thereof. Withal deters
 him from ambition, which accompanies the City life, not
 that of the Countrey.

TO Fuscus, the Towns Lover, health I wish,
 That love the Countrey: differing much in *this*,
 In all *else* twins. Both like, dislike, what *either*:
 A pair of old Doves bred of Eggs together.
Thou keep'st the Nest: I love to flie abroad,
 To haunt sweet Brooks, the mossie Grot, and Wood.
 What would'st thou have? I live and reign, when I
 Have shun'd those things *thou* praisest to the sky,
 And like a Comfit-makers Prentice fled,
 Cloi'd with *Preserves*, am better pleas'd with *bread*.
 If one would live with all conveniencies,
 And first in building the foundation is,
 Where doth frank Nature thrust out such a breast
 As in the Countrey, with all good things blest?

Where

Where is it that the Winter's warmer? where
 To cool the Dog-stars bite, is fresher air,
 And the fierce Lyon's rage, when all his heat
 Th' exalted Sun pours in, to make it great?
 Where does less envious care our sleeps dispel?
 Do Floors of *Parian* Marble look or smell,
 Like Flowers? The water when it heaves to burst
 The leaden Pipes with which in streets 'tis forc'd,
 Runs it so pure, as when melodiously
 It quavers in the Rivers Falls? Ev'n He
 Affects t' have Trees, who in the *City* builds,
 And that his house should but survey the fields.
 Drive Nature with a Pitch-fork out, shee'l back
 Victorious (spite of *State*) by'a secret Track.
 He that wants skill right Scarlet to descry
 From counterfeit, will not more certainly
 Be couzen'd in a Shop, then he shall be
 That knows not true from false Felicity.
 Him, whom a prosp'rous State did too much please;
 Chang'd, it will shake. What thou admir'dst with ease
 Thou canst not quit. Fly great things: In a Cell,
 Kings, and the Friends of Kings, thy Life may excel.
 The *Stag* superiour both in Arms and Force,
 Out of the Common Pasture drove the *Horse*:
 Until the vanquish'd after a long fight
 Pray'd *Man's* assistance, and receiv'd the *Bit*:
 But, having beat the Victor, could not now
Bit from his *Mouth*, nor *Man* from his *Back* throw.
 So He that fearing *Poverty*, hath sold
 Away his *Liberty*; better then Gold,
 Shall carry a proud Lord upon his back,
 And serve for ever, 'cause he could not lack.
 Who fits not his Mind to it, *his* Estate
 If little, pinches him: throws him, if great.

Wise

Wisely (ARISTUS) thou wilt like *thy* lot,
 And wilt chide Me if *mine* content Me not :
 If more I cark for, or if more I crave.
 Who ere has Money, either 'tis his Slave,
 Or 'tis his Master, as when two men tug
 At a Ropes ends: W'are dragg'd unless we drag.
*Giv'n in Vacation, at that * Goddes's Cell. * The Romans*
Save that I have not Thee, perfectly well. adored Vac-
ation as a God-
des's, by the Name of Vacua.

EPISTLE XI. By S. W.

TO BULLATIUS,

That Felicity consists not in any Place or Condition, but in tranquillity of the Mind.

NOW you have *Lesbos*, and fair *Samos* seen,
 At *Sardis*, *Colophon*, and *Smyrna* been,
 What think'st thou, good *Bullatius*, is all true
 That fame reports? (for she knows less then you.)
 Do they exceed the Common voyce, or are
 Their fields, with ours, unworthy to compare?
 Is not our *Tyber* better then their Seas?
 Or which o'th' *Asiatique* Cities please?
 Does *Lebedus*, because you rested there,
 And found that ease, you else sought every where?
 'Tis a poor place indeed to *Gabii*,
 Yet there I'de choose to live retir'd and die;
 (Forgetting all, of all my friends forgot)
 Whom though they pity, yet they envy not.

Where

Where from the shore I might behold the *Main*,
 And rate my pleasures by anothers pain.
 Yet neither he, that does from *Capua* come,
 Wet to the skin, and on his way to *Rome*,
 Would take an *Inn* for home, or think a fire
 Or *Stove*, though numb'd with cold, his chief desire;
 And seek no further, but his kind stars blefs,
 As one arriv'd to perfect *happinefs*:
 Nor for a storm should you *forſwear* the Sea,
 And ſell your *Barque*, that you reveng'd might be.
 To one that's ſafe *Mit'lene* and *Rhodes* are fair,
 But as Furs in Summer, Silks in Winter are:
 As *Tiber* is to ſwim in when it ſnows,
 And as a fire i'th' miſt of *Auguſt* ſhows.
 While Fortune ſmiles, let *Rhodes* be prais'd at *Rome*,
Chios and *Samos* faireſt are at home,
Uſe the ſweet Intervals the Gods allow,
Nor till next year put off what may be Now.
 That every place alike may ſeem to thee,
 And thou alike content in any be.
 If prudent *Reason* ſets no bound to *Care*,
 Nor can thoſe Lands that bounds to th' *Ocean* are:
 And he that reaches them too late, ſhall find
The place is only chang'd, and not his Mind.
 And yet we ride, and ſail, and journeys make,
 Or happinefs to find, or to o'retake;
 That which thou ſeek'ſt is ready at thy hand,
 And *Uluſtra* may be the happy land;
 For (friend) an even Soul can make it there,
 And what we no where find, have every where.

EPISTLE VII. By A. B.

TO ICCIUS.

That the use of Estates makes men rich.

WHy dost thou murmur *Iccius*, and repine,
 Because *Agrippa's* wealth is more then thine?
 Thou art his *Steward* if thou rightly use
 Those fruits which his *Stellian* lands produce;
 Jove himself can't give thee a greater store,
 Therefore leave off complaining that thou'rt poor:
 "For he's not poor, whom fortune does produce
 "What e're is necessary for his use.
 "If thou canst get good Diet, and warm Cloaths,
 "Cæsars Estate can't give thee more than those.
 "If at a Table stor'd with various meat,
 "Thou canst abstemiously a Salad eat,
 "Thou by that vertue wilt as wealthy be,
 "As if kind fortune had shew'd Gold on thee;
 "For thy firm soul will above money soar,
 "And thou wilt think all things inferiour
 "To amiable Vertue, which alone,
 "To good men, is guide and companion:
 Men wondred at *Democritus* when he
 Sat in his *Steady*, and his Hogs did see
 Root up his Corn-field, and his Garden spoil,
 And he sat studying unconcern'd the while;
 His thoughts were set on higher things, and thou
 Wilt be as great an admiration now,
 Who in this scabbed avaritious time,
 Mind'st nothing mean, but aim'st at things sublime.

- What

What bounds the Sea, what makes it ebb and flow,
What makes the year round so exactly go ;
Whether the Planets move by their own power,
Or do obey some cause Superiour ;
From whence th' Eclipses of the Moon proceed,
And how she's from her obscuration free'd.
What means the jarring sympathy of things ;
And whether good or evil from it springs ;
Whether Empedocles deserve our faith,
Or that be righter which the Stoick saith.
 But whether thou delight'st to feed on Fish,
 Or only Leeks and Onions be thy dish ;
 Receive my good friend *Grosphus* courteously,
 And grant him freely what he asks of thee ;
 " *For he has so much modesty and wit,*
 " *That he'l ask nothing but what's just and fit :*
 " *Friendship doth come to a low market when*
 " *Any thing's lack'd by good and worthy men.*
 But 'cause perhaps you have a mind to know,
 How all affairs here in our *City* go ;
Agrippa's valour has *Cantabria* won,
 Th' *Armenians* too by *Nero* are o'rethrown.
Phraates does great *Casars* laws obey,
 And on his knees submit to th' *Roman* sway :
 Besides this seasonable harvest yields
 A plenteous crop in our *Italian* fields.

EPIST.

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EPISTLE XIII. By A. B.

TO VINIUS ASELLA.

Instructions for presenting his Poems to Augustus.

ASI have oftentimes, and long since too,
 Instructed thee; when thou to Court dost go,
 (Dear *Vinius*) I'd have my *Poems* be
 Presented to *Augustus* seal'd by thee,
 When he is well, and of a *cheerful* mind,
 And when to read them he is well inclin'd,
 Do not by much *Officiousness* offend,
 Or hurt me, whom thou studi'st to *befriend*:
 Nor yet make men my *Poems* to contempt,
 Because thou *importunely* proffer'st them.

But if the *Volume* of my book should be
 So *cumberfom*, that it should weary thee,
 I'd rather thou should'st throw them quite away,
 Than on thy *shoulders* them like *Dorfers* lay:
 And so make thy paternal name, because
 'Tis *Asina*, to signify an *Ass*:
 And make thy self a *Table-talk*, and be
Ridiculous to all posterity.

Set all thy strength to't; pass through thick and thin;
 And when th'hast had thy will, and entred in
 To *Cesar's* presence, use the matters so,
 That prying *Courtiers* may not come to know,
 That thou a load of *Poetry* dost bear
 Under thy arm, as if a *Rustick* were
 Carrying a *Lamb*, or drunken *Pyrria*
 Carryed the stoln *Quills* of *Yarn* away:

Or as a *Tenant* when he gets a *Rowse*,
 Carries his Cap and Shooes from's *Landlord's* house,
 Nor tell the *Vulgar* that thou sweat'st to bear
Lines which will please both *Casars* eye and ear.
 And though th' art courted ne're so much, prels on,
 Shew no body a line. — *Well* get thee gon,
 Farewel, be careful that thou err'st not, and
 If thou e're lov'st me, break not my command,

EPISTLE XIV. By R. T.

To his BAILIFF.

The difference betwixt a Country life, and a City life.

THOU *Bailiff* of my Woods and pleasant Field,
 Which serv'd five dwellers once, and us'd to yield
 Five *Burgesses* for *Baria*, by thee now
 Contemn'd, let's try who *needs* best, I or you;
 Whether my *mind* or *ground* be better till'd,
 Which is the better, *Horace* or his *field*.
 Though *Lamias* pity mourning th' hasty fate
 Of's Brother ravisht from him do create
 Occasion for my longer stay at *Rome*
 Then ordinary, yet my heart's at home.
 That strives to break all *stops*, for I prefer
 The *Country*, thou the *Town* as happier.
Who likes anothers fortune, hates his own,
He is a fool that does accuse the Town
Or Country either, and does falsely find
Fault with the place, when all the fault's in's mind,

which

which never flies its self; when you were slave
To th' *Baths*, and liv'd in *Town*; you us'd to crave
With silent Prayer to be remov'd to go
To be a *Country* man; now being so
You covet *Baths*, *Plays*, and the *Town*; you see
I'me constant, and when business urges me
(Which I of all things hate) to *Rome* I part
From thence, sad and afflicted at my heart.
Our *fancies* don't agree: what you *despise*
He *likes* that is of my mind, and *decries*
What you *commend*; to such a strange degree
Are *odds* at present brought 'twixt thee and me.
A jolly *Where*, and *Uñctious Sack* does move
(I see it well) thee to this earnest love
Of th' *City*, and because my ground yields quicker
Pepper and *Frankincense*, then *Grapes* for liquor:
Besides another grievance is, you lack
A Neighbouring *Tavern* to afford you *Sack*.
And a she *Minstrel* that you to her sound
May dance or e the prest Earth some *blundering* round;
And yet thou *till'st* the ground, which lately *Spades*
Ne're touch't, and feed'st with care th' unharnes'd *Jades*.
By thee the *River* too in time of need
By *Damms* is taught to spare the *Sunny Mead*:
Now, go to, and what thus divides us hear;
Me who soft *Robes* and *Powder'd* hair did wear,
And us'd with sparkling *Cynara* to sport
Freely, and drink till *midnight*; now a short
Supper contents, and sleep upon the *Grass*
On a *Bank-side*, by which some stream does pass;
Nor do I yet believe it is a *stanie*
Once to be wild, but never to be tame.
No body there does look askew with spite,
Or with black hatred poison or back-bite

Me when I thrive, none envies there my gains,
 My Neighbours joy with me when I take pains;
 The *City* fare with Servants you do long
 To eat, and crowd your self into the throng.
 The subtle *slave*, that waits, and's call'd all hours,
 Envies thy use of *Cattel*, Wood and Flowers:
The Ox would be for th' Saddle, th' Horse for Plow,
Let all (say I) use well the Art they know.

EPISTLE XV. By R. N. Gent.

To VALA.

The pleasure of Travelling.

PReflect, good *Vala*, write, what kind of Air,
 What sort of *Men*, and what their *Manners* are
 At *Velia* and *Salernus*; For I see
 The *Baian* Waters are not good for me;
 And so *Antonius* tells me. And 'tis this
 That makes the *Baians* take it much amiss,
 That in the Winter I cold Waters use:
 Truly their *Myrtle Groves* thus to refuse,
 Thus slight their *Baths*, so talk't of all about,
 For being rare in curing of the *Gout*,
 Must make them grumble. But these men, that will
 Cure a weak *Stomach*, or a *Head* that's ill,
 With colder Springs, to *Gabii* must repair,
 Where colder Waters are, and colder Air.
 But I'm advis'd to change, and when my Horse
 Goes towards *Baia*, I divert his Course,
 And tell him 'tis not thither I must go;
 And then inrag'd I curb him in, and so

Make

Make him to understand me ; For, in truth,
A *Horses* Ears are in his bridled Mouth.
I prettice write which of the two excells
In *Bread* ; and whether I out of the *Wells*,
Or out of *Cisterns* must the waters take.
I come not for their *Wines*, but Waters sake.
In th' *Country* any *Dyet* doth me please ;
I love good *Wine*, when I go near the Seas.
Wine, that will drive away all *Cares*, and will
With swelling *Hopes* through Veins and Soul distill.
Wine that will make my Tongue with words to flow,
And make me Brisk when to a Girl I go.
Write me which place most *Hares* and *Bores* doth feed,
Whose *Rivers* greatest store of Fishes breed ;
That thence I may both Fat and Fair come home ;
For thee to write, and me beleive's all one.

When *Mevius* had his *Patrimony* spent
Profusely, then to live by's Wits he meant,
And turn'd a *Jester*, roving to and fro,
And made no difference 'twixt Friend or Foe,
But jeer'd at all. One that would swallow more
Down his wide *Throat*, then would a Common-Shore,
What e're he got went down his *Guts*, and when
He mist of better Fare abroad, he then
Would feed on *Guts* and *Garbage*, and eat up
Of that more then three *Rav'nous Bears* would sup.
When pincht with want, hee'd say each *Gluttons* Gut
Was to be sear'd ; But when hee'd got a glut
Of better fare, and all consum'd, hee'd say
No wonder if *Estates* are spent this way,
For there's no pleasure underneath the Sun
Like *Feasting*, and a *Belly* like a *Tun*.
So I in want commend the thrifty Fare,
And eat such *Victuals* as the poorest are.

But when I light on better food, I then
 Say those are *wise*, and those the *happy* men
 That live in *plenty* where they can behold
 Houses and *Lordships* purchas'd with their *Gold*.

EPISTLE XVI. By R. T.

TO QUINTIUS.

A Description of a Good Man.

Ask me no more my *Quintius*, whether I
 Can in my Farm grow rich by Husbandry,
 By the retail of Apples, Oyl, or Wine :
 View but the *Model* of what I call mine.
 An intire Mountain, sever'd by a low
 Vale, yet it is not altogether so
 Obscure, but that the morning Sun looks on,
 The Evening airs it, ere he will begon.
 You can't but praise the *Climate* : Come, what though
 My Quicksets are not *Blackberry*, or *Sloe*,
 The *Kernel* does as well, if I can please,
 And fat my stock with *Acorns*, take mine ease
 Under a shady Oak, you must confess
 To this, *Tarentum* is a Wilderness.
 Water'd besides with such a *Spring*, it may
 Adopt a River, *Hebrus* it self, nay,
Thrace cannot equal it, approv'd for all
 Head maladies : 'tis a Purge natural.
 In *Autumn* 'tis this sweet retirement pleases,
 This keeps me proof (believ't) against Diseases.
Rome says, yes boasts, you only happy are :
 All is not true men say : Indeed I fear

They

They know more than your self does : He that wou^d
Be so, must be not only wise, but good.
If at your *Dinner* you should have a fit
Of a chill *Ague* shake you, would you sit
(Because your *Guests* say you look well) and eat
Until you can no longer hold your meat ?
He is a modest Fool that won't disclose
He has a clap before it reach his Nose.
If one should tell you of a *Victory*
You lately had on Land, others by Sea,
Buzzing into your ears, that it is known
To *Jove*, you sought *Romes* safety, not you own :
You know this is the great *Augustus's* Due.
If when they call you *Virtuoso*, do
You make answer to the name, or can
You say I am that learned *Gentleman* ?
I do believe there's hardly one of us
But may be sometimes stil'd *ingenious* ;
Yet he that said so, can you know unsay
To *Morrow* all that e're he said to day :
As a brib'd *Justice* must if *Cesar* please,
Give up his Patent, take his *Writ of Ease*.
If the Unconstant Crowd shall say, Let go,
You aren't the men we prais'd ; it must be so,
What if I'm follow'd with a *Hue and cry*,
Stop *Thief*, he has committed *Burglary* ;
Or if my *Pious* Neighbours should present
Me, a Loose Liver or incontinent.
Nay what if at the Sessions I am try'd
By a Nice *Jury* for a *Parricide* ;
If I am sure, and know my Conscience clear,
Shall I then Blush, or else look Pale for fear ?
False Honour pleases, but false Infamy
Affrights : Whom ? Those that love to hear a Ly.

I wonder who 'tis you call Good ; Your fine
And learned Barrister that can untwine
Statutes, quote *Reports*, Books of Entires, pare
The *Law*, and split out *Justice* to a hair ;
He that can knowingly give *Evidence*,
And smooth both Parties to a Reference !
Yet there is scarce one House in the whole Town,
But whispers this man *Knave*, for all his Gown.
If my man tell me thus ; Sir, I ne're lay
One night from home, or wrong'd you : must I say
Begon ? I'll never trouble thee ; If he
Says he never committed *Felonie* :
Must I not prosecute, but say, Be free,
'Tis pity thou should'st e're be hang'd by me ;
I am a Godly, Pious, Sober man ?
Yes, yes ; but do you think *Sabellus* can
Believe all this ? The *Wolf* the trap eschews,
The *Hawk* and *Kite* fly the suspected nooz :
Good Men will hate all Wickedness, because
They Vertue love more than they fear the Laws.
You if you think you can *cheat* handsomly,
All's one, whether Clergy or Laity.
Although it is a small loss, if you nimn
But one Bean from a *Quarter*, 'tis a sin.
He's only counted honest now adays
That the whole Parish looks upon, he prays
And cries *Amen* so loud at *Church*, although
Sometimes if you hearken close, he's as low
Whispering ; Prithee *sweet Devil give me leave*
To cheat *Devoutly*, but let none perceive.
Give me a Cloak for all my Knavery ;
What's this man more than a Servant ? or why
D' ye call a *Miser*, Freeman ? I have seen
A Boy make both stoop for a *Great* of Tin.

He

He that still covets, still fears: I don't see
 What ground you have to say this man is free,
 H'as fled his Colours, forsook the Field, which
 Flies to turmoil in bus'ness and be rich.
 If you can sell your Pris'ner, never kill,
 But let him serve you; let the Hardy till
 The Earth, turn Saylor, weather't out at Sea,
 Import *Bisket*; 'twill help the *Granarie*.
 He that is truly wise will dare thus to
 A Judge; Come Sir, let's hear the worst you'l do:
 Why I'll seize upon your Goods, take away
 Your Money, Plate, nay all you're worth: You may
 You shall be kept close pris'ner: No, I'll have
 Death bail me, I can never be a Slave:
 That touches him, ('twould any man) Do, Dy
 First, *Death is the last Scene of Misery*.

EPISTLE XVII. By R. N.

To SCÆVA.

The way to get Great Mens Favour.

S*cava*, though thou art wise enough to tell
 How to make use of thy *Super'ours* well;
 Yet learn of thy *unskilful* Friend; and though
 He that is *blind* may undertake to shew
 The way; yet mark, perhaps I may make known
 Something thou wilt desire to make thine own.

If thou wilt hug thy self with welcome *Ease*,
 If Sleep till next days Sun arise doth please,
 If thou'rt disturb'd with th' *Hurry*, and the Noise
 Of *Carts*, and *Coaches*, and of *Dam-me-Boys*,

I pre-

I prethee to thy *Country-house* repair ;
 For 'tis not *Rich men* only happy are ;
 Nor lives he ill, that lives and dies unknown :
 But if thou'lt profit thine, and be more boon
 Unto thy self, though poor, yet come unto
 The *Rich* mans more delicious fare. 'Tis true
 The *Cynick* said, that *Aristippus* would
 Refuse the fare of *Princes*, if he could
 Dine patiently on *Sallads* ; He again
 Said, that the *Cynick* would his *Herbs* disdain,
 Did he but know what 'twas by *Kings* to be
 Feasted. The *Synick's* saying points at me.
 But thou, my Friend, choose, and approve, and teach
 Either of both their doings and their speech ;
 Or as thou art a young man yet, mark well
 Why *Aristippus* bore away the Bell ;
 For he (as I by many oft have heard)
 That same morose *Diogenes* thus jeer'd,
 I jest for *Kings*, but to my profit ; Thou
 Only for th' empty noise o' th' *People* ; Now
 That's the more *Noble*. I to ride the *Kings*
 Great *Horse* desire, Thou aim'st at baser things,
 But thou wilt say, Thou know'st no *Poverty* ;
 Yet poorer art, then he that gives to thee.

All sorts of life did *Aristippus* bless,
 Aiming at great things, yet content with less ;
 But to thee none, whose only *Robes* and Fence
 Were nought but *Rags* and helpless *Patience*.
 If such a course of Life, so *Traverstee*
 Can any man become, 'tis strange to me.

Though *Aristippus* ne're desire to be
 Array'd in *Robes* of *Purple* made, yet he
 Could wear them ; yea he could in comely sort
 In *Cloaths*, or good, or bad himself deport.

To thee a *Scarlet* Cloak did more abhor,
And rather fly it then a *Snake*, or *Cur*.
Give him his Cloaths, else he with cold will dye,
And thine, then let the *Fool* his Fortune try.

T'achieve great things, and *Conquer*, looks like *Jove*,
It shews a *reach* at things that are above.
'Tis no disgrace for *Subjects* to comply
With gen'rous *Kings* : all have not wealth laid by.

Fear of Success makes *Cowards*, be it so ;
But he's the Man, that thorough stitch doth go ;
He is the Man, or none. One fears to ask
A *Princes* favour, 'tis too great a task
For his too narrow Soul. Another He
Begs boldly, and obtains. If Vertue be
Still Vertue, doubt not, but that man is wise
Who asks so, that he gains both *Praise* and *Prize*.

Poor men, if modest, will with some obtain,
While others sawcily shall ask in vain ;
Here's then the difference, whether your favours be
Humbly receiv'd, or snatcht immodestly.
The sum of all we aim at then here ends,
Be meek and modest with thy *Richer* Friends.

I have a Sister wants a Portion, and
A *Mother* poor, a *Farm* lies on my hand
That can't maintain me ; He that thus doth say,
Doth in effect beg *Alms* : another may
Cant out his *wants* aloud, and keep a stir
And cry, Give me one piece of Bread good Sir :
A *Crow*, whilst feeding, if he would not Gar,
Would have less trouble and more *Meat* by far.

One that is expert in the *High-way* Strains,
That of the bitter cold, and storms complains,
That cries his Pocket's pickt, and his small store
Of Money stoln, *Juggles* but like a *Whore*,

Who

Who weeps for her lost *Chain*, or cries ah me!
 My *Garter's* ravish'd from beneath my knee:
 Such common *Cheats* as these take all belief
 From real *Losses*, and from real *Grief*.
 He that is once thus *chons'd*, will soon beware
 Of helping such as feigned *Cripples* are,
 And though a *Canting Cripple* begs with tears
 To be helpt up, and by *Osiris* swears,
 And says, I'm lame, I do not mock, and then
 Cries out; *O help, help me hard-hearted men!*
 The Neighbours rayl at him, and cry *be gon*
Get help (you rascal) where you are not known.

EPISTLE XVIII. By A. B.

TO LOLLIVS.

How to be a good Companion.

MY blunt friend *Lollivs*, if I know thee right,
 Thou dost abhor to play the *Parasite*,
 Where thou professest *friendship*; for so far
 Differs a *friend* from a base *flatterer*,
 As a grave *Matron* from a *Strumpet*, who
 Differ in *mind*, in *look*, and *gesture* too.

But there's another vice as great as this,
 That is a rough-hew'd clownish *surliness*,
 When men unmannerly, unpleasant, rude,
 Themselves on others saucily obtrude;
 And indiscreetly blurt out words which be
 Unfit, and call'd *Vertue* and *Liberty*.

*"Vertue's the mean betwixt two Vices, and
 From Vices is fenc'd in on every hand."*

Some

Some being *obsequious* more then does besit,
Jeer such as at the low'r end of Table sit;
But when a great man *nods*, will tremble, and
What e're he says repeat at second hand;
As a poor *School-boy* says his lesson o're,
Which his harsh *Master* dictated before.
Or as the *Mimick* echoes back what e're
Verses or words by th' *Actors* spoken were.

Others *dispute* for trifles without end,
And for *Straw-matters* tooth and nail contend,
They'll rather lose their share in Heav'n then they
Won't be believ'd in whatsoe're they say;
Or not speak freely what comes in their brain,
And that as *impudently* to maintain.
But what's the *Question* makes all this ado?
Which was the better *Fencer* of the two,
Castor or *Docilis*; whether *Appianus*,
Or *Numicus* lead to *Brundisium*;
Who's out of his Estate by *gaming* run.
Who by expensive *Wenching* is undone,
And what *fantastick* Fool goes at a rate,
In habit far above his mean estate.

On whom th' insatiate appetite of *Gold*
And *Silver* has got a perpetual hold;
Or else of some vain-glorious fellow, which
Makes it his bus'ness to be counted *rich*.

The wealthy *Patron* who is ten times more
Skill'd in all Vices then he can that's poor,
Hates such *concerning* talk, and does abhor it,
And either hates the *Blab*, or checks him for it.

Like a good *Mother* to her Daughters, he
Desires that meaner men should wiser be
Then he himself is, and more *vertuous* too,
And tells you things that are perhaps too true,

Strive

Strive not with me (says he) I've an *Estate*,
And that in me will *folly* tolerate;
You're a mean Fellow, and your *Coat* must be
Cut as your *Cloth* is: Don't compare with me.
Entrapelus to whom he did intend
A mischief, he would costly *habits* send,
That so *transported* with that goodly hew,
He might take up strange hopes and counsels new,
Sleep all the day, mind nothing but his Whore,
Run into debt, and grow at last so poor,
He must turn *Fencer*, and for bread sell's blood,
Or drive *Pack-Horses* for a livelyhood.
Other mens *secrets* never care to know;
But if a *friend* into thy bosom throw
A secret, and desire thee to conceal it,
Do not, though ne're so *drunk* or *mad*, reveal it.

Thy own peculiar *Studies* ne're commend,
Nor what thy friend does fancy *reprehend*;
And if to *hunt* thy *Patron* minded be,
Don't thou lie puzzling with thy *Poetry*.
'Twixt *Zethus* and *Amphion*, both twins, hence
There did arise a *peevish* difference;
Zethus, a Countrey Gentleman, inclin'd
To *Hounds* and *Hawks*; *Amphion*, gave his mind
Wholly to's *Harp*, but laid it quite aside
Until his brothers heat was pacifi'd.
"In *small things*, 'tis good *prudence* to *resign*
"Thy will to his whose pow'r is more than thine.
And when he brings into the *Champain* ground
His hunting properties, *Horns*, *Horses*, *Hound*,
Lay by th' *unsociable Muses* then
As *recreations* for old *lazy* men.
Go hunt with him, then sup and take thy share.
Of what your sports produc'd, be't *Bore*, or *Hare*:

Among

Among the *Romans* 'tis a Recreation,
Which is much us'd, and in great Reputation.
Besides 'twill make thee healthy, and live long,
Especially since thou art sound and strong,
To keep in with the *Dogs*, and with the *Bore*,
By thy own strength to grapple and o'repow'r;
Besides 'tis known that there's not any man
For feats of *Arms* like thee, or dares, or can.
When thou didst *fence* or *wrestle*, oh! how loud
Rang thy *Applauses* from th' admiring *Crowd*?
When but a boy the *Souldiers* duty thou
In the *Cantabrian* battel didst pass through,
Under that *General*, whose conquering Sword
The *Parthians* hath to *Italy* restor'd;
And in their *Temples* hath set up again
Those *Ensigns* which had been from *Crassus* tane.

Do not withdraw thy self without a just
Excuse, nor lie still that thy parts may rust.
Although in all thy actions thou tak'st care
They should be done *exactly* by the square;
Sometimes i'th' Country, thou descend'st to toys,
Mingling a Sea-fight with the little boys:
Two formal *Navies* thou dost then equip,
And armed Boys in both of them dost ship;
On one side for *Mark Anthony*, thy Brother,
Was *Admiral*; for *Cesar* thou on t'other.
Your Fathers little Lake was made by thee
For this great Fight the *Adriatick* Sea,
Where you the *Aetlian* battel acted o're,
And ne're gave off till one was *Conquerour*.

And if thy wealthy *Patron* does once find
Thee love those things to which he gives his mind,
Tickled with that he will extol to th' skies
This very *Play*, and think thy *folly* wise.

I would

I would advise thee furthermore (if thou
Didst stand in need of an adviser now.)

"When thou dost talk of any man, take care

"Of whom, to whom, and what thy speeches are.

"Shun him that is inquisitive, for he

"Will be as guilty of Garrulitie.

"And his still gaping ears itch to reveal

"What e're his friend intrusts him to conceal.

"And 'tis impossible e're to recall

"One syllable which we have once let fall.

And if thy Patron has a mind to toy
With a fair Lady, or a pretty Boy,
To his great House you must such reverence bear,
As not to fall in love with either there :

Lest he that keeps them should prove so unkind
As to deny, and thou disturb thy mind ;
Or (which is worst) should grant thee thy request,
And thou poss off with these, content must rest.

"At first sight ne're commend a man, lest thou

"Hereafter binsh for him thou praisest now ;

For we are soon deceiv'd, and to a Friend

We oft unworthy men and things commend ;

And therefore if one, whom thou didst suppose,

Was a good person, should prove vicious,

And thou beso deceiv'd, praise him no more,

Say thou'rt mistaken, and so give him o're.

But if a friend that to thee's throughly known
Behind his back's traduc'd by any one,
Stick to him bravely ; for our names depend

"In absence on the courage of a friend ;

Ne're let him carelessly endure a wrong

From any Cowardly reproachful tongue.

"For is't not plain, that who maliciouslie

"Backbites thy friend, will do the same by thee ?

"When

"When thy next neighbours house is all on fire,

"Tis thy concern to make his flames expire ;

"For fire will gather strength if let alone,

"And with thy neighbours house, burn down thine own,

By unexperienc'd men 'tis thought to be,

To wait on Great men great felicity ;

But such as know what 'tis, care not to come

Among Great men, but count them troublesome.

For thy part now into the World thou art got,

Make it thy business to go on, and not

Permit thy Vessel to sail back again,

What e're contrary Winds disturb the Main.

"A merry man abhors a man that's sad,

"And sad men hate all merry men as bad,

"A dull man hates an active man, and so

"A sprightly person scorns a man that's slow.

The fuddling fellows, who past midnight drunk,

Hate such as from their proffer'd glasses shrink :

Though those that do refuse them truly swear

Wine vapours in the night pernicious are.

Look cheerfully in company ; for he

That's shamefac't 's generally thought to be

A fellow of mean birth and spirit, and all

Those that sit silent men do dogged call.

But above all converse with wise men still,

And read good Books, and learn from those the skill

How thou mayst easily pass through this World,

And not be vex'd and up and down be hurl'd

By an insatiate desire, vain fear,

Or hopes of things that of small moment are.

Consider whether Vertue be produc'd

By learning, or by nature be infus'd ;

What lessens cares ; what makes a man to be

A friend t' himself ; whence pure tranquillity

Proceeds, from Honour, or beloved wealth,
Or from a Life led (as it were) by stealth.

When I do to my *Country Farm* retreat,
By those cool streams which me refresh in heat,
What dost thou think I think upon? or what
Believ'st thou, if I could, I would be at?
I only pray that small *Estate*, which I
Now have, may tarry with me till I die.
And those few days which I have yet to live,
(If Heav'n to me any more days will give)
I may enjoy my self; of *Books* have store, and
Have necessaries for a year before-hand;
That I may never float 'twixt Hope and Doubt,
What an uncertain Hour may bring about.

"But 'tis enough to pray those heav'nly Powers
Who give and take at Will what we call Ours.

If I but live, and have my Pockets lin'd,
Let me alone to get a quiet Mind.

EPISTLE XIX. By A. B.

TO MECÆNAS.

A Discourse of Poetry.

Learned *Mecenas*, if you'll credit give
To old *Cratinus*, not a Verse can live,
Nor long be pleasant to us, which is writ
By such as from meer water suck their wit.

Since *Liber* has been pleas'd to rank all such
As have of *Rapture* a transcendent touch,
'Mong *Fawns* and *Satyrs*, the delightful *Nine*
Did almost every morning smell of *Wine*.

And

And *Homers* praising Wine, made *Poets* think
The good old Man did much delight in drink.
Hence Father *Ennius* would not write a Line,
Till he had first got a good dose of Wine.

The *Politicks* and great Affairs at Bar
We leave to those that grave and sober are,
But we'll withhold from such *four* souls as theirs,
The high *Prerogative* of writing *Versè*.

As soon as this was publicly declar'd,
All *Poets* up the brimful *Goblet* rear'd;
And for the *Laurel* all night long they drunk,
And the next day of Wine all *Poets* stunk.

But was this *Poetry*? Shall every one
That with a *surly* look, and shabbed *Gown*
Walks without shoes and stockings through the *Town*,
As representing learned *Cato*, straight
His *virtues* and good *manners* imitate?

When *Nyarbita* aim'd to gain the glory
Of rare *Timagenes* for *Oratory*,
Striving to speak with Eloquence and Wit,
He strain'd his Voice, so that his Lungs were split:
"A pattern does delude a man when 'tis
"Only pursu'd in that which is amiss.

Should I by chance look pale; *Poets* would fall
To drinking *Communion*-seeds to look so all.
Oh servile herd of *Imitators*, who
Make me both angry with, and laugh at you,
And the base *Drudgery* which you're forc'd to do!

'Twas I first set my *daring* foot, where none
Had ever trod a step, but I alone.

"Who on's own natural fancy does rely,
"Leads as a Captain does his Company.

'Twas I that first the *Romans* did inspire
With skill to write *Iambicks* for their Lyre.

The numbers and the spirit I pursu'd
Of old *Archilochus*, but I eschew'd
His railing matter and *invective* way,
Which made poor old *Lycambe* to destroy
His daughter and himself; yet I hope you
Think not the *Laurel* is to me less due,
Because I have been fearful to invert
The very mode of *Verses*, and the Art.

The Mase'line *Sappho* did that muse allay,
Which was harsh in *Archilochus* his way.
So did *Alcaeus* too, but different far
In matter and in method their lines are.
They fought no father, in law to rhyme to death,
Nor made enraged wives resign their breath.
I being *musical*, him first did take,
And fit to th' *Roman* lyre his numbers make.
Which never any durst attempt till then,
And 'tis my glory that ingenious men
Such things as mine may come at and peruse,
As ne're were touch'd by any other *Muse*.

Now if you would the reason know why some
Ungrateful Readers will cry up at home,
And hug my verses, but to all abroad
Basely *contemn* those lines they so applaud;
I'm none of those who *sneakingly* will court
The windy *suffrage* of the *Vulgar* sort
With my cast cloaths, nor with a costly *Treat*.
I, that have heard the noblest *mits* repeat,
And judg'd their *Verses* too, scorn to comply
With formal *pedagogues* to teach their *Fry*.
My *Verses*, nor am I fondly delighted,
When they in publick *Pulpits* are recited.
Hence springs my misery! and now if I
Should say (which I can say ingeniously)

I am

I am aſham'd *Comedians* ſhould rehearſe
My worthleſs lines in crowded *Theaters*,
And by their tone and action make thoſe ſeem
Ingenious, which have no wit in them;

Some envious fellow will ſay, *Horace*, this
Only a copy of thy countenance is,
Thou doſt preſerve thy *Poems* only for
The Princely ears of our great *Emperor*;
Preſuming that none other but thy *Muſe*
(Vain-glorious *Fop*) good *Poems* can produce.

I dare not laugh at this, leſt I ſhould be
More wounded by my *ſtruggling* enemy.
I'm fain to cry out; I don't like the place,
And as my right demand a *breathing* ſpace.
Fooling in jeſt oft fearful *ſtriſe* begets,
And ſtriſe for *victory* produceth *pets*;
From ſudden *pets* do deadly *ſewds* proceed,
And deadly *ſewds* deſtructive *wars* do breed.

EPISTLE XX. By A. B.

To his BOOK.

A Character of himſelf.

WELL Book, thou on the *Stationers* ſtall wilt lie,
Bound neatly to allure the *gazers* eye;
Thou ha'ſt to be ſeal'd up, or elſe confin'd,
Which are things *grateful* to a *modest* mind.
'Tis grievous to thee to be ſhewn to *few*,
All thy *ambition* is for *publick* view.
Thy *father* has not bred nor taught thee ſo;
But get thee gone, ſince thou'ſt a *mind* to go.

When once thou'rt *gone*, thou'lt ne're return agen;
 When thou'rt abus'd by the *half-witted* men,
 Thou'lt say; alas! wherein am I to blame?
 What have I done, or said, that mis-became?
 Thou wilt *repent*, what thou hast rashly done,
 And what *attempt* thy *pride* threw thee upon.
 When thou shalt find the *Reader* who admir'd
 Thee so at first, become both *cloy'd* and *tyr'd*,
 And *roul* thee up, and lay thee quite *aside*.
 But if I'm not with anger *Stupifi'd*,
 At this *offence* of thine, I can *foretell*
 Thou wilt at *Rome* be entertain'd full well,
 While thou art *new*, but when thou'rt *sullied* grown
 By vulgar *Thumbs*, thou wilt be let alone
 For the dull *moths*, or sent to foreign parts,
 To cover *Letters*, or put under *Tarts*.
 Then I who unbeliev'd, *admonish'd* thee
 Of all these things, shall *laugh* as heartilie
 At thy *misfortune*, as he who did pass
 O're a steep *cliff* with an unruly *Ass*,
 Who playing resty *tricks* so stirr'd the *Gall*
 Of's *Master*, that he let him loose to fall;
 Nay thrust him down the *Rocks*, for *who will stay*
 (Quoth he) *what's minded* to be gone away?
 This will befall thee too, thou wilt at last
 Among old doating *Schoolmasters* be cast,
 Who in small *Villages* and far remote
 When the warm *Sun* has a full *audience* brought,
 Will read thee to their *boys*, then thou may'st say,
 I'm son of one who was a *slave* made free,
 Born to a mean *Estate*, but have increast
 It so, my *wings* are greater than my *nest*.
 What from my *Ancestors* thou tak'st away
 Of *fame*, thou to my *Industry* must pay.

I was *companion* to the best o'th' Town,
Whether they were for *Arms*, or for the *Gown*.
Of a small *stature*, *gray* before my time,
And much delighted with a warmer *clime*.
Soon *angry*, and soon *pleas'd*; if any do,
How old I am, of thee desire to know;
Tell them I'm 44 years old this year,
When *Lepidus* and *Lollius* Consuls are.

A 4

EPISTLES;



EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I. By Sir W. P.

TO AUGUSTUS.

A Discourse of Poetry.

WHen you alone so many and so great
 Affairs dispatch, of War and Peace do treat,
 Still thinking how to save the *State* from harms
 By wholsom *Laws*, good *Manners*, and just *Arms*;
 I should the *Publick* wrong, and cross that end
 With tedious talk your precious time to spend.
Romulus that founded *Rome*, and *Bacchus* who
 Invented *Wine*, whereby *Men* great things do,
 Though they were after death receiv'd among
 The *Gods*, yet living did complain of wrong;
 For though the ground from weeds and bryers they freed,
 Taught and made men on *delicates* to feed,
 Compos'd that common *War* and *Scramble*, which
 Made men like *Beasts*; To each mans *own*, did pitch
Just

Just bounds, did plant the Earth with *Flowers & Fruits*;
 Yea built men Cities: yet the World, like *Brutes*,
 Ne're knew, or found their worth, till 'twas too late,
 Till those brave souls Had pass'd the *Common fate*.
 Nor he, that crush'd the *Hydra*, and subdued
Prodigious Monsters, when for reward he sued,
 Could ever it or ease obtain; for still
Envy would say's exploits were *mean or ill*.
 So he, who doth with new or nobler Arts
 Assist the world, shall never win their hearts;
 But him alive they'll laugh at and despise,
 Whom when he's dead they will extol to th' skies.

Yet Sir to you, (though living) men allow
 Honours divine, by you they'll swear, they'll vow
 Upon your Altars, and confess that *never*
 So great a thing appear'd, nor shall do *ever*:
 Now though the world be very just and wise
 In this one point, that in their *critick* eyes
 You do excel all *Greek* and *Roman* Kings,
 Yet they don't justly judge of other things,
 But loath or envy every thing but what
 Is dead or gone, or which cannot be got.
 So Lovers of *Antiquity* do praise
 The *Laws* and *Customs* of forgotten days,
 Applaud those Articles and that antient deed
 To which the *Sabines* and *Gabii* agreed;
 Admire the *Liturgies* and *Rituals*
 Found in the Ruines of old *Abby* walls.

Because the Writings of the *Greeks* we deem
 So much the better as they older seem:
 If we should judge the same of what is *here*
 But *lately* writ, we might as well infer
 That *Olives* have no stones, nor Nuts no shell;
 For how one follows t'other I can't tell.

We're

We're now at *Rome* arrived to the height,
 As well's the *Greeks*; We paint, and sing, and fight.
 If age do better *Verse*, like *Wine*, how long
 Must Verses lie before they're smart and strong?
 A Poet dy'd an hundred years ago,
 Shall he be reckon'd as new *Mus* or no?
 Or for old wholsom *Wine*? Well! let him pass.
 Another wants a year, or less: Alas
 Shall he lose therefore all? Let him pass too:
 Another wants a little more; Let's do
 The like for him; The whole Horse-tail we may
 Thus hair by hair at length pluck quite away.

He that consults the *Annals*, or counts Years,
 To try if Verse be good, T' whom nought appears
 Exc'cellent, but what has pass'd the *Grave*, may see
 How wise and mighty *Ennius*, (even he
 Who's call'd another *Homer*) did not care
 How ill his Promises performed were.
Navius is got by heart and dearly sold;
 "So sacred are his Works because they're old."
 Which of these two is best, Men cannot tell;
 For Learning old *Pasquius* bears the bell.
Accius high strains are praised, *Afranius* Pen
 Makes us believe *Menander* wrote agen.
Plautus resembles *Epicharmus*; weight
 Commends *Cæcilius*, *Terence* gentle flight.
 Their Plays do throng the Stage, from *Livius* days
 Down to our times, These Men have worn the Bays.
 "Sometime the *Vulgar* hit, sometime they miss,
 For when they say, That nothing *Modern* is
 Equal to what is *old*, much less preferr'd,
 I boldly say, The *Vulgar* then have err'd.
 But if they'll yield, That Ancients *Wits* have used
 Words obsolete or harsh, and have amused

Men

Men with their *careless* Thoughts, my hand and heart
Shall joyn with them, and *Jove* shall take our part.
I'd not explode, or scorn poor *Livy's* Verse,
Nor yet what *School-boys* sometimes may reherse.
But would n't have't admir'd, because by chance
Some single *Phrase* proves good, or that a glance
Of wit does *twinkle* through the cloudy sky
Of *vapours* or *tempestuous* Poetry.

I take it ill, That Men find fault, because
A thing was lately writ, not for its *flaws*,
Or *botches*; Yea, methinks I could lament,
That Doters on stale stuff are not content
With pardon and connivence at some lines
Scap't from the Ancients, but cry, *bays and shrines*?

If one but doubts, Whether the Stage should be
Strew'd o're with *Flowers* and *Saffron*, when we see
Atta's things play'd, Our *Gray-beards* in a fume
Cry Modesty is gone: If one presume
To hint, that *Roscins* ever fail'd a tittle,
They're angry too, because they value little
But what they valued young, or else because
They scorn from younger men to take new laws.
Now he that says th' old *Sallar* Verse was high,
Seeming to know, who knows no more than I,
Does not applaud the *Authors* of those Songs,
But by his *envy*, us and our *Wits* wrongs.

If the old *Greeks* like us, would not allow
Ought that was new, what shall be ancient now?
Upon whose Works might we now safely look
To read and con them as a *classick* Book?
When War was past in *Greece*, when Wealth and Ease
Dispos'd men there to study, what did please?
Sometimes to *Fence*, or *Vault*, or th' *Horse* to ride;
Sometimes to *carving* they their minds apply'd;

Or

Or else to *Painting*, where they'd nicely see
 How Ordinance draught and Colours did agree,
 Sometimes 'twas *Dancing*, *Musick*, *Scenes* and *Stage*,
 That prov'd the pleasures of that wanton Age :
 So does a *Child* cry to his Nurse for *toys*,
 That are contemned by the bigger boys.

" *For, which of all the things we hate, or love,*

" *Don't change ? Or which are fortunes power above ?*

" *Thus from a prosperous State and plenty springs*

" *Variety that gives all Gust to things.*

At *Rome* 'twas heretofore a credit, and

A *Mode* in ones Office or Shop to stand

Waiting for Customers and Clients, all

The morning, to let out money, to call

On young men to be thrifty, and to hear

Old mens advice, thus went about the year :

But now the world is chang'd, one humor runs

Through ev'ry vein ; the *Lawyers* write *Lamprons*,

Merchants Burlesque, the only Trade's for *Bays*,

Your Gouty *Statesman* too vent'rous at *Plays* :

Ev'n I that have renounc'd all *Poetrie*,

Sick of the self-same *Itch* of writing lie,

For before day, when one can't see to scrawl,

Do I scarce wak'd for Pen and Paper call.

" *He that was ne're at Sea, wisely refuses*

" *To sail a Ship ; He likewise that ne're uses*

" *To practise Physick, dures not to dispense*

" *Strong Purges, nor what stupifies the Sense.*

" *Smiths do make Locks, and only Taylors clothes ;*

" *But they write Verse, hat never could write Prose.*

Now let's consider, What good this humor works ;

Why first of all no covetous *Canker* lurks

Within a *Poet* ; nought can his soul intrude,

But how to fancy finely, and t' allude :

When

When goods are *lost*, when *servants* run away,
When *tax* is paid, when *floods* the banks destroy,
He cares n't, plots no trick to *cheat* his friend
Or to devour his *Ward*; for to what end
Should men do so, who can ear Bread and Cheese,
Wear footed Stockings, and be warm in *frieze*?
Poets in Peace considerable are,
Though they are useless in the times of war.

Now if you'll grant that small things may improve
Greatest affairs, we must our *Poets* love.

For first they teach our children how to speak,
Plain and distinct, from telling lyes 'em break,
Chide 'em for calling *Names*, Cursing and Oaths;
Make them say Prayers, and keep clean their Clothes.
Poets write Story, and by example teach,
They comforts to the sick and needy preach.
When Boys and Girls do in Procession sing
Anthems and *Hymns*, that God would bless the King,
Send *Rain* or *Harvest-weather*, save the fruit,
Stop Plagues, and grant 'em any other suit,
I'ts not the *Poet* that makes those heavenly charms,
And does more by 'em, than by Martial Arms?

Old Husbandmen and *Worthies*, such as could
Be happy with a little, heretofore would
(After their Corn was housed, or Sheep were shorn,
With Wife and Barns, and others who had born
Part in those labours) make an Holy-day,
Kill a fat Pig, eat Cream, drink Wine and play,
Give Sacrifice, and sing to th' heavenly Powers
What *Poets* compos'd at their inspir'd Hours.

Fescennine freedom by this means did grow,
Such whose each *distich*, some coarse *flouts* did throw;
This freedom for a while past well enough,
Until at length it grew so rare and rough,

So dirty and down-right, not sparing any,
 Though ne're so worthy men : At length when many
 Had been abus'd, the few that had escap'd free
 Took care thence forward, that no more should be
 Making a penal *Law*, by which good men
 Grew safe from th' poyson of *Satyrick* Pen.
 Thus *Rhimers* were reduc'd for fear of drubbing
 When no *Scab* was, quite to refrain from rubbing.

Greece being taken by the *Romans*, took
 Its Conquerours; from thence came *Art* and *Book*
 Into rude *Italy*, thenceforth the Rhimes
 That were in use in the *Saturnine* Times,
 Were *obsolete*; and as we grew more rich
 In *Things* and *Thoughts*, so was improv'd our *Speech*.
 'Twas a great while before our minds we bent
 To read *Greek* Authors, and learn what they meant;
 Till being in Peace, then when the *Punick* War
 Was well compos'd, the *Romans* waded far
 In *Soph'cles*, *Thespis*, and *Æschylus* too,
 Trying what they could in *Translating* do.
 They did *succeed*; their smart and lofty *Wis*
 The *Tragick* vein with *grace* enough did hit.
 Com'dy they thought (because it's subject was
 Trivial and mean) was easie; But alas!
 They did not dream how little pardon's giv'n
 To the poor *Comick*: How hard was *Plantus* driv'n,
 The am'rous Young mans humor to make good,
 And his *curmudging* Fathers understood :
 And paint the plotting *Pimp*? *Perfennas* Pen
 Describ'd with pains the flatt'ring *Trencher-men*.

How slightly are perform'd some other parts
 By those that nothing else lay to their hearts,
 But to get Money? Let their *Box* to th' brim
 Be fill'd, they care not, if th' *Play* sink or swim.

Him

Him that *Vain-glory* stirs to write a Play,
 How doth *Spectators* negligence dismay,
 As when they gaze and gape, and give no heed?
 But then, What joy does good *attention* breed?
 "So slight and small a matter quells or raises
 "Minds that too much affect the peoples praises.
 Adieu all writing Plays, if so be that
 I pine when *hiss'd*, or when I'm *humm'd* grow fat.

Bold and sound *Poets* sometimes are cast down,
 Ev'n when the scoundrel *Rabble* of the Town,
Sailors and *Butchers* being quickly full
 And glutt'd with strong Sense, call for the *Bull*;
 Or (in the middle of an *Act*) the *Bears*
 Or *Fencers* set together by the Ears:
 Though when the better sort, and men of skill
 Grow weary too, the Play 'tis like was ill.

When men have sat a good while at the *Play*,
 And in *disgust* shall flock apace away,
 Then is brought forth a pinnion'd *King*, and shown
 Wagons of captive Dames, *Corinth* o'rethrown
 In pastboard models: *Democritus* would sneer
 At such poor *tricks*, if he again were here;
 He'd laugh to see a spotted *Dromedary*,
 Spectators eyes off from the Play to carry;
 In marking them he would more pleasure find,
 So pleasing 'tis t' observe the peoples mind.
 Moreover he considering what a din,
 Noise and confusion all the stage is in,
 Might think the slighted Poet did rehearse
 Unto deaf *Asses* his elab'rate Verse.

For when the Actors first appear well clad
 In *Persian* Silk, the People all like mad
 Hum and clap hands, not for their exc'llent saying,
 But for their Clothes and Purple gay arraying.

Now

Now lest you think, that I disparage what
I cannot understand, or relish not ;
I grant, that such a *Poet* may climb a Steeple
Up by a small slack rope, who can the people
Anger, appease, make laugh, or weep, or fear ;
Whisk 'em to *Athens*, or *Thebes*, or keep them here ;
Who by meer Words, can thus command mens' fancy,
Is master in Poetick *Necromancy*.
Such men incourage, and withal those who
Can the same thing without *Dramaticks* do ;
For these you must provide, if you desire
To blow strong flames out of *Poetick* fire ;
Or if youl'd sharpen *Wit*, and make collection
Of pieces neereſt to divine perfection.

We *Poets* wrong our selves, (and I offend
As oft as others) when we Books commend
Into your hands, when you perhaps are tired,
Or in the *Bogs* of some diſaſter mired.
Then, when we vex that any though our friend,
Should but one Verſe ev'n gently reprehend ;
Or when we reading our own Verſe, repeat
As *Cud* to be rechew'd what's *taſtleſs* meat :
When full of our own ſenſe, we do complain
That no man throughly weighs our ſkill and pain ;
And when we think, that you great Sir as ſoon
As e're we write, are bound to give a Boon,
That you ſhould bid us write the *Second Part*,
And ſay reward ſhall equal our Deſert ;
How e're 'tis good to know, with whom to truſt
Great deeds, and who can ſave 'm from the duſt.

Char'lus ſo well did *Alexander* pleaſe
With Verſes not quite worth ſo many *Peaſe*,
As that the fort'nate *Bard*, Medals and Coins
Of precious Gold got for his Leaden lines.

Some

Some Poets foul more with their dirty Pen,
Then can be clean'd again by better Men.
That *Prod'gal Prince* who bought those simple Rhimes
At such a rate, was wise at other times,
Forbidding all but great *Apelles* hand
To draw his Picture; Nay he did command
That none should mold the figure of his face
Except *Lysippe*, who did it with grace.
Had this *vain Prince* no more skill in discerning
The hands of *Artists*, then the men of Learning,
One might have call'd him *Thick-skul*, and have sworn,
That in some *foggy* air he had been born.
But you are not abus'd in any sort
By th' Gifts and *Character* and fair Report
Bestow'd on *Virgil* and on *Varius*, then
Whom are not better, either *Wits* or *Men*.

The shapes of famous men are not so clear
In graven Brass, as do their minds appear
In well-pen'd Words: for my part I had chose
(Rather than broken Rhimes, resembling Prose)
To write *heroick* Verse, and those on you,
That all the world might your *achievements* know;
I would describe the *Castles* you have won,
And winding *Rivers* that below 'em run.
I would those *barb'rous* Kingdoms represent,
The peace which you have forc'd where e're you went:
Then *Janus* Temple I'd expose to view,
And *Rome* by th' *Parthians* fear'd, whilst rul'd by you.
But Sir, low Verse cannot your *Highness* grace,
Wherefore t' attempt it I have not the face.
For me to be *pragmatical* might prove
Your trouble, not my duty and my love:
Besides, if I fell short to do you right,
My faults would be remembered out of sight:

For Readers so malicious now are grown,
 What's bad they'll con, what's good they let alone.
 I hate such kindness as offends, and his
 That draws my Picture uglier than it is.
 Though gayly dress'd, I value not a rush
 The gawdy praises that must make me blush,
 And dread to have my Name bedawb'd on Papers
 Fit but to light Tobacco-pipes and Tapers;
 Or else to wrap up wares of little price
 In Chandlers Shops, at best but Plums and Spice.

EPISTLE ult. By J. D.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

Another Discourse of Poetry.

BRave Nero's Favourite, My *Julius*
 (I answer your complaining letter thus)
 Suppose one had to sell, and you would buy
 A Boy at Tibur born, or Gabii,
 The owner plainly tells you; Sir you see,
He's smooth, and fair, of perfect Symmetrie
In all his parts; and without more discourse,
Give me but so much money, he is yours.
This I dare vouch, he's apt, and quick to spie
The smallest motions of your hand, or eye.
He hath a little Greek, and being young
May yet improve, he's pretty good at song:
 "But earnest praising Merchants oft declare
 "Their craft, more than the goodness of their Ware.
I have no need to sell, my stock's but small,
Yet what small stock I have, my own I call.

Ple

I'll tell you therefore all the worst I know,
Which I believe, none of the trade would do.
The truth is, once he play'd the idle Boy,
And fearing to be beaten ran away;
Now Take, or Leave; May he not safely now
Receive his money, having told you so?
Why should you sue, or call him cheat, when as
He told you what an Idle Rogue it was?
Yet so you deal in chiding me; you know,
I told you likewise e're you went, how slow
I am in writing Letters, that as soon
You might almost make any Cripple run;
But yet you still complain of me, and chide
Because I do not write; Nay, and beside
You say I promis'd Verses; But for that,
Pray hear a story that I shall relate.

One of *Lucullus* souldiers went abroad
To forage, and dearily having earn'd his load,
In very pleasant manner, down he lies,
And snores all night; But e're he thought to rise,
All his Provant was gone; With that as keen
As a the Wolf, he falls to Rave, and Grin,
Mad with himself, no less than with his foes,
And careless which should die for't, out he goes
Gnathing his teeth, and whosoe'er he met,
He lookt as fierce, as though he would him eat.
In this high Rage, he storm'd a Fort himself
That was well fortifi'd, and stor'd with wealth,
And laid about him with such force, they say,
As made the Guards give place, and run away;
For which exploit his very name was fear'd,
And Thousands giv'n him as a just Reward.
Soon after this, the Prators mind being bent
To take a certain Castle, straight he sent

To this great famous Souldier, and began
 To exhort him by the name of gallant man,
 Us'd all the Arguments, apt to excite
 With Words, enough to make a Coward fight.
 The Clown wiser than so, cries; Pray Sir hold,
 Such work becomes poor fellows, I have Gold.
 (Now to apply this) I at Rome was bred,
 And for some time the Poets there I read;
 At Athens next, where I learnt to decry
 The Truth from falsehood by Philosophy;
 But the unhappy times hinder'd my stay
 In that sweet place, and hurry'd me away
 From Books to Arms, and then I was engag'd
 I th' Wars which Brutus with Augustus wag'd.
 But e're long Brutus being overcome,
 I narrowly escap'd from Philippi home,
 Stript, and as poor as possible, and then
 Having no way to live, but by my Pen,
 Straight I betook my self to versify,
 Instructed by Ingenious Povertie.
 But now grown past all needs (to pore on sad
 Dull Poetry, would not men think me mad?)
 I'm of the Souldiers mind, I'll sleep and feed,
 Why should I not? let them take pains that need.
 I find I'm growing old, and every year
 Steals somewhat from me; Venus, Mirth, and Cheer,
 Begin to lose their Gust; My Wits decline,
 And my Poetick vein grows dry with time.
 What e're I have been, I am scarce the same,
 And will you have me dance now I am lame?

But if I did my faculty retain,
 All would not like it; you the Lyrick strain
 Do best affect: a second he commends
 Hopping Iambicks, and a third contends

That

That nothing's good but what's *Satyrical*;
 And how is't possible to please you all?
 Just so, as though I should three friends invite,
 And each one of a different appetite;
Sir, Shall I help you here? No; I'm for this.
 And, *What think you?* I'm for the other dish.
Are you so too? No Sir, I thank you, I
Like the first best: So 'tis in Poetry.

Besides all this, I wonder, you can guess
 Amidst the labours and disturbances
 Of this base busie *Town*, I should have rest
 To write a word. One comes and makes request,
 I would be *surety* for him; After this
 I'm call'd to hear the *Poets* Exercise;
 I've friends to visit too; one in the *Quirine*,
 Th' other (a fair distance) in the *Aventine*.

But yet you'll say, the *Streets* are fine, and still,
 And one may walk, and think of what he will.
(Oh mighty quiet, fit for th' ears of Kings!
These Carts and Coaches are such silent things.)

Here one comes with his *Mules*, all in a sweat,
 Who us'd to bring home Carriages with meat;
 There creaks an *Engine*, which the *Builder* uses
 To wind up *Timber* to the tops of houses.
 Here goes a *Funeral*, and there a *Dray*
 Standing athwart the street blocks up their way.
 Now a *mad Dog* directly at me makes;
 Anon, I meet a *Sow* out of a *Fakes*,
 (And must give her the wall) midst all this din,
 Is't not a sweet place to make *Verses* in?

"*Poets true Bacchus Tribe, like him rejoyce*
"To sleep in shades, far from the Cities noise.
 And would you have me do, as they have done,
 Although I live in this lewd *bauling Town*?

'Tis no rare thing to see some that have spent
Seven years at *Athens*, in their studies pent,
Reading their eyes almost out; who yet after
Return dumb objects of the peoples *laughter*,
(And neither say nor write) here I am tost,
And in a *storm* of trouble well nigh lost:
How can I grant, or you of me desire,
To sing sweet *Lyricks* to the joyful *Lyre*?

At *Rome*, two Brothers were; this studied *Law*,
That was a *Rhetor*; both so given to claw
Each other, that their whole discourse was *lies*
In praise of one anothers *faculties*;
That call'd this *Gracchus*, He him *Mutius*.
Do not we *Poets* play the fool just thus?
I merry *Lyricks* write, Another he
Being more grave, delights in *Elegie*:
Yet both, as though undoubtedly inspir'd
With all the *Nine*, expect to be admir'd.
Do but observe, with what a stately *grace*
We stalk, and look round the *reciting place*.
But what great matter bring we, that should raise
Our *Expectations* to be crown'd with Bays?
The *Samnites* us, and we the *Samnites* wast,
And yet we made the *Samnites* yield at last.
O rare! now he protests I shall no more
Be *Horace*, but *Alcaus*; I adore
Him as *Callimachus*, but that's too little,
Then he's *Mimnermus*, or some greater title.

These *waspish Poets* thus I'm fain to please,
When I write, that I may gain their *Suffrages*.
But I'll be plagu'd no more; I'll neither write
Henceforth my self, nor hear when they recite.
Verses indeed if bad, there's nothing worse,
No more ridiculous, yet some fools of course

Love to be *scribbling*, and themselves extoll,
For that at which all others laugh and droll.

He that would have his Poems take, must sit
Judge of his own language, as well as wit,
Like a grave *Censor*; words of no *weight* nor *skew*
He must *degrade*, though they are loth to go,
And plead *prescription*. To recruit his store
With choice and good, *old* words he must restore,
Though th'ave lain long rejected and despis'd,
And take in *new*, what use hath naturaliz'd.

And as a *River* that runs clear and strong,
The soil enricheth, as it glides along:
So must his language be; it must not want,
But neither must it be *luxuriant*.
With smoother phrase he polishes what's rough,
And throws out all the flat *insipid* stuff.
And as a skilful *Actor*, he must strive,
To imitate each *Humor* to the life.

For my part, I had rather far be thought
A trifling *Postaster*, if that ought
I do pleases my self, be't ne're so vain,
Than to write well, and to endure the pain
Of being vext with *Censuras*. There was one
At *Argos*, who did use to sit alone
I' th' *Theatre*, fancying himself to be
Present at some ingenious *Tragedie*;
Hearkn'd and *hum'd*, till he thought all was ended,
Then *clapt*, and cry'd, 'Tis never to be mended:
'Bate only this, in others matters He
Was as *discreet* as any one could be;
He was a right good *Neighbour*; none more free
To treat his *Friends* with all civilitie:
Good to his Family; if he came nigh
A *Rook* or *Duke*, would heed how he past by:

Could not be charg'd with any desperate folly,
The worst was, he was highly *Melancholy*;
For this a lusty dose of *Hellebore*
He took, which did him to himself restore;
But being cur'd, he cry'd, and said, *Alas!*
Such an unhappy Remedy ne're was;
For now by this unfortunate Occasion,
I've lost the pleasure of Imagination.

'Tis time I should grow wise, and leave such toys
As *Songs* and *Verses*, proper sports for *Boys*.
Not weighing words, nor meas'ring out of sounds,
But scanning life, and tracing *Virtues* bounds.

Now thus I'll spend my thoughts; If you or I
Had such a *thirst*, that we were always dry,
How much so'e're we drink, we should be sure
To tell the *Doctor* of't, and ask the cure.
Now you are rich, yet covet still to gain
More wealth, Is not this case the very same?

If one should say, such *Herbs*, or such a *Course*,
Will cure your wound, if still your wound grew worse,
Would you not cease to follow his *Advice*?
So you have heard, that he must needs be wise
To whom the Gods give Riches, yet you find
The Goods of *Fortune* have not chang'd your mind.
And will you still believe it, since you know,
By sad experience, that it is not so?

If to be *Rich*, could make one wise indeed,
And you were sure by that means to be freed
From hurtful Passions; then I would allow,
That none should be more *Covetous* than you;
But since it can no such *effect* produce,
Let that suffice that serves for present use.

If what I have though small, be mine, (as 'tis)
And what one *uses*, in some sort is his:

(As

(As the *Civilians* teach) then *Orbus* field,
And whatsoever fruit the same doth yield,
Is mine; nay and his *servants* too, and all
He hath, may truly me their *Master* call,
I give a little *money*, and receive
Grapes, Poultry, Wine, and what I please to have.
The difference is, I with a small expence
Buy what he purchas'd with vast *Sums* long since.

The *Purchaser* of all those fields that lie
About *Aricia*, and old *Veil*,
Hath not a Sallet of his own in troth,
Nor one small stick to warm his stale-kept broth,
But what is bought; only he calls it *His*
As far as lies within such *Boundaries*.

*Fond man! how canst thou call that substance thine
Which varies like thy shadow? One hour's time,
One flitting hour, alters the property,
And either death, sale, force or flattery
Makes it another mans. For Heirs come on
As fast as waves, one e're the other's gone.*

And since 'tis so, to what intent should I
Great *Farms* or *Mannors* strive to multiply?
Or make new purchases? when as, *Alas!*
*Death and the Grave mow down all flesh like Grass;
Sparing nor high, nor low, nor young, nor old,
Untouch't with Pity, uncorrupt with Gold.*

And while we live, we may live, if we please,
Happy and well, without such things as these,
Gems, Ivory, Marble, Pictures, Plate, rare Curs,
Garments like those in which the *Sophy* struts.
All that make bodies gay, or houses brave,
Some have them not, others don't care to have.

So of two *Brothers*, one delights to play
And drink; the other from the break of day

Till

Till it be dark night, spends himself with toil,
Beating and burning the hard barren soil.

The only Reason that they differ thus,
Proceedeth from a different *Genius*;
Which is as 'twere a little Deitie,
Prescribing *how* to live, and *when* to die.
To some *unluckie*, to some *Fortunate*,
So constituting good or evil *Fate*.

For my part, I'm resolv'd that little *wealth*
I have, to use, and not to *starve* my self.
I will be *moderate*, yet I'll not forbear
Expence, lest I should grieve my greedy *Heir*,
Or make my *Executor* think much, to see
My *Inventory* spent in *Legacie*.

There is *discretion* to be us'd, for he
Is justly tax'd with *Prodigalitie*,
That vainly wastes his *Fortune*; and no less
Is he to be accus'd of *Greediness*,
Who spares his *Purse*, more than his *Reputation*,
And will not spend upon a *just* occasion.

But he that hath *enough*, and thinks it so,
Toils not for more, nor *pines* to see that go;
That sometimes makes a *festival*, and spares
A day for mirth to loose the bonds of cares:
That doth no *wrong*, and is *discreetly* free,
That man's indu'd with *Liberalitie*.

Bless me from *Poverty* and *Sordidness*!
And then be my enjoyments more or less,
I'm still the same: To me it matters not,
Whether I'm carried in a bigger *Boat*,
Or in a less; *The middle state's the best*.
And mine is such, I neither am oppress'd
With *Storms*, nor flat at all with *calms*; my Sails
Are fill'd with equal and *Indifferent* Gales:

For

For health, wit, vertue, honour, wealth, I'm plac'd
Short of the *foremost*, but before the *last*.

Yet though a man be freed from *Avarice*,
That's not enough, if any other *Vice*
Be suffer'd to bear sway. What? art thou free
From pride, and empty *Popularity*?
Art free from raging anger, and the fear
Of cruel *death*, that dreadful *Messenger*?
Canst laugh at *superstitious* fond conceits
Of Sprights, Dreams, *Omens*, all those vulgar *cheats*?
Art thankful for thy age that's past and gone,
And being older, Art thou *better* grown?

For as it cannot mitigate ones pain,
To draw one *Thorn*, whilst twenty more remain:

"To hate one *Vice* is nothing, whilst the mind

"Indulges *Vices* of another kind.

"Until thou canst thy life exactly frame

"To *Virtue's* pattern, don't usurp the name.

But having play'd, and eat, and drunk thy share,
Get home, lest taking more than thou canst bear,
Th' art mock'd and bob'd, and jostled for thy *folly*,
By th' Lads whose priviledg is to be *jolly*.

HORACE



HORACE,

His ART of POETRY.

By B. J.

IF to a Womans head a Painter would
 Set a Horse-neck, and divers feathers fold
 On every limb, ta'en from a several creature,
 Presenting upwards a fair female feature,
 Which in some swarthy fish uncomely ends:
 Admitted to the sight, although his friends,
 Could you contain your laughter? Credit me,
 This piece my *Piso's*, and that book agree,
 Whose shapes, like sick-mens dreams, are fain'd to vain,
 As neither head, nor foot, one form retain.
 But equal power, to Painter, and to Poet,
 Of daring all, hath still been given; we know it:
 And both do crave, and give again, this leave.
 Yet not as therefore wild, and tame should cleave
 Together: not that we should Serpents see
 With Doves; or Lambs, with Tygers coupled be.

In

In grave beginnings, and great things profess,
 Ye have oft-times, that may o're-shine the rest,
 A Scarlet-piece or two, stitch'd in: when or
Diana's Grove, or *Altar*, with the bor-
 Dring Circles of swift waters that intwine
 The pleasant grounds, or when the River *Rhine*,
 Or *Rainbow* is describ'd. But here was now
 No place for these. And, Painter, haply, thou
 Know'st only well to paint a *Cypress tree*.
 What's this, if he whose money hireth thee
 To paint him, hath by swimming hopelefs scap'd,
 The whole fleet wreck'd? A great Jar to be shap'd,
 Was meant at first; why forcing still about
 Thy labouring wheel, comes scarce a Pitcher out?
 In short; I bid, Let what thou work'st upon,
 Be simply quite throughout, and wholly one.

Most Writers, noble Sire, and either Son,
 Are, with the likeness of the truth, undone.
 My self for shortness labour; and I grow
 Obscure. This striving to run smooth and slow,
 Hath neither soul, nor sinews. Lofely he
 Professing greatness, swells: That low by lee
 Creeps on the ground; too safe, too afraid of storm.
 This seeking, in a various kind, to form
 One thing, prodigiously, paints in the woods
 A *Dolphin*, and a *Boar* amid the floods.
 So, shunning faults, to greater fault doth lead,
 When in a wrong, and artlefs way we tread.
 The worst of Statuaries here about
 Th' *Emilian School*, in brals can fashion out
 The nails, and every curled hair disclose;
 But in the main work haplefs: since he knows
 Not to design the whole. Should I aspire
 To form a work, I would no more desire

To be chat Smith ; then live, mark'd one of those,
With fair black eyes, and hair, and a wry nose.

Take, therefore, you that write, still, matter fit
Unto your strength, and long examine it
Upon your Shoulders. Prove what they will bear,
And what they will not. Him whose choice doth rear
His matter to his power, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor cleer order e're forsakes.
The vertue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, shall be to place
Invention. Now, to speak ; and then defer
Much, that might now be spoke : omitted here
Till fitter season. Now, to like of this ;
Lay that aside, the *Epicks* office is.

In using also of new words, to be
Right spare, and wary : then thou speak'st to me
Most worthy praise, when words that common grew,
Are, by thy cunning placing, made meer new.
Yet, if by chance, in utt'ring things abstruse,
Thou need new terms ; thou maist, without excuse,
Fain words, unheard of to the well-trust'd race
Of the *Cethegi* ; And all men will grace,
And give, being taken modestly, this leave,
And those thy new, and late coyn'd words receive,
So they fall gently from the *Grecian* spring,
And come not too much wrested. What's that thing,
A *Roman* to *Cecilius* will allow,
Or *Plautus*, and in *Virgil* disavow,
Or *Varius* ? why am I now envi'd so,
If I can give some small increase ? When, loe,
Cato's and *Ennius* tongues have lent much worth,
And wealth unto our language ; and brought forth
New names of things. It hath been ever free,
And ever will, to utter terms that be

Stamp'd

Stamp'd to the time. As woods whose change appears
 Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding years,
 The first-born dying; so the aged state
 Of words decay, and phrases born but late
 Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
 Our selves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
 Whether the Sea receiv'd into the shore,
 That from the North, the Navy safe doth store,
 A Kingly work; or that long barren fen
 Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
 In neighbour-towns, and feels the weighty plough;
 Or the wild river, who hath changed now
 His course so hurtful both to grain, and seeds,
 Being taught a better way. *All mortal deeds*
Shall perish: so far off it is, the state,
 Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
 Much phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd;
 And much shall dye, that now is nobly liv'd,
 If Custom please; at whose disposing will
 The power, and rule of speaking resteth still.

The gestures of Kings, great Captains, and sad Wars,
 What number best can fit, *Homer* declares.
 In Verse unequal match'd, first sowre Laments,
 After mens Wishes, crown'd in their events
 Were also clos'd: But, who the man should be,
 That first sent forth the dapper Elegie,
 All the Grammarians strive; and yet in Court
 Before the Judge, it hangs, and waits report.

Unto the Lyrick Strings, the Muse gave grace
 To chant the Gods, and all their Godlike race,
 The conqu'ring Champion, the prime Horse in course,
 Fresh Lovers business, and the Wines free source,
 Th' Iambick arm'd *Arasilochns* to rave,
 This foot the socks took up, and buskins grave,

As fit t^e exchange discourse; a Verse to win
On popular noise with, and do business in.

The Comick matter will not be exprest
In tragick Verse; no less *Thyestes* feast
Abhors low numbers, and the private strain
Fit for the sock: Each subject should retain
The place allotted it, with decent chews:
If now the turns, the colours, and right hues
Of Poems here describ'd, I can, nor use, }
Nor know t^e observe: why (i^th^e Muses name)
Am I call'd Poet? wherefore with wrong shame,
Perversly modest, had I rather owe
To ignorance still, then either learn, or know.
Yet, sometime, doth the Comedy excite
Her voyce, and angry *Chremes* chafes out-right }
With swelling throat: and of the tragick wight
Complains in humble phrase. Both *Telephus*,
And *Peleus*, if they seek to heart-strike us
That are Spectators, with their misery,
When they are poor, and banish'd, must throw by
Their bombard phrase, and foot-and-half-foot words:
'Tis not enough, th^e elaborate Muse affords
Her Poems beauty, but a sweet delight
To work the hearers mind, still, to their plight.
Mens faces, still, with such as laugh, are prone
To laughter; so they grieve with those that mone.
If thou would'st have me weep, be thou first drown'd
Thy self in tears, then thee my loss will wound,
Peleus, or *Telephus*. If you speak vile
And ill-penn'd things, I shall, or sleep, or smile.
Sad language fits sad looks; stuff'd menacings,
The angry brow; the sportive, wanton things;
And the severe, speech ever serious.
For Nature, first within doth fashion us

To

To every state of fortune ; she helps on,
 Or urgeth us to anger ; and anon
 With weighty sorrow hurls us all along,
 And tortures us : and, after by the tongue
 Her truch-man, she reports the minds each throw.
 If now the phrase of him that speaks, shall flow
 In sound, quite from his fortune ; both the rout,
 And *Roman* Gentry, jeering, will laugh out.
 It much will differ, if a God speak, than,
 Or an *Heroe* ; If a ripe old man,
 Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course ;
 Where some great Lady, or her diligent Nurse ;
 A ventring Merchant, or the Farmer free
 Of some small thankful land : whether he be
 Of *Colchia* born ; or in *Assyria* bred ;
 Or with the milk of *Thebes* or *Argus*, fed.
 Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or fain
 Things in themselves agreeing. If again
 Honour'd *Achilles* chance by thee be seiz'd,
 Keep him still active, angry, unappeas'd ;
 Sharp, and condemning laws, at him should aim,
 Be nought so 'bove him but his Sword let claim.

Medea make brave with impetuous scorn ;
Ino bewail'd ; *Ixion* false, forsworn ;
 Poor *Io* wandring, wild *Orestes* mad.
 If something strange, that never yet was had
 Unto the *Scene*, thou bring'st, and dar'st create
 A meer new person ; Look he keep his state
 Unto the last, as when he first went forth,
 Still to be like himself, and hold his worth.

'Tis hard, to speak things common, properly ;
 And thou maist better bring a *Rhapsody*
 Of *Homers*, forth in acts, then of thy own,
 First publishing things unspoken, and unknown.

Yet common matter thou thine own mayst make;
 If thou be vile, broad trodden ring forsake.
 For, being a Poet, thou mayst feign, create,
 Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,
 To render word for word; nor with thy slight
 Of imitation, leap into a streight,
 From whence thy Modesty, or Poems law
 Forbids thee forth again thy foot to draw.
 Nor so begin, as did that Circler late,
 I sing a noble War, and *Priam's Fate*:
 What doth this Promiser such gaping worth
 Afford? The Mountains travell'd, and brought forth
 A scorn'd Mouse! O, how much better this,
 Who nought assays unaptly, or amiss?
Speak to me, Muse, the man, who after Troy was sack't,
Saw many Towns, and men, and could their manners tract.
 He thinks not, how to give you smoak from light,
 But light from smoak; that he may draw his bright
 Wonders forth after: As *Antiphates*,
Scylla, Charybdis, Polypheme, with these.
 Nor from the brand, with which the life did burn
 Of *Meleager*, brings he the return
 Of *Diomed*; nor *Troys* sad War begins
 From the *two Eggs*, that did disclose the twins.
 He ever hastens to the end, and so
 (As if he knew it) raps his hearer to
 The middle of his matter: letting go
 What he despairs, being handled, might not show.
 And so well fains, so mixeth cunningly
 Falshood with truth, as no man can espy
 Where the midst differs from the first: or where
 The last doth from the midst dis-joyn'd appear.
 Hear, what it is the People, and I desire:
 If such a ones applause thou dost require,

That

That carries till the hangings beta'en down,
And sits, till th' *Epilogue* says *Clap*, or *Crown* :
The customs of each age thou must observe,
And give their years, and natures, as they swerve,
Fit rites. The Child, that now knows how to say,
And can tread firm, longs with like lads to play ;
Soon angry, and soon pleas'd, is sweet, or sour,
He knows not why, and changeth every hour.

Th' unbearded Youth, his Guardian once being gone,
Loves Dogs, and Horses ; and is ever one
I' th' open field ; Is Wax like to be wrought
To every vice, as hardly to be brought
To endure counsel : A Provider flow
For his own good, a careless letter-go
Of money, haughty, to desire soon mov'd,
And then as swift to leave what he hath lov'd.

These studies alter now, in one, grown man ;
His better'd mind seeks wealth, and friendship : than
Looks after honours, and bewares to act
What straight-way he must labour to retract.

The old man many evils do girt round ;
Either because he seeks, and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbear,
Or does all business coldly, and with fear ;
A great deferrer, long in hope, grown numb
With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come :
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times past, when he was a young lad ;
And still correcting youth, and censuring.

Mans coming years much good with them do bring ;
At his departing take much thence, lest then,
The parts of age to youth be given ; or men
To children ; we must always dwell, and stay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.

The business either on the Stage is done,
 Or acted told. But, ever, things that run
 In at the ear, do stir the mind more slow
 Then those the faithful eyes take in by show,
 And the beholder to himself doth render.
 Yet, to the Stage, at all thou maist not tender
 Things worthy to be done within, but take
 Much from the sight, which fair report will make
 Present anon: *Medea* must not kill
 Her sons before the People; nor the ill-
 Natur'd, and wicked *Arctus* cook, to th' eye,
 His Nephews entrails; nor must *Progne* flie
 Into a Swallow there; Nor *Cadmus* take,
 Upon the Stage, the figure of a Snake.
 What so is shown, I not believe, and hate.

Nor must the Fable, that would hope the Fate
 Once seen, to be again call'd for, and plaid,
 Have more or less then just five Acts: nor laid,
 To have a God come in, except a knot
 Worth his untying happen there: And not
 Any fourth man, to speak at all, aspire.

An Actors parts, and Office too, the Quire
 Must maintain manly; not be heard to sing
 Between the Act, a quite cleán other thing
 Then to the purpose leads, and fitly 'grees.
 It still must favour good men, and to these
 Be won a friend; It must both sway, and bend
 The angry, and love those that fear t' offend.
 Praise the spare diet, wholesom justice, laws,
 Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cause.
 Hide faults, Pray to the Gods, and wish aloud
 Fortune would love the poor, and leave the proud.

The Han'-boy, not as now with latton bound,
 And rival with his Trumpet for his sound,

But

But soft, and simple, at few holes breath'd time
 And tune too, fitted to the *Chorus* rime,
 As loud enough to fill the seats, not yet
 So over-thick, but, where the people met,
 They might with ease be numbred, being a few
 Chaste, thrifty, modest folk, that came to view!
 But, as they conquer'd, and enlarg'd their bound,
 That wider Walls embrac'd their City round,
 And they unceasur'd might at Feasts, and Plays
 Steep the glad *Genius* in the Wine, whole days,
 Both in their tunes, the license greater grew,
 And in their numbers; For, alas, what knew
 The Idiot, keeping holy-day, or drudge,
 Clown, Townsman, base, and noble, mix'd, to judg?
 Thus, to his antient Art the Piper lent
 Gesture, and riot, whilst he swooping went
 In his train'd Gown about the Stage: So grew
 In time of Tragedy, a Musick new.
 The rash, and head-long eloquence brought forth
 Unwonted language; And that sense of worth
 That found out profit, and foretold each thing,
 Now differ'd not from *Delphick* riddling.

Thespis is said to be the first found out
 The Tragedy, and carried it about,
 Till then unknown, in Carts, wherein did ride
 Those that did sing, and act: their faces dy'd
 With lees of Wine. Next *Æschylus*, more late
 Brought in the Visor, and the robe of State,
 Built a small timbred Stage, and taught them talk
 Lofty, and grave; and in the buskin stalk.
 He too, that did in Tragick Verse contend,
 For the vile Goat, soon after, forth did send
 The rough rude Satyres naked; and would try,
 Though sowre, with safety of his gravity,

How he could jest, because he mark'd and saw
 The free spectators, subject to no Law,
 Having well eat, and drunk : the rites being done,
 Were to be staid with softnesses, and won
 With something that was acceptably new.
 Yet so the scoffing Satyres to mens view,
 And so their prating to present was best,
 And so to turn all earnest into jest,
 As neither any God, were brought in there,
 Or Semi-god, that late was seen to wear
 A royal Crown, and purple ; he made hop
 With poor base terms, through every baser shop :
 Or whilst he shuns the Earth, to catch at Air
 And empty Clouds. For Tragedy is fair,
 And far unworthy to blurt out light rimes ;
 But, as a Matron drawn at solemn times
 To Dance, so she should, shamefac'd, differ far
 From what th' obscene, and petulant Satyres are.

Nor I, when I write Satyres, will so love
 Plain phrase, my *Piso's*, as alone t' approve
 Meer raigining words : nor will I labour so
 Quite from all face of Tragedy to go,
 As not make difference, whether *Davus* speak,
 And the bold *Pythias*, having cheated weak
Simo : and, of a talent wip'd his purse ;
 Or old *Silenus*, *Bacchus* Guard, and Nurse.

I can out of known gear, a fable frame,
 And so, as every man may hope the same ;
 Yet he that offers at it, may sweat much,
 And toil in vain : the excellence is such
 Of Order, and Connexion ; so much grace
 There comes sometimes to things of meanest place.
 But, let the *Faunes*, drawn from their Groves, beware,
 Be I their Judge, they do at no time dare

Like

Like men street-born, and neer the Hall, rehearse
 Their youthful tricks in over-wanton verse:
 Or crack out bawdy speeches, and unclean.
 The *Roman* Gentry, Men of Birth, and Mean
 Will take offence at this: Nor, though it strike
 Him that buys chiches blanch't, or chance to like
 The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
 Receive, or give it an applause, the more.
 To these succeeded the old Comedy,
 And not without much praise; till liberty
 Fell into fault so far, as now they saw
 Her licence fit to be restrain'd by law:
 Which law receiv'd, the *Chorus* held his peace,
 His power of foully hurting made to cease.

Two rest, a short and long, th' *Iambick* frame;
 A foot, whose swiftness gave the Verse the name
 Of *Trimeter*, when it was six-pac'd,
 But meer *Iambicks* all, from first to last.
 Nor is't long since, they did with patience take
 Into their birth-right, and for fitness sake,
 The steady *Spondees*; so themselves do bear
 More slow, and come more weighty to the ear:
 Provided, ne're to yield, in any case
 Of fellowship, the fourth, or second place.
 This foot yet, in the famous *Trimeters*
 Of *Accius*, and *Ennius*, rare appears:
 So rare, as with some tax it doth engage
 Those heavy Verses sent so to the Stage,
 Of too much haste, and negligence in part,
 Or a worse Crime, the ignorance of art,
 But every Judge hath not the faculty
 To note in Poems, breach of harmony;
 And there is given too, unworthy leave
 To *Roman* Poets. Shall I therefore weave

My Verse at random, and licentiouslſy ?
 Or rather, thinking all my faults may ſpy,
 Grow a ſafe Writer, and be wary-driven
 Within the hope of having all forgiven.
 'Tis clear, this way I have got off from blame,
 But, in concluſion, merited no fame.
 Take you the *Greek* examples, for your light,
 In hand, and turn them over day, and night.
 Our Anceſtors, did *Plantus* numbers praife,
 And jeſts; and both to admiration raiſe
 Too patiently, that I not fondly ſay;
 If either you, or I, know the right way
 To part ſcurrility from wit: or can
 A lawful Verſe, by th' ear, or finger ſcan.

Our Poetſtoo, left nought unproved here;
 Nor did they merit the leſs Crown to wear,
 In daring to forſake the *Grecian* traſts,
 And celebrating our own home-born faſts;
 Whether the guarded *Tragedy* they wrought,
 Or't were the gowned *Comedy* they taught.

Nor had our *Italy* more glorious bin
 In vertue, and renown of arms, then in
 Her language, if the Stay, and Care, t' have mended,
 Had not our every Poet like offended.
 But you, *Pompilius* off-ſpring, ſpare you not
 To tax that Verſe, which many a day, and blot
 Have not kept in, and (left perfection fail)
 Not ten times o're, corrected to the nail.
 Becauſe *Democritus* believes a wit
 Happier then wretched art, and doth, by it,
 Exclude all ſober Poets, from their ſhare
 In *Helicon*; a great ſort will not pare
 Their nails, nor ſhawe their beards, but to by-paths
 Retire themſelves, avoid the publick baths;

For

For so, they shall not only gain the worth,
But fame of Poets, they think, if they come forth,
And from the Barber *Licinus* conceal
Their heads, which three *Anticyra's* cannot heal.
O I left-witted, that purge every spring
For choler! If I did not, who could bring
Out better Poems? But I cannot buy
My title, at the rate; I 'ad rather, I,
Be like a Whet-stone, that an edge can put
On steel, though 't self be dull, and cannot cut.
I writing nought my self, will teach them yet
Their Charge, and Office, whence their wealth to fet,
What nourisheth, what formed, what begot
The Poet, what becometh, and what not:
Whether truth may, and whether error bring.

The very root of writing well, and spring
Is to be wise; thy matter first to know;
Which the *Socratick* writings best can show:
And, where the matter is provided still,
There words will follow, not against their will.
He, that hath studied well the debt, and knows
What to his Countrey, what his friends he owes,
What height of love, a Parent will fit best,
What brethren, what a stranger, and his guest,
Can tell a State-mans duty, what the arts
And office of a Judge are, what the parts
Of a brave Chief sent to the wars: He can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I still bid the learned Maker look
On life, and manners, and make those his book,
Thence draw forth true expressions. For, sometimes,
A Poem, of no grace, weight, art, in rhimes
With specious places, and being humor'd right,
More strongly takes the people with delight,

And

And better stays them there, then all fine noise
 Of Verse meer-matter-les, and tinckling toies.
 The Muse not only gave the *Greeks* a wit,
 But a well-compas'd mouth to it,
 Being men were coverous of nought but praise:
 Our *Roman* youths they learn the subtle ways
 How to divide, into a hundred parts,
 A pound, or piece, by their long compring arts:
 There's *Albin's* son will say, Subtract an ounce
 From the five ounces, what remains? pronounce
 A third of twelve, you may: four ounces. Glad,
 He cries, Good boy, thou'lt keep thine own. Now, add
 An ounce, what makes it then? The half pound just;
 Six ounces. O, whence once the canker'd rust,
 And care of getting, thus, our minds hath stain'd,
 Think we, or hope, there can be Verses fain'd
 In juyce of *Cedar*, worthy to be steep'd,
 And in smooth *Cypress* boxes to be keep'd?
 Poets would either profit, or delight,
 Or mixing sweet, and fit, teach life the right.

Orpheus, a Priest, and speaker for the Gods,
 First frighted men, and wildly liv'd, at odds,
 From slaughters, and foul life; and for the same
 Was Tygers, said, and Lyons fierce, to tame.
Amphion too, that built the *Theban* towers,
 Was said to move the stones, by his Lutes powers,
 And lead them with soft songs, where that he would.
 This was the wisdom, that they had of old,
 Things sacred, from profane to separate;
 The publique, from the private; to abate
 Wild raging lusts; prescribe the marriage good;
 Build Towns, and carve the Laws in leaves of wood.
 And thus at first, an honour, and a name
 To divine Poets, and their Verses came.

Next

Next these great *Homer*, and *Tyrtæus* set
 On edge the Masc'line spirits, and did whet
 Their minds to Wars, with rhimes they did rehearse;
 The Oracles, too, were given out in Verse;
 All way of life was shewn; the grace of Kings
 Attempted by the Muses-tunes, and strings;
 Plays were found out; and rest, the end, and Crown
 Of their long labours, was in verse set down:
 All which I tell, lest when *Apollo's* nam'd,
 Or *Muse*, upon the Lyre, thou chance b'asham'd.

Be brief, in what thou wouldst command, that so
 The docile mind may soon thy precepts know,
 And hold them faithfully; For nothing rests,
 But flows out, that ore-swelleth in full breasts.

Let what thou fain'st for pleasures sake, be neer
 The truth, nor let thy Fable think, what e're
 It would, must be: lest it alive would draw
 The Child, when *Lamia* 'has din'd, out of her maw.
 The *Poems* void of profit, our grave men
 Cast out by voices; want they pleasure, then
 Our Gallants give them none, but pass them by:
 But he hath every suffrage, can apply
 Sweet mix'd with sowre, to his Reader, so
 As doctrine, and delight together go.
 This book will get the *Soffi* money; This
 Will pass the Seas, and long as nature is,
 With honour make the far-known Author live.

There are yet faults, which we would well forgive;
 For, neither doth the String yet yield that sound
 The hand, and mind would, but it will resound;
 Oft-times a Sharp, when we require a Flat:
 Nor always doth the loos'd Bow hit that
 Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I see
 Much in the *Poem*, shine, I will not be]

Offended

Offended with few spots, which negligence
 Hath shed, or humane frailty not kept thence.
 How then? Why, as a Scrivener, if h' offend
 Still in the same, and warn'd, will not mend,
 Deserves no pardon; or who'd play, and sing,
 Is laugh'd at, that still jarreth on one string:
 So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me

A *Chærilus*, in whom if I but see

'Twice, or thrice good, I wonder: but am more
 Angry. Sometimes, I hear good *Homer* snore.
 But, I confess, that, in a long work, sleep
 May, with some right, upon an Author creep.

As Painting, so is Poesie. Some mans hand
 Will take you more, the neerer that you stand;
 As some the farther off: This loves the dark;
 This, fearing not the subtlest Judges mark,
 Will in the light be view'd: This once, the sight
 Doth please; this, ten times over, will delight.

You Sir, the elder brother, though you are
 Informed rightly by your Fathers care,
 And, of your self too, understand; yet mind
 This saying: to some things there is assign'd
 A mean, and toleration, which does well:
 There may a Lawyer be, may not excel;
 Or Pleader at the Bar, that may come short
 Of eloquent *Messalla's* power in Court,
 Or knows not what *Cassellius Aulus* can;
 Yet, there's a value given to this man.
 But neither, Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant,
 Poets should ever be indifferent.

As jarring Musick doth, at jolly feasts,
 Or thick gross Ointment, but offend the Guests:
 As Poppy, and *Sardane* Honey; 'cause without
 These, the free meal might have been well drawn out:

So,

So, any *Poem*, fancied, or forth-brought
To bettering of the mind of man, in ought,
If ne're so little it depart the first,
And highest, sinketh to the lowest, and worst.

He, that not knows the games, nor how to use
His arms in *Mars* his field, he doth refuse;
Or, who's unskilful at the Coit, or Ball,
Or trundling Wheel, he can sit still, from all;
Lest the throng'd heaps should on a laughter take:
Yet who's most ignorant, dares Verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free-born, do hate
Vice, and, am known to have a Knights estate.
Thou, such thy judgment is, thy knowledg too;
Wilt nothing against nature speak, or do:
But, if hereafter thou shall write, not fear
To send it to be judg'd by *Metius* ear,
And, to your Fathers, and to mine; though 't be
Nine years kept in, your Papers by, yo' are free
To change, and mend, what you not forth do set.
The Writ, once out, never returned yet.

'Tis now inquir'd, which makes the nobler Verse,
Nature, or Art: My Judgment will not pierce
Into the Profits, what a meer rude brain
Can; or all toil, without a wealthy vein:
So doth the one, the others help require,
And friendly should unto one end conspire.

He, that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goal, both did, and suffer'd much
While he was young; he swear, and freez'd again:
And both from Wine, and Women did abstain.
Who, since, to sing the *Pythian* rites is heard,
Did learn them first, and once a Master fear'd.
But, now, it is enough to say; I make
An admirable Verse. The great Scurf take

Him

Him at the last ; I scorn to come behind,
 Or, of the things, that ne're came in my mind
 To say, I'm ignorant. Just as a Crier
 That to the sale of Wares calls every Buyer ;
 So doth the Poet, who is rich in land,
 Or great in moneys out at use, command
 His flatterers to their gain. But say, he can
 Make a great Supper ; or for some poor man
 Will be a surety ; or can help him out
 Of an entangling suit ; and bring 't about :
 I wonder how this happy man should know,
 Whether his soothing friend speak truth, or no:
 But you, my *Piso*, carefully beware,
 (Whether yo^s are given to, or giver are)
 You do not bring, to judge your Verses, one,
 With joy of what is given him, over-gone :

For he'll cry, *Good, brave, better, excellent !*
 Look pale, distill a showr, (was never meant)
 Out at his friendly eyes, leap, beat the groun'.
 As those that hir'd to weep at Funerals, swoun,
 Cry, and do more than the true Mourners: so
 The Scoffer, the true Praiser doth out-go.

Rich men are said with many cups to ply,
 And rack, with Wine, the man whom they would try,
 If of their friendship he be worthy, or no:
 When you write Verses, with your judge do so:
 Look through him, and be sure, you take not mocks
 For praises, where the mind conceals a fox.

If to *Quintilius*, you recited ought:
 He'd say, mend this, good friend, and this ; 'Tis naught.
 If you deny'd, you had no better strain,
 And twice, or thrice had 'slyd it, still in vain:
 He'd bid, blot all, and to the anvile bring
 Those ill-torn'd Verses, to new hammering.

Then;

Then, If your fault you rather had defend
 Then change; No word, or work, more would he spend
 In vain, but you, and yours, you should love still
 Alone, without a rival, by his will.

A wise, and honest man will cry out shame
 On artless Verse; the hard ones he will blame;
 Blot out the careless, with his turned pen;
 Cut off superfluous ornaments; and when
 They're dark, bid clear this: all that's doubtful wrote
 Reprove; and, what is to be changed, note:
 Become an *Aristarchus*. And, not say,
 Why should I grieve my friend, this trifling way?
 These trifles into serious mischiefs lead
 The man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to tread.

Wise, sober folk, a frantick *Poet* fear,
 And shun to touch him, as a man that were
 Infected with the leprosie, or had
 The yellow Jaundies, or were furious mad
 According to the Moon. But, then the boys
 They vex, and follow him with shouts, and noise,
 The while he belcheth lofty Verses out,
 And stalketh, like a Fowler, round about,
 Busie to catch a Black-bird; if he fall
 Into a pit, or hole, although he call
 And cry aloud, Help gentle Country-men,
 There's none will take the care, to help him then;
 For, if one should, and with a rope make haste
 To let it down, who knows, if he did cast
 Himself there purposely, or no; and would
 Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could?
 I'll tell you but the death, and the disease
 Of the *Sicilian Poet Empedocles*;
 He, while he labour'd to be thought a God
 Immortal took a melancholique odd

Conceit,

Conceit, and into burning *Ætna* leap't.
Let Poets perish, that will not be kept.
He that preserves a man, against his will,
Doth the same thing with him, that would him kill.
Nor did he do this once; for if you can
Recal him yet, he'd be no more a man:
Or love of this so famous death lay by.

His cause of making Verses none knows why;
Whether he piss'd upon his Fathers grave;
Or the sad thunder-strucken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certain he was mad,
And, as a Bear; if he the strength but had
To force the grates, that hold him in, would fright
All; So this grievous Writer puts to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd; holding, whom once he takes;
And, there an end of him, reciting makes:
Not letting go his hold, where he draws food,
Till he drop off, a Horse-leech, full of blood.

FINIS.

